

# THE HARDMAN PAPERS

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MRS. HARDMAN

*As "Lady Jane Grey"*



# THE HARDMAN PAPERS

*A further Selection*

(1865-1868)

*from the Letters and Memoirs  
of Sir William Hardman*

*Edited*

*and annotated by*

S. M. ELLIS

*With*

*Illustrations*

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## FOREWORD

I AGAIN thank Mrs. Croome for her kind permission to quote from her father's letters to Edward Holroyd and other papers.

This, the third, volume of Hardman's amusing commentary on the life of his period finds him in full enjoyment of family and social pleasures at Norbiton Hall, Surrey, where he entertains a large circle of friends. George Meredith and Shirley Brooks remain his two most intimate friends, and some examples of their letters to him are given.

Hardman is more and more immersed in his duties as magistrate, of which he relates instances and cases : but he finds time to figure as Henry VIII. at a Fancy Dress Ball, and to visit the Paris Exhibition. Throughout he is the light chronicler of the passing events, the gossip, and sometimes the history of his day.

S. M. ELLIS.

KEW, *July*, 1929.



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## APRIL, 1865.

THE University Boat Race. Oh! my Xenomanes, that I should have to chronicle once more the defeat of our 'Varsity! The Cantab boating-man of these degenerate days is not what he was in *our time*<sup>1</sup>: he has got into the hands of a bad trainer or has fallen into the error of supposing that the Cam is even as the Thames, and that the short, flashing, spurting stroke, so useful for a race of eight or ten minutes, will avail anything in a heavy grind of twenty to twenty-five minutes. Our crew was a much handsomer and finer crew than Oxford produced, and what is more they were as much as three lengths ahead at the first half of the race, but they were eventually beaten by an equal space of three lengths!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hardman and Holroyd were at Trinity, Cambridge, in the very early Fifties.

<sup>2</sup> Oxford won the Boat Race by four lengths in 1865. During the Sixties it became a foregone conclusion that Oxford would win the Boat Race, just as in the present degenerate days of Oxford rowing it is becoming an accepted expectation that Cambridge will win. Oxford won every race from 1861 to 1869, but Cambridge then had an innings from 1870 to 1875. In *The Diary of a Medical Student*, by Shephard T. Taylor, it is recorded:

"*March 28th*, 1863. Went to see the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race at Putney. Walked along the river bank, which was crowded with pedestrians as well as equestrians, whose galloping towards the goals, as the boats came in, was the most amusing part of the spectacle, especially the ladies, who rode the hardest of all, perhaps from their lighter weight. Oxford won as usual, being far ahead of Cambridge, so that the race was not at all exciting.

"*March 19th*, 1864. Went with Powles to Mortlake to see the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, the dark-blue coming in, as usual, a mile ahead. Had a terrific struggle to get into the station on our return."

The day was one of the most gorgeous I ever witnessed : it was Saturday, April 8th—a blazing sun, a cloudless sky, and a light wind. Tens of thousands of spectators lined the banks throughout the whole course. We drove to Mortlake to see the end of the race, fondly hoping from previous reports that the light blue would win easily. Vain hope ! Meredith, who is now settled close by us, took a seat in our fly, and his son Arthur was on the box.<sup>1</sup> Our course lay through Richmond Park which, although without foliage, was very beautiful : the effect being that of a leafless mid-summer. The boats were to start at 12.15, but, from difficulties in getting the steamers into due order and subjection, they did not clear off until 1 o'clock. The tedium of waiting was relieved by tobacco of course.<sup>2</sup> At last the boats appeared ; Cambridge, gruelled and struggling with feeble wildness with their oars, while Oxford worked with calm gravity as beseemed a winning crew. Cambridge had pulled "all it knew" in the early part of the race, had then apparently exhausted the

<sup>1</sup> George Meredith was now living at Kingston Lodge, opposite Norbiton Hall, and this month, April, 1865, he finished *Rhoda Fleming* there. His son Arthur was a boy of eleven years.

<sup>2</sup> Smoking in public out of doors was still at this date considered rather a dare-devil, no-end-of-a-dog proceeding. Mr. Percy Armitage asserts that his father, Colonel Armitage, as late as "1870, walked down St. James's Street smoking a cigar, and was the first person to do so." Perhaps Hardman, as a former member of the University of Cambridge, in his assertion of the right to smoke in public, in 1865, was carrying on the pioneer work of his undergraduate predecessors of some thirty years earlier. *The Sunday Times* of September 2nd, 1827, notes :

"Our readers will see that since our attack on the bestial custom of cigar smoking, which has been followed up by *John Bull*, there are symptoms of the nuisance abating. The filthy custom, however, brought three Cambridge men into a fracas at Vauxhall last week and a humiliating appearance at Union Hall on the following morning. We hope the *smoking* they got from the crowd will be a lesson to them and a warning to others."

stock of, "all it didn't know" before it came in view, and was simply a melancholy sight. After the struggle was over the Cambridge boat was nearly cut in two by a steamer (tug), and the crew had to abandon her.

There is a story going the round of the papers about the Siamese Twins, whom you may remember as one of the earliest recollections of our boyhood. It seems that they are slave-holders, farming a plantation in North Carolina. It is asserted that some years ago they married two sisters, who lived happily as long as they had five children each, but when one of them had a sixth, they quarrelled and would not live under the same roof. An experiment would now seem to have been made to see if the ligature which binds the twins together could be severed with safety, so that each wife might carry off her share. But it was found that when the ligature was tied so as to prevent the circulation of the blood, the twins fainted. Strange to say, notwithstanding this intimate connection, one of the twins is falling into bad health, while his brother remains flourishing. The paper says, "Their respiration is synchronous when they are calm, their hours of sleeping and waking, and their joys, sorrows, and desires are the same." This forms interesting matter for speculation. . . . They are about fifty years old.

The Siamese Twins, named Chang and Eng, were the children of Chinese parents though born in Siam in 1811. They were discovered and purchased by Robert Hunter, who, in 1829, took them to America and subsequently to England for exhibition. In these early days of their notoriety,

their name was borrowed by Bulwer (Lytton) for the title of his satirical poem, *The Siamese Twins*, published in 1831. After several years of retirement and married life, the Twins again exhibited themselves in Europe, and reappeared in London in 1869. The Siamese Twins were united at the pit of the stomach by a piece of flesh. They died within three hours of each other on January the 17th, 1874.

There have been many cases of twins joined together, though the point of conjunction may vary. Millie-Christine, negresses born in North Carolina in 1851, were joined at the lower part of the spinal column; they could dance and sing—they were known as “The Two Headed Nightingale”—and, like the Siamese Twins, were exhibited at the old Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. In 1899, at the Barnum and Bailey Freak Show, at Olympia, were exhibited Radica and Doodica, The Orissa Twins, Hindoo girls aged nine years, who were connected by a large fleshy membrane at the breastbone. Three years later they contracted tuberculosis, and an operation was resolved upon. It was performed by Dr. Doyen, in February, 1902, in Paris, who, although several of the internal organs were involved, succeeded in separating the children in twenty minutes. Doodica died a few days later, but Radica survived for twenty-one months, dying from consumption in November, 1903. Dr. Doyen contributed an account of the remarkable operation he performed to the *Echo de Paris*. In 1927 no less than three cases of conjoined twins were reported in the Press. Two brothers, aged nineteen, were living in the Serbian town of Novibazar; they were joined at the back, and when walking always took it in turn to carry the other on his back. The Church twin girls, of

Pimlico, were joined at the stomach, with the noses almost touching, and they only lived for four and a half days. At Derby the Dodgson twin girls were united at the vertex of the head; when twelve days old, an operation was performed in an effort to separate them, but both died at Guy's Hospital. In 1928, two girls, known as Margaret and Mary, joined together by a cartilaginous band at the base of the spine, were well-known on the American music-hall stage. It was stated they intended to submit to an operation in an attempt to separate them.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* keeps its ground; nay more it advances, and will I think become a success.<sup>1</sup> Leslie Stephen is writing a lot of letters on Cambridge in it under the signature of "A Don." In addition to good articles, the editors lay themselves out for curious, interesting, and early scraps of information. The other day they picked up a book, recently published at Paris, consisting of notices of the various literary and scientific societies of the world. Whatever the rest of the world may have to say about correctness of information, England at least has cause to complain. In the Ornithological Society, Mr. Samuel Gurney becomes Samuel Surney, and one of his colleagues is disguised as "Le Rév. Cyril, page." You can guess what is meant by "Worwick" or "St. Jam's Park," and even "Le Comté de Shrop" may not be quite beyond you. But I have not read anything to surpass this piece of

<sup>1</sup> *The Pall Mall Gazette* had commenced this year, 1865, being founded by George Smith, of the publishing firm of Smith and Elder, and Frederick Greenwood, who was the first editor. A great sensation was caused in 1866 by *A Night in a Casual Ward* and other contributions by the editor's brother, James Greenwood. See later page 92.

grave etymology on the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire : " On sait qu'en Anglais le mot *Ride* se traduit par voyage à cheval ou en voiture ; on pourrait peut-être penser, dès le début, qu'il s'agit d'une Société Hippique. Il n'en est rien ; à l'exemple de l'Association Britannique dont elle partage les règles, la Société, au lieu d'être stationnaire parcourt un certain rayon et exerce une heureuse influence." Truly our "lively neighbours" have been at their old games !

I enclose you with this two *Carte-de-Visites*, Hamber solus, and Hamber and wife. With them is the advertisement of the new issue of *Pickwick* with a portrait of that gentleman in the well known tights. This picture has drawn down upon author and publisher hosts of letters, chaffing them for the indecency of Mr. Pickwick's exposed and apparently naked condition.

Woe is me when I think of the fate of the Confederates. Richmond in the hands of the Federals. General Lee surrendered with 25,000 men. The whole thing has "bust up" or "caved in."<sup>1</sup>

Let us have a conundrum. It is not first class, and is possibly only interesting to us Londoners. "Of what popular dramas of the present day does one of Spurgeon's Hell Fire sermons remind us ?—*Settling Day* and *Faces in the Fire*."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As was the case with most Conservatives of the period, Hardman warmly sympathised with the cause of the South in the American Civil War.

<sup>2</sup> *Settling Day*, comedy in five acts, by Tom Taylor, was produced at the Olympic Theatre in March, 1865, and *Faces in the Fire*, comedy in three acts, by Leicester Buckingham, at the St. James's Theatre in February, 1865.

William Millais<sup>1</sup> called on us the other day. We like him much, he is full of fun and conversation, and has one of the most beautiful tenor voices I ever heard : he only falls short of Sims Reeves.

A terrible catastrophe happened on Good Friday last. An old man named Dunning, aged seventy-five, eat fourteen Hot Cross Buns for his breakfast !—and, I need hardly add, he fell a victim to his efforts. The medical evidence at the inquest showed that the mass of new bread in his stomach became so swollen that it pressed upon certain vital organs and suffocated him.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made a grand haul of men of all classes, thirty-four in number, including Captain Berkeley,<sup>2</sup> Colonel Armytage,<sup>3</sup> “ a near relative to a late duke ” (who gave his name as Johnson), and a mingled mass of jewellers, publicans, and shoemakers. This full bag of “ sporting gents ” was made at Jemmy Shaw’s,<sup>4</sup> The cause of the gathering was a *cock-fight*. The whole batch was taken red-handed to Marl-

<sup>1</sup> William Henry Millais, of Ward Hill, Farnham, Surrey, born 1828. By his first wife (granddaughter of Sir William Boothby, Bart.) he had an only daughter who married the Rev. E. D. Lear.

Mrs. E. M. Ward said William Millais was nearly as clever as his brother, the famous artist ; he “ excelled in painting and music, but never devoted himself seriously to either art, and John gained all the laurels.”

<sup>2</sup> Presumably Captain Edward Stratton Fitzhardinge Berkeley, 2nd Life Guards (born 1827, died 1878), younger son of Grantley Berkeley.

<sup>3</sup> Presumably Colonel Henry Armytage, Coldstream Guards (born 1828, died 1901), who married in 1851 the Honourable Fenella Berkeley, daughter of the first Lord Fitzhardinge.

<sup>4</sup> The Queen’s Head tavern, Windmill Street. Among the arrested was Bill Gilliver, descendant of the Gilliver who was cock-feeder to the Kings of England.

borough Street Police Court and fined £5 each.<sup>1</sup> The fines, which amounted to £170, were all paid. It would have grieved my soul to have been the magistrate on the occasion, although, of course, nothing was to be done but, as the offence was clearly proved, to administer the law. As I told a wretched beggar this morning, her offence was undeniable, and I did not possess the power of hearkening to her piteous appeal, and she must go to prison for seven days (*Mem.* She thoroughly deserved her punishment). But as to cock-fighting, the cocks rather prefer fighting than otherwise—"Let cocks delight to crow and fight, for 'tis their nature to." And, after all, far more barbarous sports are permitted; fox-hunting and hare-hunting, shooting and fishing, are all inhumane tortures, especially the two first. In fact, for a party of horsemen with a pack of dogs to chivy a miserable frightened hare or fox across country, until it is eventually torn, panting and breathless, to pieces, is a most inhumane proceeding, far transcending cock-fighting in cruelty. Besides, the experiences of my early youth in such a great cock-fighting county as Lancashire, makes me have a sneaking partiality for the sport.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the rare occasions when cock-fighting is detected in the present day the fines seem to be double those in force sixty years ago. In July, 1928, Sir John Buchanan Jardine and fifteen other persons were fined £10 each for participating in cock-fights at Stud Farm, Old Buckenham, Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup> Hardman was, of course, right, for cock-fighting, however brutal as a spectacle, was simply the development of a natural instinct in pugnacious birds, whereas the cruelties of such debased blood sports as fox-hunting and coursing give no sporting pleasure or chance to the wretched victim. As for the abominations of such institutions as the Exmoor Stag Hunt, it is amazing that they are still tolerated by law and public opinion at the present day. One can only suggest to their supporters that instead of indulging their love for blood and slaughter on the sea shore and other public places it would be more seemly and exciting to obtain a permit for attending an abattoir in action.



The death of the youthful Czarevitch at Nice, whither he had been sent for the benefit of his health, is very sad, and possesses certain romantic elements which cause quite a pang in the ladies' hearts. He was betrothed to the Princess Dagmar, sister to our Alexandra Princess of Wales, and report said the engagement was one of real affection. This has been verified by the result, for, when dying, he sent to Copenhagen for his fair one and her mother, and they posted in hot haste to Nice, where they arrived some forty-eight hours before he died, and in time for him to take an affectionate farewell of the Princess. The Czar was just in time to see him die.<sup>1</sup>

I don't know whether you care about Spain, but I may as well tell you that the country is in a very disturbed condition, and there is talk of offering the throne to the father of the present King of Portugal ! This worthy has distinguished himself by his devotion to constitutional government, having acted as Regent for his son and quietly surrendered the reins of power when the time came, retiring into a jolly, good-natured, easy, and affable (partial) obscurity. A friend of mine who knew Lisbon well said you might frequently meet him at private parties at the residences of persons of no particular distinction. In short, he went so far as to say that his ex-Majesty would go anywhere for a good dinner. He is a cousin of Prince Albert's.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Only a year later, in 1866, the Princess Dagmar married her dead betrothed's younger brother, who became the Tsar Alexander the Third. Their son was the late ill-fated Tsar Nicholas the Second. The Dowager Empress, known as Marie Féodorovna, died in Denmark in 1928.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg (1816-1885), as the son of Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was also a first cousin of Queen Victoria through the Duchess of Kent. He married, in 1836, Maria the Second,

The prices paid for our little English birds in New Zealand have interested me. £3 3s. for a gold-finch is about its weight in gold, and makes it a veritable *gold-finch*; £3 15s. for a brace of yellow-hammers savours marvellously of the colour of the birds; £4 for a *lark* would not be much if you had lots of fun and champagne for your money. I see also that a chaffinch (one of the direst enemies to my seeds) fetched as much as fifteen shillings, and three robins were thought cheap at £2 2s.

We are looking forward to a visit from Albrecht<sup>1</sup> about the second week in May. He has been dangerously ill, and is still very "faible" he says. He begins his last letter to me thus: "The first that I did after I left my bed, which I wanted about four weeks, was try to write a letter." He had been suddenly "*attacked* with a painfull illness (lungs inflammation)." He then adopts the following quaint form of expression, which he imagines to be usual in English and not at all disrespectful or chaffy: "I have had two physicians, Andenmatt from Visp and Dr. Pasta from Brieg. O yes! my dear!" It will be great fun to have the little man at Norbiton Hall.

I have had a letter from Leslie Stephen asking me to go up to Cambridge on May 10th to vote for his friend Crosse, of Caius, who is a candidate for the rectory of Ovington in the gift of the Senate. I have

Queen of Portugal, and until her death in 1853 was styled King. They were succeeded in turn by their sons Pedro the Fifth and Don Luiz. Ex-King Manuel is their great-grandson.

<sup>1</sup> The Swiss guide. See the Second Series of this work, *The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman*, pp. 62, 152-154, 198, 207-208, 210, 211, 215, 236.

promised to go, and look forward to a jolly party, for we are to go from King's Cross in a body. By the way, in his last letter in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "Sketches from Cambridge, No. VIII.," he makes some amusing remarks on "Dons." He compares them to the toad found in a block of coal :

"It may be improper to draw an elaborate parallel between toads and dons, further than to remark that with an unpromising exterior they both bear a precious jewel in their heads, but I certainly never hear of the toad whose toes have grown long, and whose mouth has been closed by a prolonged sojourn in the rock, without thinking of some of my University friends. They, like the toad, have absorbed a certain local colouring ; some of their faculties have become cramped from long disuse ; and as the shape of the toad's domicile might be inferred from an inspection of his person, so I fancy that I can distinguish in some men not only the University but even the particular college to which they belonged. In one figure I can distinctly trace the marks left by a chapel of pure mediæval architecture ; in another I can make out the influence of a lawn admirably adapted for croquet ; and, without being hypercritical, the contours of a third speaks to me with irresistible force of a certain excellent college kitchen and cellar."

MAY, 1865.

It has become an annual custom with me to mark the commencement of another year of our correspondence and your absence from the old country. The Seventh Year of the Hegira has now begun and is inaugurated mightily with great convulsions. We ask "What next?—and next?" But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The last mail was just in time to convey out to you the news of poor old Lincoln's murder,<sup>1</sup> and with it the surrender of General Lee, and the confession of Constance Kent that she alone committed the celebrated Road murder five years ago.<sup>2</sup> A few days later the same evening paper contained the startling intelligence of the suicides of our celebrated weather prophet, Admiral FitzRoy<sup>3</sup> and of Prescott, the well known banker. A couple of days more pass away and another American mail tells of the melodramatic end of Lincoln's assassin. His name is John Wilkes

<sup>1</sup> Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on April the 14th, 1865.

<sup>2</sup> See the First Series of this work, *A Mid-Victorian Pepsy*, pp. 20-24, for the full account of this case and a portrait of Constance Kent.

<sup>3</sup> Robert FitzRoy (1805-1865), a direct descendant of King Charles the Second and Barbara Villiers, being son of Lord Charles FitzRoy and grandson of the third Duke of Grafton. A naval officer, he became Vice-Admiral in 1863. In 1854 he had been appointed Chief of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade. He invented the FitzRoy Barometer and a system of storm warnings and weather forecasts, which were detailed in his *Weather Book*, 1863. He was also a skilled hydrographer. He was accompanied by Darwin, as naturalist, during his survey of Patagonia in 1831.

Booth, and he was accounted one of the handsomest men of his day. Classical features, large dark eyes, brown hair, faultless complexion, slight but singularly supple figure, graceful deportment, and all the outward aspects of a thorough gentleman—these combined to mark him as a man among men. His father was one Junius Brutus Booth, who rivalled Edmund Kean in his acting<sup>1</sup> and in the license he gave to his passions. An attempt at the assassination of a rival actor of lower degree exiled Junius Brutus to America, where his son, the Presidenticide, was educated in a manner worthy of the baptismal name which he bore, with a traditional detestation of Cæsar, for it is said he was constantly mouthing the famous "*sic semper tyrannis*" now so well known. He has long been a violent Secessionist : not one of the noble fellows who went into the field and risked their lives for the cause in fair fight ; but a brooding, menacing, insolent wretch, possessed of extraordinary gifts ; of intense passions and of a dominating vanity. Men of this character are apt to meditate on the performance of startling deeds. He is known to have threatened the life of the President ; but his sinister hints were lightly esteemed among a people whose bark is always more terrible than their bite, and at a period of strong excitement.

So much for the assassin : now for the victim. I need not repeat to you that I disapproved most intensely of his policy and conduct, but I am sure we both abhor assassination under any circumstances : fair fighting as long as you like, but no murder. Therefore, however much I may consider he de-

<sup>1</sup> Junius Booth played Iago to Kean's Othello at Drury Lane, 1814.

served any fate that might befall him, you will acquit me of sympathy with his murderer. At the same time, I have not, like many in this country, lost my head. My first sensations were those of horror, and pity for his widow and family.<sup>1</sup> Then I reflected as the full circumstances were published. Abraham Lincoln was in the very flush of victory, on the summit of the advancing wave which seemed likely to bear him and his subjects to a haven of peace and prosperity. He had taken possession of the house of his fleeing rival; he had received State visits and held his Levees in the very armchair of the Council of Secession. He had just entered triumphantly into what used to be a fair and noble city, but now smouldering in its ruins. The roll of the ambulances through its streets, the groaning of Federal and Confederate soldiers in their mortal agony must all yet have been fresh in his ears. The day had come which to all Christians is the most solemn in its memories, I mean Good Friday. Yet he—Lincoln—and his wife could find it in their hearts to spend the evening of that day at a theatre, listening to the tomfooleries of Lord Dundreary and the Yankee jokes of Asa Trenchard! It is incredible! I am not, as you know, strait-laced, and have no particular veneration for many things which Christendom holds in high honour. But this is too much for my stomach. On any other day, and under any other

<sup>1</sup> Lincoln's only surviving son, Robert Todd Lincoln, died in 1926 at the age of eighty-two. He fought in the Civil War on General Grant's staff. He became Secretary for War during the Presidency of Garfield, and when the latter was assassinated in 1881, Robert Lincoln was present at his death-bed as in similar tragic circumstances he had attended that of his own father sixteen years earlier. Robert Lincoln was the United States Minister to the Court of St. James's, 1889-1893.

circumstances, the tragedy which was substituted for the farce they went to hear would have been most awful. The victorious President lying senseless in a private box at Ford's Theatre where he had gone to hear the screaming farce of *Our American Cousin* on Good Friday, with his blood-bedabbled head resting in the lap of an actress (Laura Keene), is perhaps the most terrible picture of modern times.<sup>1</sup>

One cannot help feeling sorrow for the miserable widow of this murdered leader of all the Federal Armies, but how about the widows and orphans made so by those armies? How about the Lieutenant (Sherman) of this chief, of whom it has been said by the Holy Man of his own party (the Rev. Mr. Ward Beecher), "Before him was the Garden of Eden, and behind him was the Desert?" How about Turchin, Butler, and such-like fiends incarnate, all doing the bidding of this poor murdered President? Our Queen wrote no letters about *them*, like she has done to Widow Lincoln.<sup>2</sup> Parliaments

<sup>1</sup> Laura Keene was the originator of the part of Florence Trenchard in Tom Taylor's "Eccentric Comedy" of *Our American Cousin* (1858). She had played it over one thousand times, and the fatal occasion on Good Friday, 1865, was the last night and her Benefit. Harry Hawk played Asa Trenchard, John Dyott was Abel Murcott, and E. A. Emerson the Lord Dundreary—the minor rôle which Edward Sothorn elaborated into fame during the London production of the play at the Haymarket Theatre, in November, 1861. "Dundreary" is now a synonym and an adjective in the English language.

<sup>2</sup> Queen Victoria wrote to Mrs. Lincoln from Osborne on April the 29th, 1865: "Though a stranger to you, I cannot remain silent when so terrible a calamity has fallen upon you and your country. . . . No one can better appreciate than I can, who am myself utterly broken-hearted by the loss of my own beloved husband, who was the light of my life, my stay, my all, what your sufferings must be; and I earnestly pray that you may be supported by Him to whom alone the sorely stricken can look for comfort in this hour of heavy affliction." Mrs. Lincoln replied on May the 21st. See *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, Second Series, vol. i. pp. 266-267.

and Ambassadors held their tongues. And now, when the leader is crushed under the wheels of his own Juggernaut-carriage, when he is sucked remorselessly into the whirlpool which he had himself supplied for four years with force and victims, all the armies and oppression for which he was responsible must be passed over in silence. No ! Sirree, I cannot do this. And yet I grieve to think that the good-natured (for he *was* good-natured in his private relations) old joker of jokes has passed away so tragically. He will always live in my memory as the author of one of the neatest sayings I ever heard. It is this. Speaking of some general, I think McClellan, who, as we should say, "thought all his geese swans," or took credit for more than he had performed, he said, "Ah ! yes, George would f . . . over a five-acre field and think he had manured it."

But to return to the assassination. It was in the third act of the play that Booth, under the plea of being a senator on a mission of importance to the President, gained an entry to his box. Major Rathbone, an officer in attendance as a friend of Mr. Lincoln's, warned the intruder to retire. Fixing his eye with quiet calculation on the position of Mr. Lincoln, the assassin went out, and drawing a small pocket pistol, well known to Americans as a "Derringer," he fired *through* the thin wooden partition, and with a fatal truth of aim. He re-entered the box immediately, and after a momentary scuffle with Major Rathbone, on whom he inflicted a severe flesh wound with a dagger or knife, he jumped on the stage crying "*Sic semper tyrannis*,"





### THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

AT FORD'S THEATRE WASHINGTON DC APRIL 14 1865.

### THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

*At Ford's Theatre, Washington, April the 14th, 1865*  
*From a print in the possession of Mr. Francis H. Sawyer, of Clinton, Mass*



the motto of the State of Virginia, and so fled. His horse was waiting at the stage door, and, mounting it, he was soon beyond the reach of immediate pursuit. It appears now that his horse fell with him, and broke his leg,<sup>1</sup> the setting of which led to his capture. Still he managed to elude his pursuers until the 26th, that is to say for twelve days, when he and Herold, his companion, were traced to a barn near Bowling Green, in Caroline county, Virginia. Herold surrendered, but Booth refused to be taken alive. The cavalry in pursuit fired the barn, and Sergeant Corbet fired through an aperture and shot him through the head. This was at 3.15 a.m., and he died about four hours afterwards. All he seems to have said was, "Tell my mother that I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best."<sup>2</sup>

The body of the assassin was buried privately, but

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in her *Crowding Memories*, states that Booth broke his leg in the theatre: "Booth rushed forward to the rail of the box, and vaulted lightly on to the stage, where a foe he had not counted on in his conspiracy tripped and held him—a flag, the flag of the Union which he hoped to dismember . . . the flag which draped the box caught his spur, and in falling he broke his leg, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, turned to the audience and shouted the State motto of Virginia, '*Sic semper tyrannis*,' and fled out of sight; leaped upon his horse, which was waiting in the alley, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon. The President was carried to a small brick house across the street, where for nine hours he lingered in unconscious existence. Then a look of beautiful peace came to the wan face, and the great heart was at rest."

Some days later Mrs. Aldrich saw the scene of Lincoln's murder: "The theatre was strongly guarded by soldiers, both outside and inside. The stage was still set with all the *mise en scène*, as on that eventful evening of the President's death. In the box from behind the curtain that had shaded his chair I picked up a play-bill that might have fallen from his hand."

Truly the death of Lincoln was the most dramatic tragedy ever enacted within the walls of a theatre.

<sup>2</sup> John Wilkes Booth was a brother of the famous actor, Edwin Booth, who was taking his Farewell Benefit at the Boston Theatre at the very hour his younger brother was performing his grim tragedy in Washington. Edwin Booth at once travelled to New York to be with the

it now seems that his head was cut off and his heart removed to be preserved in spirits or otherwise. There is a rumour (probably without foundation) that the man who was shot was *not* Wilkes Booth! <sup>1</sup> There is also another equally unlikely report that President Davis was cognisant of the assassination and abetted it. Lincoln's life was valuable to the Confederates, and it would have been more to their interest to have killed *Johnson*. <sup>2</sup> It is asserted that Johnson was more likely to have procured the death of his superior. For myself, I believe that the assassination and attempted ditto <sup>3</sup> were the work of a few desperate, excited, and half-mad spirits, who acted entirely without the knowledge or support of any of the real politicians of any shade of opinion. I trust that Davis may effect his escape, for he will assuredly be hanged if he is caught.

*May the 23rd.*—I must still prate of American affairs. The complete "cave in" of the Confederacy is a natural cause of astonishment to every one. Their generals surrender one after another until there is scarcely one in arms, while the Federals reduce

grief-stricken mother. The family was threatened with violence and arson from the mob, who demanded the extermination of the name of Booth. Mrs. Aldrich was present at the trial of Herold, a druggist's clerk, and describes his "slight and boyish figure . . . the brown eyes were in expression as a deer that had been wounded; the whole body and face vibrant with anxious fear. . . . One turned away from it with a feeling that no mortal had the right to look at a soul so naked and unveiled."

<sup>1</sup> Years later the Government notified Edwin Booth as to the spot where his brother was buried and allowed him to reinter the body elsewhere.

<sup>2</sup> Andrew Johnson, elected Vice-President, 1864, and became President on April the 15th, 1865, following the death of Lincoln. Succeeded by Ulysses Grant in 1869.

<sup>3</sup> The life of William H. Seward, Secretary of State, was attempted by Lewis Payne. Mrs. Surratt, a "large woman, wearing a rusty black woollen dress," and five other prisoners were charged with the conspiracy.

their forces rapidly and will (at this rate) soon be much where they were four years ago. This sudden calm is not real, it cannot be. It must be simply the peaceable centre of a cyclone, so to speak. It is not possible for men like the Confederates, who have fought for four years so desperately, and frequently with so much success, to settle down as if nothing had happened. The demon of hatred and revenge must be somewhere, he cannot be extinct, and he must, and will doubtless, make his appearance again.<sup>1</sup>

The latest report about Andrew Johnson's intoxication (on the day of his inauguration as Vice-President) is that he was under the influence of an attempt to poison him, for he was (say some authorities) never drunk in his life before. But I will not say any more about America ; all this letter hitherto has been about its affairs, and I think I have written enough on that subject. How we should talk if you were only here in the Norbiton *den*—for there *is* a *den* for you and *Wren* in five years *when* you come back *agen*. That learned doctor writes me by this mail, and confesses to a certain amount of *shakiness* the morning after he dined with you. A capital likeness of your brother George and his horse (*life size*) occupies a very considerable portion of the Academy wall, and is one of the chief features of the large room. I have looked and am still looking for his name among the list of candidates at the coming election.<sup>2</sup>

Our house has been full of visitors. Recently at

<sup>1</sup> Hardman was mistaken. The Southern Cause was beaten for ever, never to rise again.

<sup>2</sup> George Holroyd was a very successful and wealthy magnate of the Railway world. He had resigned the post of Secretary of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway in 1863.

one time we have had three from different parts of the world. A French lady, an old schoolfellow and great friend of Mary Anne's, Madame Alfred Tavernier, has been with us for the last three weeks. Two or three days after her arrival a Miss Bassnett, daughter of my cousin Tom Bassnett, from Ottawa, Illinois, U.S.A., came to spend ten days with us. The day after her arrival came our pet Swiss guide, Alexandre Albrecht, who is with us still. I paid his expenses here, and it has been a great pleasure to us to have the little man. The presence of these foreign visitors has naturally entailed a large amount of sight-seeing. I have been usually the showman, and have dived into the dank and damnable recesses of the Thames Tunnel; have climbed to the golden gallery of St. Paul's; have delighted the republican eyes of my American cousin with the sight of the Crown Jewels and the Armoury at the Tower, the monuments at Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, and the state equipages of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. We had a glorious day at Windsor, and another glorious day at the Crystal Palace, and another most glorious day at Mickleham, visiting Box Hill, Deepdene, Denbies, Norbury Park, and all the points of interest in that prime piece of English landscape scenery. Our latest effort was a day in the West End of London, with a promenade at the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, terminating with a cold collation and cider-cup at Bellew's,<sup>1</sup> and a view of the Illuminations for the

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. J. M. Bellew was at this date living in Portsdown Gardens, Maida Vale, and acting as minister at Bedford Chapel in Oxford Street. See the first two volumes of this work for many allusions to Bellew and two portraits.

Queen's birthday on our way home to catch the 11 o'clock train. My American cousin has returned with every particle of republican abomination expunged from her mind, and sighing for royalty and aristocracy in Illinois.

To-day I have been over head and ears in county and local business, viz. a Highway Board at 10; Petty Sessions at 12; and a visit to "prospect" a piece of road which is being diverted some eight miles off. So that from 10 to 5.30 I was fully occupied with unpaid labours for the public benefit. Last week our Petty Sessions was lively. We had a Serjeant-at-law down from London to defend a case before us, and I can assure you my position was not what is profanely called "beer and skittles," for my brother beaks relied upon me to keep them straight. This was not an easy task, for the Serjeant was unpleasantly cheeky, and tried to bully us. I preserved an outward calm, but was inwardly very wroth. However, I had the satisfaction of pulling up Mr. Serjeant Robinson several times with considerable effect. "The Court" (that is W.H.) ruled that the production of such and such a document was not necessary, that such and such evidence which my learned brother tried to palm off upon us was not admissible, and made him withdraw and apologise for certain remarks in his speech. The Bench asserted its dignity, and I was so far gratified. We dismissed the case, however, but not from any persuasion or bullying on the part of the counsel so expensively retained. If the plaintiffs could have proved their case to our satisfaction, I am sure we should *not* have dealt any the more leniently with the

defendant because of his having thought fit to bully us with a Serjeant-at-law. We are much more disposed for mercy with an undefended case than with one that is defended.

My "Justice-room" here at Norbiton Hall has almost daily work, especially in the matter of drunk and disorderly and vagrants. I "comprehend all vagrom men" and women, and send them for various periods to the House of Correction with hard labour. They howl and groan before me in vain, they tell piteous tales to a deaf ear. It is very unpleasant work, but is very necessary, as we are just such a distance from town as to cause us to be inundated with these wretches, and the police having got a local beak in my person, constantly on the spot, are increasing their activity. I had Albrecht in on one occasion to hear a case in which there was much weeping, and the little man was quite overcome, and, I suspect, has since regarded me as the hardest-hearted person possible. I have not allowed him to be present again, neither has he wished to see any more "pauvre people" (as he calls them) sent to prison.

Hinchliff<sup>1</sup> has just sent me a box of valuable orchids which he has received from Paraguay and Brazil. We believe one of them to be quite new to this country, and very curious. Our garden now looks lovely beyond description.

Wren hints at another expected addition to your family. We await the result with much interest, and your wife has our best wishes. You are making a capital colonist.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Woodbine Hinchliff (1825-1882), of 64, Lincoln's Inn Fields, author of *Over the Sea and Far Away* and *South American Sketches*. One of the founders of the Alpine Club.



JUNE, 1865.

THE other day the Parliamentary report gave most of us a puzzle. It happened thus : Lord Cranborne, the Marquis of Salisbury's eldest son, died suddenly one Wednesday morning.<sup>1</sup> He was but little known. The second son, Lord Robert Cecil,<sup>2</sup> is, as you are aware, in the House, and spoke on some questions that same afternoon. The reporters, in a hurry to give him the title to which he had succeeded, transformed him at once without explanation into Lord Cranborne. This puzzled me immensely, and I thought some new member had got in unbeknown to me. I now find that they never told Lord Robert of his brother's death, and he did not know that he was Lord Cranborne when he rose at half-past two. The bad taste of the reporters needs no comment.

Shirley Brooks was my guest at the Alpine Club dinner at the *Castle*, Richmond, the other evening.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Cranborne died on June the 14th, 1865, aged forty-three.

<sup>2</sup> Later the well known Prime Minister. He succeeded his father as third Marquis of Salisbury in 1868, and, in addition to his political work, he wrote much for *The Quarterly Review*, *The Saturday Review* (edited by J. D. Cook), and other papers during these years. In those early days he was glad to earn a little money by book-reviewing, for, as John Morley observed : " When I remember how Lord Salisbury used to wait years ago, along with the rest of us poor devils in Cook's ante-room at the Albany, eager for books to review, imposters to mangle, guineas to earn —and think of the prodigious office he now holds, my imagination is struck." After his marriage in 1857 to Miss Georgina Alderson, Lord Robert Cecil lived at No. 21, Fitzroy Square, where his son, the present Marquis of Salisbury, was born in 1861. The former Premier died in 1903, at the age of seventy-three.

He will probably have something to say about said dinner in his article in *The Home News*. He may say with truth that he never eat a worse dinner, drank more abominable champagne, or was more wretchedly waited on in his life.

Shirley Brooks wrote to Hardman apropos this dinner and other matters :

" 50th Anniversary of Waterloo. Will you tell G. Meredith with my best messages that I ordered the paper to be sent to him direct, and thought, of course, that he received it ; but the editor has already mentioned to me one short-coming of a short-haired but muddle-headed clerk, and here is another. I will prescribe for his muddles.

" That Cranborne business was curious. I did not understand it until I got a note from Ross, who manages the gallery for *The Times*.

" I experienced no ill effects from the Clan Alpine repast—its little short-comings may have been artistically designed to promote an endurance of hardships, desirable in mountain climbers. I am bound to say I had a rather better one next day at the *Ship*, in fact the best I ever eated—*vide* programme."

This menu of what was eclectically called " a Whitebait Dinner " at the *Ship* Hotel, Greenwich, is of interest in detailing the gargantuan amount of dishes which went to the composition of a " good dinner " sixty years ago. The trencher-men were the staff of *Punch* :

*Jun 14, 1865.*

*Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.*

Diner à la Russe.

Le Potage de Tortue clair. Le Potage de Tortue plein.

Le Vol-au-Vent de Gras Vert.

La Souchée de Carrelets. La Souchée de Saumon.

Le Rouget à la Sandringham.  
La Crème de Poisson en Surprise.

La Pyramide de Filets de Soles à l'Aurora.  
Les Anguilles à la Brabant.

Le Kari de Crevettes. Les Côtelettes de Saumon.

L'Omelette de Homard. La Truite à la Tartare.  
Les petites Soles frites.

WHITEBAIT.

Les Côtelettes à la Réforme.  
Le Salmi de Cailles à la Royale.  
Les Ris de Veau à la Toulouse.

Les Poulets. Les Canetons.  
La Selle de Mouton. Bacon and Beans.

La Mayonnaise de Homard. Les Artichauts à la Poulette

La Charlotte aux Fraises. Les Croûtes de Pêche.  
Le Pouding à la Vénétienne.

Le Pouding glacé de Nesselrode.

It will be observed that the chef's French gave out for the translating of "Bacon and Beans," for no doubt his artiste's soul revolted at the inclusion of this gross dish of perfidious Albion amid a culinary Kubla Khan's dream of Paradise. Unfortunately Shirley Brooks failed to send to his friend the complementary Wine List of this noble banquet: so we lesser men of degenerate times, who have never champed our jaws at such a feast, can only dimly surmise the countless bottles of sherry, chablis, champagne, claret, burgundy, port, and old brandy, that went to the consummation

of this joyous night by Father Thamís's side. Mr. Punch, like Todgers's, "could do it" when he chose.

I have posted you a *Saturday Review* with an article marked for your reading. It is a pleasing chaff of a damned fool, one Riley, a manufacturer who is going to marry one of his mill-girls, and has thought it fit to publish an explanatory statement in a local paper, setting forth his plan for educating the young woman and initiating her into the ways and sights of the world.<sup>1</sup>

At this moment a letter of this same Mr. Riley lies before me. It was sent by him to the Editor of *Punch*,<sup>2</sup> and has been lent to me by Shirley Brooks. I wish I could send it to you, but S.B. wants it back. Not that it contains anything funny, but the paper, the mercantile style, the handwriting, all combine to fix the character of Mr. Riley. He is a conceited, pompous, half-educated prig! Here is a copy. It is written thus in paragraphs.

"DESBOROUGH,  
"NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

"Mr. B. Riley presents his respects to the editor.

"He did not intend his communication in the *Free Press* to go through the Kingdom as it has.

<sup>1</sup> The long article in question appeared in *The Saturday Review* for June the 10th, 1865, and was entitled, "A Lover's Confidences." In the course of his letter announcing his intention to marry Mary Anne Paine, a girl employed in his own factory, Mr. Benjamin Riley stated: "In order to fill her mind with other ideas, she passed through London, and also through a large railway station in the south of Worthing, on the sea coast, under the charge of our kind friends, Rev. S. Drakeford and Mrs. Drakeford. . . . I do not suppose I shall see her for a few months to come . . . till she becomes moderately refined." He intended the marriage to take place in May, 1866.

<sup>2</sup> Mark Lemon.

"However, being in a public newspaper he cannot complain of its doing so.

"Mr. Riley wishes to express his thanks to the editor that his *Address to the Inhabitants of Desborough* was taken up in your impression of the 10th inst. in such a gentlemanly and efficient way.

"He also admires the advice given and the advice intimated in the Article of your impression (June 10th).

"Whoever the writer of that Article was, I see he was a gentleman of talent, so having unintentionally made it such public property Mr. Riley cannot complain.

"*June 15th, 1865.*"

Now, did you ever read a worse jumble of tenses and persons? If your illiterate party tries to write in the third person he invariably comes to grief.<sup>1</sup> So perfect a test is it, that I am inclined to think it would be a good "educational test" for the Franchise, if we should ever come to a condition in which such a thing should be lawful. Every man (and "woman" J. S. Mill would add) who could write a faultless note in the third person on a given subject should be permitted to vote! In a Parliament so elected a sound Conservative Government would have a chance of holding its own.

Three years after Mr. Riley's case, another be-shawled mill-girl married a man of superior station after some preliminary education. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould (1834-1924), the writer of the hymns *Onward! Christian Soldiers!*; *Now the Day*

<sup>1</sup> Not only the illiterate. For example, Queen Victoria generally came to grief when writing in the third person. Thus, to the Earl of Derby, in 1862: "The Queen feels deeply grateful for the kind and universal sympathy shown her, and is gratified to see justice done to *him* whom she was allowed to call *husband*. . . . Our dear Alfred returned last night."

is over, and others equally well known, when curate of Horbury, near Wakefield, fell in love with Grace Taylor, a girl employed at a local shoddy mill. With the consent of her parents he sent her to be educated at York, and in due course married Miss Taylor at Horbury in 1868. The marriage was entirely successful, and when Mrs. Baring-Gould died in 1916, respected and loved by all who knew her, her husband described her as "Half my soul." Their courtship he depicted in his book, *Through Fire and Flame*, and his wife's native village of Horbury and the vale of the river Calder in *The Pennycomequicks* (1889).

The unhappy Mr. Riley, who brought down on his own head the shafts of the professional humorists by making public his scheme to educate and train a girl of humble birth for the high position of his wife, had a notable precedent in the person (or action) of Thomas Day (1748-1789), the eccentric barrister, farmer, and social reformer who wrote *Sandford and Merton* in 1783-1789. Greatly daring, he selected two candidates, a flaxen-haired child of twelve, from the Foundling Hospital in Shrewsbury, whom he named Sabrina, and a black-haired child, from the Foundling Hospital in London, to whom he gave the name of Lucretia. The rivals were taken by Day to Avignon, to be educated according to his plan on Spartan principles. They gave him much trouble, frequently fought and scratched each other, and developed very bad tempers. Lucretia was eliminated first, as she proved to be "invincibly stupid," so she was apprenticed to a milliner and eventually married a linen-draper. Sabrina failed in her lord and master's tests for stoicism. She naturally screamed when melted sealing-wax was dropped on her bare arms and pistol shots fired

through her petticoats and legs, so she, too, failed in the matrimonial candidature. As he could not succeed in educating a young girl to be fit for the honour of mating with him, Day decided to woo a mature and famous beauty, Honora Sneyd, but she declined the proposals he set forth in a lengthy document describing the mode in which her married life would be passed; and her sister Elizabeth refused him also, because he was knock-kneed. The unquenchable Day eventually found the wife he required in the person of a wealthy lady named Esther Milnes, whose arms round the biceps measured the size stipulated for by the exigent bridegroom. Mrs. Day actually fulfilled the code of lunacy laid down by her husband. She gave up carriages, servants, and playing the harpsichord—which had been her greatest joy. She walked bare-footed in the snow, and submitted, weeping, to the other tests proving her docility and the domination of her legal owner. In some aspects of his mentality, the virtuous and high-minded Thomas Day came perilously near to his contemporary, the Marquis de Sade (1740-1814), though of course their aims were widely different. Having, at last, triumphantly established his power to subdue, humiliate, and break the female spirit, Thomas Day turned his attention to animals. But a certain fiery young horse had no intention of being tamed by the code of the author of *Sandford and Merton*, so she—let us believe the instrument of vengeance to have been a mare and the fitting vindicatrix of her sex—plunged, buck-jumped, and curvetted sideways, and finally threw her rider head-first to the ground, thus killing the egregious Thomas Day in the forty-first year of his age.

You will see that J. Stuart Mill is being brought

forward for Westminster by a body of enthusiasts. His opponents are Captain Grosvenor and Mr. W. H. Smith, the *son* and actual proprietor of the firm of W. H. Smith and Son, Railway Booksellers. This promises to be the most noteworthy contest of the coming elections, except perhaps Gladstone's fight at Oxford.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Mill is at present somewhere in the south of France, and cannot be induced to pay his respects to the electors. This is not in his favour, and I doubt if he will go to the poll, much less be elected.<sup>2</sup> Awkward citations are made from his books, which show that as to rights of property he is scarcely much less than communistic, that he would give votes to women, that he does not believe in either God or Devil, and much more to the like purpose. It is urged by his apologists that there is no necessity for us to pay attention to these little eccentricities of his, which are to be regarded as nothing more than the chess movements of an abstracted thinker, who is playing a game all by himself, and seeing what moves can be made. They also say that he will not propound such ideas in the House of Commons, and that if he does, no one will listen to him. Of what value, then, is he to be either to his party or to the country when he shall be in Parliament? The answer given is that his return for

<sup>1</sup> In the election of 1865 Gladstone became member for South Lancashire, which he represented until 1868.

<sup>2</sup> Hardman proved to be wrong. John Stuart Mill (1806-1873) was elected for Westminster in 1865, and retained the seat until 1868 when he returned to literary work. His former rival, W. H. Smith (1825-1891), then succeeded him in the representation of Westminster. Mr. Smith, the tradesman who became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1877, is supposed to have suggested to W. S. Gilbert the character of Sir Joseph Porter in *H.M.S. "Pinafore,"* which appeared the next year, 1878. Mr. Smith's widow was created Viscountess Hambleden in 1891.



Westminster will greatly dignify the electors ; by which is meant, I suppose, that it will be regarded as a flattering thing by men of letters.

Lord Russell hath a small son named Amberley,<sup>1</sup> and this Viscount Amberley has been travelling in the East. Now this youthful aspirant to the Suffrages of the electors of Leeds has made his name a household word by the simple process of eating and drinking and not paying for it : £42 14s. charged to the nation by his provident progenitor has purchased him a world-wide renown. He has a passage on board a man-of-war somewhere in the Greek Archipelago, under the pretence of being Private Secretary to Mr. Elliot,<sup>2</sup> the Minister. The captain of the ship charges for his board and lodging, and after mature consideration Lord Russell arrives at the opinion that the nation should pay for Lord Amberley, and decrees it so. The direct heir of a Whig nobleman and not paid for by the nation ! That would be too preposterous ! Childe Amberley, who had already made an utter fool of himself, only needed this to be hopelessly extinguished. Mr. Pope Hennessy has been the thorn in Lord Russell's side : the persistent member who *would* ask questions and

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Amberley (1842-1876), eldest son of Earl Russell, by his second wife, Lady Frances Elliot, daughter of the second Earl of Minto. Lord Amberley was M.P. for Nottingham, 1866-1868. He predeceased his father by two years. He married in 1864 Katharine, daughter of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley, and their sons are the present and second Earl Russell and Mr. Bertrand Russell.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Henry George Elliot (1817-1907), G.C.B. and Knighted 1869, was a son of the second Earl of Minto and brother of the Countess Russell, and consequently Lord Amberley's uncle. His mission to Greece in 1862 was concerned with the new constitution and dynasty of King George the First (brother of Queen Alexandra). His appointment as Envoy to Italy (1863-1867) and his later proceedings aroused much criticism and controversy.

would not be put down. The House yells with laughter when Mr. Hennessy states that he is unable to find Lord Amberley's name in the Foreign Office List, and that he wishes to know the date of his nomination and the date of his examination by the Civil Service Commissioners, and to have a copy of the certificate required by the Order in Council stating that the said Commission approved of him as fit for the post of attaché.

*Sunday, June the 25th.*—I have been interrupted. This last week has been Hampton Race Week, and I have sat in the seat of justice for *four* consecutive days, despatching crowds of prisoners to durance vile. On Wednesday, Hinchliff came to stay with us until to-morrow, and my mother also arrived on the same day. Yesterday we gave an afternoon croquet party. About fifty people were invited, and three parts of them came. Lunch at three o'clock, carriages at seven. Band of music and two sets of croquet. The day was lovely, a nice breeze blowing, and the whole affair was a great success. It is eleven o'clock, and I expect Shirley Brooks and wife every minute.

You will see from the papers that the *Bombay* broke down and had to struggle along to Mauritius; consequently this month's mail will not be distributed in this country for ten days yet at least.

*Monday morning, June the 26th.*—I have just been summoned down to Kingston to dispose of some more prisoners captured on Hampton Race Course.

*JULY, 1865.*

KENT and the electioneering, those are the two great topics of the month. Lord Amberley, of whom I told you in my last letter has been beaten at Leeds, and by a Conservative candidate! Sir Charles Locock<sup>1</sup> is up for the Isle of Wight. J. Stuart Mill is in for Westminster, and poor W. H. Smith goes to the wall. Smith is a really good fellow, a man of the best Conservative stamp. I am told he has spent no less a sum than £45,000—almost incredible, but one knows what contested elections for Westminster cost. Mill has stated all his voters walked to the poll, for he provided no vehicles. This is all very fine, but the fact is that his committee colluded with Grosvenor's, and the understanding was that all Mill's voters conveyed by Grosvenor's cabs should vote for the two. Mill was returned by public subscription, and the funds began to fail, so that his supporters were obliged to sink the principle and join themselves to the monied Liberal Candidate. I know that many of Mill's warmest adherents among the intellectual portion of society are utterly disgusted by this abandonment of principle. The result of the election for Finsbury, where the old member, the illustriously illiterate Cox, has been

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Locock, Bart., M.D. (1799-1875), was the first Physician Accoucheur to Queen Victoria, 1840, and he was one of the four doctors who attended the birth of King Edward the Seventh in 1841. Married, 1826, Amelia Lewis, of Southampton Place, Euston Square. Sir Charles Locock was the unsuccessful candidate for the Isle of Wight at the General Election of 1865.

turned out, has given occasion for the manufacture of conundrums. . . .

The electors of Lambeth have returned Tom Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, at the head of the poll,<sup>1</sup> and now all his efforts fail to obtain his bills from his committee; they tell him the expenses of the election are *their* affair, not *his*. I understand the sum required will be mainly raised by a shilling subscription among the working-men. This is a thing to be proud of. Hughes has the art of ingratiating himself into the favour of the artisans. He has busied himself in the volunteer business, and is, I believe, Lieut.-Col. of the Working-Men's Corps. He is a muscular Christian, and by no means a demagogue in its modern and uncomplimentary sense. A leader of the people he undoubtedly is.

The election for Berkshire is perhaps our greatest Conservative triumph. The constituency used to return two Liberals and one Conservative, but the Liberals assailed all three seats this election, and the result has been a complete defeat, the Conservatives securing all three seats and turning out Mr. Walter<sup>2</sup> of *The Times*! One of the Liberals put up was a Guardsman, Lord Uffington,<sup>3</sup> son of the Earl of Craven, a regular muff, who made an unutterable ass of himself on the hustings. He could not speak, neither could he *read* his speech, which he had concealed *in his hat*! This was his style: "Gentle-

<sup>1</sup> Hughes was Liberal M.P. for Lambeth until 1868, when he became the member for Frome.

<sup>2</sup> John Walter (1818-1894) the Third, grandson of the founder of *The Times* in 1785-1788. He regained his seat for Berkshire in 1868.

<sup>3</sup> Succeeded as third Earl of Craven in 1866. Died in 1883, aged forty-two. Captain in the Scots Guards. Grandfather of the present and fifth Earl of Craven.

men, I am in favour of the Government that have governed the country for the last six years, and I am of opinion—I am of opinion—should be upheld.” (Here he stopped and looked steadily into his hat, and it being observed that he was endeavouring to read something, a voice cried out, “You’ve got more in your hat than you have in your head, guv’nor!”) “The Conservatives have been opposed for six years to everything which has been for the public good. The foreign policy” (a voice, “Fetch it out of your hat,” followed by roars of laughter)—“here it is” (the candidate taking a piece of paper out of his hat, held it up, amid roars of laughter). “It’s all very fine; if you think it’s an easy thing, just you come and try.” (Roars of laughter.) When a voice in the crowd inquired, “Who’s your hatter?” Lord Uffington asked in reply, “Who’s yours?” In despair, at last he said, “I don’t care—I don’t want to speak.” Whereupon a voice cried, “Give us a song then, guv’nor!” I felt quite sorry for the unfortunate fellow, who had evidently been thrust into a position for which he was utterly unfitted, probably against his will.

We have had a spirited contest in East Surrey, but unhappily our party has not been successful. Locke King and Charles Buxton have beaten Peek and Brodrick. . . . In the Kingston district we had a considerable majority, but Bermondsey and Reigate were too much for us. . . .

I have written the last few pages under great difficulties. It is confoundedly hot. I write with my window open; it is near midnight and my light attracts moths innumerable who drop about me in

showers, half burnt in the gas light. I have literally picked thirty or forty off my paper. In addition I have secured several fine specimens for my collection, and have pinned them down in my entomological box. This is all very disturbing and has elicited various profane remarks. (Two more drop wriggling and frizzled as I write these words.) By Jove! here is another unhappy couple, as I write the last parenthesis. You must excuse my jerkiness.

France and England are busy interchanging courtesies. Our fleet has gone to Cherbourg, and the French are at Plymouth, much resorted to by holiday makers. We are celebrating the fifty years during which the two nations have been at peace. This is as it should be. May our descendants celebrate a century of the same happy state of things. *We* cannot hope, or even desire, to live to see it,<sup>1</sup> although at a dinner-party the other night, at the house of one of our neighbours, Mary Anne's cavalier was an old gentleman of 87, hale and hearty, who knew William Pitt and Lady Hester Stanhope, who had been private secretary to the Duke of Richmond when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had also acted for a short time in the same capacity to the Duke of Wellington when Sir Arthur Wellesley. This old boy had been in the War Office for more than fifty years, having entered it in 1796.

And now for the saddest piece of news I have had to record for some time. I allude to the accident on

<sup>1</sup> Hardman proved to be wrong as far as his wife was concerned, for Lady Hardman survived until May, 1917, thus living for nearly two years beyond the anniversary of a century of Peace with France. Hardman's grandson, William Hardman Croome, fought in the War 1916-1917, and was reported missing, 30th November, 1917: no news has ever been received as to his fate.

the Matterhorn. On Thursday, the 13th of this month, Whymper,<sup>1</sup> Hudson (of John's), Lord Francis Douglas (aged 19,<sup>2</sup> brother of the Marquis of Queensberry), and a Mr. Hadow, accompanied by Michel Croz (Chamonix guide) and Peter Taugwald and his son, started from Zermatt to explore with a view to finding a practicable route to the summit of the hitherto virgin Matterhorn. At 3.40 a.m. on Friday they began the ascent. Strange to relate, they met with no great difficulty, and pushed on, reaching the top at 2 p.m., having started without the slightest hope or intention of scaling the mountain. Of course they were in the highest spirits at their unlooked for success. I may add that the party were distinctly visible from Zermatt with the aid of a telescope, so that the success of the expedition reached the papers before the terrible tidings that have cast a gloom over all Alpine people and society generally. About 3 o'clock the party began to descend, having spent an hour on the summit. They were all roped together in the following order: Croz (leading), Hadow, Hudson, Lord F. Douglas, Peter Taugwald, Whymper, and Peter Taugwald's son bringing up the rear. They had not long left the summit when they had to pass over a steep decline of snow and rock, with very difficult foothold. They were proceeding with the greatest caution when Whymper

<sup>1</sup> Edward Whymper (1840-1911), wood-engraver and Alpine climber. He was the first to ascend several peaks of the Mont Blanc chain, 1864. Author of *Scrambles in the Alps*, 1871, *Ascent of the Matterhorn*, 1880, and several mountaineering hand-books. Died at Chamonix.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Francis Douglas was eighteen years of age, having been born on February 2nd, 1847. Second son of the seventh Marquis of Queensberry; brother of the eighth ("boxing") Marquis and Lady Florence Dixie; uncle of Lord Alfred Douglas, the poet.

was startled by a cry from Croz, and the next moment he saw Hadow and Croz flying downwards. The weight of these two men falling jerked Hudson and Douglas off their feet, and they fell after the others. The few seconds warning given to Whymper and the Taugwalds enabled them to plant themselves as firmly as possible to hold the others up, and one report says that the elder Taugwald hitched the rope between him and Douglas over a rock. The strain, however, was too great, the rope parted between Taugwald and Lord Francis, and the four men fell headlong down the slope, and shot out of sight over a fearful precipice. The state of the survivors' nerves and minds cannot easily be imagined. The two Taugwalds were so completely unnerved that Whymper had great difficulty in descending with them. As it was, they all three remained during that miserable Friday night upon the mountains at a great height. Eventually they reached Zermatt at 10.30 a.m. on Saturday. Although Whymper had no hope that any of his companions were alive, he immediately sent guides to search for them. In the evening they returned, saying that they had seen through telescopes where the bodies lay, but had been unable to reach them in consequence of the width of the crevasses. The chaplain at Zermatt (J. McCormick, an old friend of Mary Anne's) was taken into consultation by Whymper. They agreed to start the following Sunday morning at 1 o'clock. Another clergyman, named Robertson, and a Mr. Philpots accompanied them. The Zermatt guides refused to go with them "*as it would be Sunday,*" and urged delay as there was no hope of saving any lives.





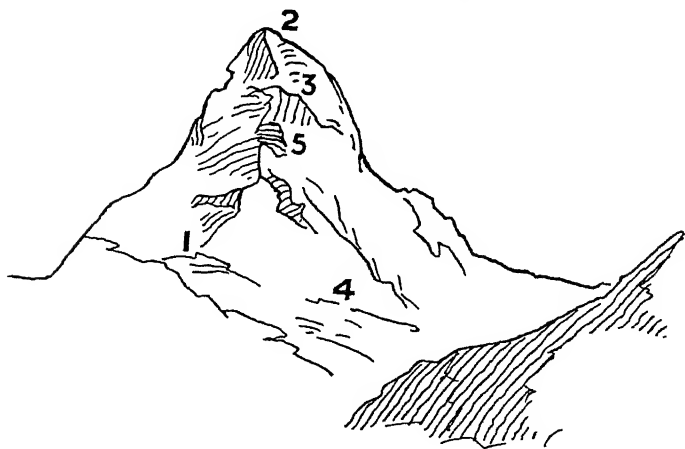
LORD FRANCIS DOUGLAS

*Killed in the Matterhorn disaster, July the 14th, 1865  
From a portrait lent by his niece, Lady Edith Fox-Pitt*



Whymper and McCormick indignantly refused to accede to this suggestion, although the former was much exhausted with 60 hours' work. Five guides offered their services. Let their names be recorded. Franz Andermatten of Saas (a good fellow, I know and like him much); the two Lochmatters of Macugnaga; and Frederic Payot and Jean Tairraz of Chamonix. It was no easy task for this party to reach the spot where their friends had fallen. They did so at last, and found as they had anticipated that not only were the others dead but fearfully mangled almost beyond recognition. The poor shattered bodies were laid in their graves in the snow, the scene only disturbed by occasional crashes of falling rocks. And to complete the picture, the Matterhorn rears its giant peak into the blue vault of heaven and marks the grave of those once brave hearts at its foot—the grandest tombstone in the world.

Albrecht, the Swiss guide, sent to Hardman a photograph of the Matterhorn as seen from near Zermatt, marking the scene of the disaster, from particulars given to him by Taugwald, thus :



1 is where the whole party passed the first night. 2 is where they erected a stone man on the summit. 3 is where they slipped. 4 is where the bodies were found. The three survivors remained on the summit after the accident, and lost so much time that they were obliged to remain for the night, very high up, at the spot marked 5.

By a curious coincidence a similar accident to Alpine climbers occurred exactly sixty-three years later on the same day—July the 14th, 1928. A party of four French tourists, by name Le Becque, Gigord, Guibert, and Langlois, had nearly reached the summit of the Breithorn in the Zermatt range when they were overwhelmed by an avalanche. All four bodies, dead, were found later in a crevasse of a thousand feet deep.

The mail is in and brings a letter from my friend, which surpasses in jollity and fun any letter he has ever sent. . . . *I have* laughed and *others* have laughed, notably my excellent friend, Robert Liveing, Doctor of Medicine,<sup>1</sup> who laughed so frantically that I feared for his safety. . . . In short, to receive five sheets almost entirely filled with rich Rabelaisian galimatias is indeed a treat.<sup>2</sup> I cannot thank you sufficiently, for, in good sooth, your letter came in the very nick of time, when I was depressed by the Matterhorn accident: it acted like the band returning from a soldier's funeral and playing (as usual) "Go to the Devil and shake yourself."

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Liveing lived at No. 11, Manchester Square, and succeeded to the practice of Sir Erasmus Wilson.

<sup>2</sup> Hardman and his circle of intimate friends delighted in Rabelais, and references to that author's works often occur in their correspondence. Thus Meredith writes during his honeymoon, October, 1864, to Hardman: "Know that Nicole is the wife of a Pantagruel; she is sublime in laughter. We sit on a humorous Olympus, and rule over the follies of mortals."

We have had a busy time of it during the last three months ; constant visitors in the house, and several parties every week. This quiet country life has completely knocked Mary Anne up. She is ordered to keep a recumbent position for several weeks and we are not to have more visitors than we can help. She has a sofa placed under some shady tree on the lawn and receives her friends there. This afternoon she has only had seven callers ! Just as many (as the police have informed me this evening) I shall have as prisoners at nine o'clock to-morrow morning in my private justice-room. Hurrah ! for an idle life. As you know, it is not in my nature to be idle. I must be doing something. A week's rest has already done Mary Anne good, and she thoroughly enjoyed your account of the birth of Arthur George, and we both roared at your christening of your chickens before they are begotten, much less hatched.

I believe I have told you that George Meredith and his wife live<sup>1</sup> close by us : this is very pleasant, and many are the roars of laughter which we send up to the welkin with our compliments. Mrs. Meredith is hourly expecting to bring forth an homunculus.

To-morrow, July 26th, I go to town to be present at a meeting of the subscribers to a Fund for Dr. Colenso, to enable him to go out to his diocese of Natal. We have raised over £3,000, and the money is to be handed over to him to-morrow.<sup>2</sup> The

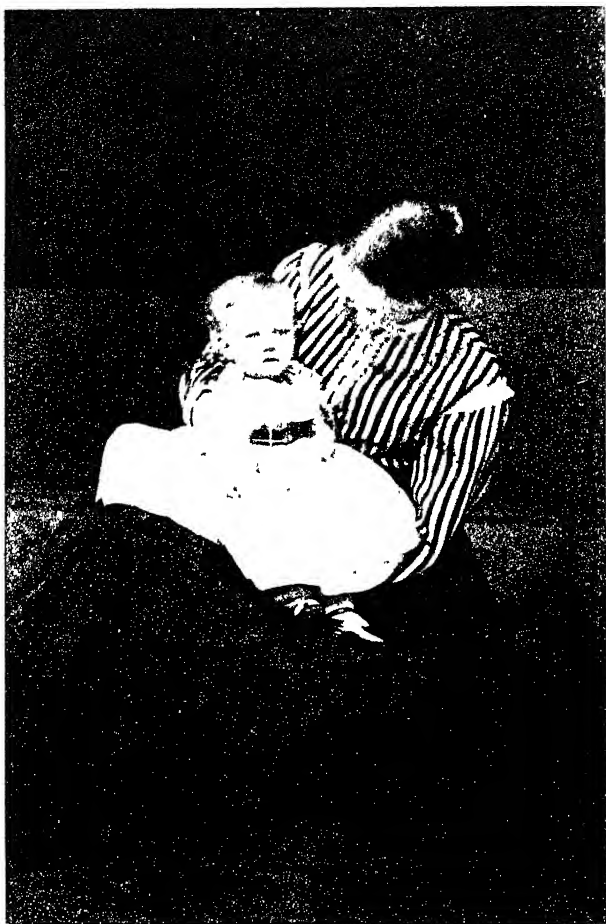
<sup>1</sup> At Kingston Lodge, just opposite to Norbiton Hall. Meredith was here, on and off, during 1865-1867, the period when he completed *Rhoda Fleming*, and wrote much of *Vittoria* and *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*.

<sup>2</sup> The meeting took place in the Freemasons' Tavern. See the previous volumes of this work for many references to the Bishop of Natal's case arising from his critical attacks on the Pentateuch. He was finally con-

trustees of his salary are withholding it out of spite, and it will be necessary for him to take legal proceedings to obtain it, so, meanwhile, a lot of us, including many celebrated men, have raised the goodly sum in question to enable him to defy the orthodox and narrow-minded.

firmed in possession of his See in 1866. He was styled by the Zulus "Sobantu"—meaning "Father of the People." Dr. Colenso died in 1883 at the age of sixty-nine.





WILLIAM MAXSE MEREDITH

*On his mother's knee*



AUGUST, 1865.

It is my birthday, the 13th August. Apropos of birthdays I may as well remark that on the 26th of last month, the very day one mail left via Marseilles, another arrived via Mrs. G. Meredith, only it spelt itself "male." In other words, George Meredith is the father of as lusty an infant as need be, a boy of great promise. What he weighs I know not, for Meredith is, as I have told you before, very superstitious, and would not do anything that ancient crones regard as unlucky. I and Captain Maxse, R.N.,<sup>1</sup> are to be his godfathers, and he is to be christened "William Maxse," which, with Meredith added, will make a very pretty name. Mary Anne was busy suggesting Welsh names, such as Llewellyn, Powys, Cadwallader, or Prodgers—and I must say that we ought *all* to be called Prodgers, that is if the derivation usually given to that name (Ap Rogers) is correct, for are we not all the children of Roger? Rogers's position as the great forerunner of us all is not properly appreciated yet. Meredith and his wife have fairly beaten my brother-in-law and his wife, who, as you will recollect, were married the day after. We are, however, daily expecting to hear of the arrival of a nephew or niece, M. or N. as the case may be.

<sup>1</sup> Rear-Admiral Frederick Augustus Maxse (1833-1900), second son of James Maxse by his marriage with Lady Caroline, daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, was later to be depicted as the hero of *Beauchamp's Career*, 1874-1875.

Meredith sailed to-day in Maxse's yacht for Cherbourg, where the English and French fleets are to meet on Tuesday the 15th for amicable festivities in celebration of the Emperor's fête and the fiftieth year of peace between the two countries.

During this month the Hardmans went to stay at the Sandrock Hotel, Isle of Wight, where they were joined by their friends, the J. M. Bellews. Hardman continues :

We are all as select and jolly as possible. The young folks dine at 1, the old ones at 6.30. The latter being Mr. and Mrs. Bellew, and Mr. and Mrs. H. The elders play whist in the evening, threepenny points. An old friend and schoolfellow of mine (Major Walker) is living at Shanklin, and we have had him to see us. He is one of the most amusing men I ever met, we all laughed till our jaws ached at his stories, he laughing as much as any one.

The sensation-lovers have their belly-full in the murder line at last. This is the story. A man named Forwood seems to have assisted a schoolmaster named White to get his children, in fact he seems to have been regarded, and to have regarded himself, as their parent. There were three boys. To the Whites he was known as Southey, and his profession was that of a blackleg and billiard-marker. He won at billiards from the Hon. Dudley Ward<sup>1</sup> a sum of £1,200 and tried to get the Earl of Dudley (his

<sup>1</sup> Humble Dudley Ward (1821-1870), second son of the tenth Lord Ward. His widow (Eleanor, née Hawkes) subsequently married John Gerard Leigh, and her third husband was Christian de Falbe, the Danish Ambassador. His brother, created Earl of Dudley in 1860, was first married to Constance de Burgh, of West Drayton, concerning whose fate some strange stories are told in the notorious *Recollections* of the Countess of Cardigan. When the Earl of Dudley married his second wife, the beautiful Georgina Moncreiffe, in November, 1865, "I remember," writes

brother) to pay the debt. The woman White went to Lord Dudley as "Mrs. Southey," and his turning her out of his house led to an assault charge, which the bench dismissed. His lordship of course did not pay the swindler's claim. Underlying this connection with Mrs. White as Southey, he was married to a woman at Ramsgate in his real name of Forwood, and had a child (a girl) by her. He also has another child (a girl) by Mrs. White after she actually quitted her husband's house to live with him. She has just gone to Australia as a nurse, having become wearied of the life she was compelled to lead with this scoundrel, leaving her little girl in the charge of friends. "Southey" goes to White and persuades him to hand over the three boys who were living with their reputed father. He takes them to a coffee-shop in Red Lion Street, and poisons them all with prussic acid, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He tried to get hold of his child left by the mother on going to Australia, but he failed in this. He then went down to Ramsgate to the wife from whom he had been separated for years, and shot her and her little girl through the head. He has thus killed five human beings. He is in the hands of the police, and will doubtless pay the penalty.<sup>1</sup>

I have been very much amused by an incident which has been reported from among "our lively neighbours." The folks of Bergèra, a small com-

the author of *Some Letters from a Man of No Importance*, "some of the crowd outside the church booing Lord Dudley because he looked so old and ugly a bridegroom for so lovely and childish a bride." Georgina Countess of Dudley died in 1929.

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Forwood, *alias* Ernest Southey, was duly tried and executed for these murders.

mune in an agricultural department, came to the almost unanimous conclusion that their mayor was a noodle. The question was "how to get rid of him," for he is, I believe, appointed by the Government, and holds office during pleasure or until he resigns. They could not turn him out, they could not call a meeting to discuss his incapacity, they durst not assail him in the public press, for the French law specially prohibits any disrespect to an official. "Our lively neighbours" were not to be beaten, however, and decided to do a very lively thing. They had the power to elect the municipal council to aid His Worship, so they actually chose nine *women*, who I doubt not were selected from among the least sensible of the commune. The result was that the mayor resigned forthwith.

I send you a *Pall Mall Gazette* for August the 16th. It contains a tolerable article on Charles Kean,<sup>1</sup> which will interest you as you have so recently not only heard him, but made his acquaintance. I believe the said article to be by Percival Leigh, now an elderly man.<sup>2</sup>

It would seem that we are threatened with Cholera again, and a cattle murrain is already among us. This latter is causing so much alarm that I have issued strict orders to keep my cows at home.

If the Atlantic Telegraph has failed,<sup>3</sup> the other wild scheme of the present day has, for the present at

<sup>1</sup> Charles Kean (1811-1868), son of the great Edmund Kean, had visited Australia and America, 1863-1866.

<sup>2</sup> Percival Leigh (1813-1889) a medical man, M.R.C.S., who abandoned surgery for letters. He was mainly a humorous writer, and joined the staff of *Punch*, 1841.

<sup>3</sup> The first attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable was in August, 1857, but the wire broke in two miles of water, after 335 knots had been paid out. A

any rate, succeeded. I allude to the Suez Canal.<sup>1</sup> Out of compliment to the French Emperor the 15th of this month was selected as a suitable day for opening the flood-gates and sending through a laden coal barge from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. This must have been a proud day for M. Lesseps, because there is no doubt that the enterprise is one of the most stupendous ever undertaken. I cannot believe that the success is more than temporary, and that it will be eventually impossible to keep the channel open without a permanent expenditure equivalent to a continual construction of a fresh canal.

year later the work was successfully completed, but after a few weeks of use, the cable failed. Eight years then elapsed, and the *Great Eastern*, though there was a preliminary failure in July, 1865, succeeded in accomplishing the work in July, 1866. The cost was £160,000.

<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand Vicomte De Lesseps commenced his scheme for piercing the Isthmus of Suez with a canal of water in 1859, which was opened for the passage of steamboats on August the 15th, 1865. Two years later, by means of dredging, ships and schooners were able to pass through, and on November the 17th, 1869, the Suez Canal was formally opened to all kinds of shipping. Although the project originally was not favoured by the British Government owing to political reasons, Lesseps was publicly presented with the Freedom of the City of London in July, 1870, and created K.C.S.I. by Queen Victoria. His later Panama Canal scheme involved him in disaster and disgrace, and he died a broken man, in dotage, 1894.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

WHAT your fate in the "under world" may be I know not, but ours here is undoubtedly so satanic that I may fairly conclude we have changed places with you. This blessed month of September has hitherto been the hottest in this hottest of years. Day after day the thermometer has been from  $75^{\circ}$  to  $85^{\circ}$  in the shade, while during the night it has rarely gone below  $70^{\circ}$ . I melt, I steam, I boil, I seethe slowly in bed as in a cauldron.

Orders in Council issue in an uninterrupted stream decreeing all sorts of prohibitions and precautions for the prevention of Cattle Disease, which is spreading terror and destruction on all sides. The universal talk is of diseased meat, the price of milk in London has gone up a penny a quart—not that this is altogether unsatisfactory, for it points to a connection between London cows and London milk not hitherto supposed to exist. My cows have happily escaped as yet, but I do not feel safe from day to day. Our taste for flesh of ox, nay, and of sheep too, is sadly impaired, and we have recourse to a vegetable diet in the main, varied by a moderate consumption of fish and fowl. Happily my large garden now serves me in good stead, and we can indulge in fruit and vegetables to our hearts' content. I have grown good store of pumpkins and gourds, which, following French habits, we employ in the

manufacture of "Soupe Maigre" without meat stock. And very good it is. This has been a grand year for tomatoes, and I have grown bushels of that most healthy fruit. We have revelled in peaches and nectarines since May, when our forced stock came in. I have sold peaches, I have given away peaches, my servants have eaten peaches, we have had peaches on our table every day, in fact I never had experience of so many peaches in my life before. The same remarks apply to melons of all sorts. When we were in the Isle of Wight, I had hampers of melons, peaches, and other fruits sent down twice a week, supplying ourselves, the Bellews, and the Hotel (a small one) where we were staying. There has not been such a fruit season (for everything excepting only strawberries) for years. Our almond trees are laden with *ripe* fruit, a very rare thing in England, as you must very well know. I discovered a seedling peach tree, sprung from some chance cast-away stone in years gone by, in my shrubberies, which has produced more than four dozen of splendid fruit, although hidden away among and crowded by box, yew, holly, and other evergreen shrubs. We seem to have lived in the open air for the last four months ! The children and their governess occupy one part of the lawn, far away under an umbrageous copper beech ; we ourselves take up our quarters under the great cedar or a large spreading *arbor vita* or magnolia, where we receive visitors, nearer the house. We are daily more in love with our country residence, and all our visitors go into ecstasies about it. It would require the strongest inducement or the sternest necessity to make us return to that dear,

noisy, stuffy, smoky, dusty old London. One thing is wanting to complete my enjoyment, and that is to receive my dear old friend, Edward Holroyd, and his wife at Norbiton Hall. Such a place for cigars and pipes ! Such space for gigantic shouts of laughter, that would rouse the neighbouring echoes, and make Kingston think that its grave "beak" had gone mad—mad as a March hare !

One of the excitements of the day has been the elopement of Miss Crosse, daughter of the Rector of Ockham in this county, with her groom, George Smith. The lady being 20, and the groom 18. Her own admissions show that she met him more than half way ; in fact she seems to have jumped out of window into his arms and forced him (not unwillingly, for the lady will have £4,000 when she comes of age) to run away with her. They lived in lodgings together at Wandsworth for a week, pending the completion of matrimonial arrangements, in fact, they would seem to have occupied the same room and the same bed. Notwithstanding this, the lady's solicitor declares she returned, or rather was brought home, as *intact* as when she left. This was incredible, and pointed either to incapacity on the part of the groom or to such honourable continence on his part as ought to hand him down to posterity in company with the Chevalier Bayard. However, the father has since withdrawn his charge of abduction, and consented to the marriage, which has taken place : the wisest course he could adopt. Here necessarily follows an obvious pun : the groom is elevated to the rank of bridegroom. It is curious to observe that Mr. Crosse



speaks of his daughter's *mésalliance* as a "judgment" upon him. As *The Pall Mall Gazette* pungently remarks, "There is a mixture of aristocracy and true religion about such a view of the case which is peculiarly British."

Apropos of religious matters, I see that your Bishop Perry<sup>1</sup> has resigned, or wishes to resign, his appointment. The man is indelibly imprinted on my memory by the admirable account in one of your earliest letters of your chilling interview with him. While we have Bishops in hand, let us treat of Samuel of Oxford.<sup>2</sup> At a missionary meeting at Salisbury the other day he again vented his spiteful rage on Bishop Colenso. He tried to pick some crumbs of comfort from the defeat which the Bishop of Cape Town and the ecclesiastical functionaries of this country have sustained at the hands of Colenso and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He considers that all these struggles and disputations must tend to the establishment of "the truth," that is to say the truth as it is in orthodoxy. His theory seems to be that truth-seekers are a set of puppets, with no office but to knock their heads against the unpenetrable opinions of "Sam Oxon" and his brethren. He said, "Shall it be that Britain, in one of the highest offices of its Church, shall send out one to teach the Heathen to distrust the word of God; and shall not Christian England drown that miserable voice by a universal declaration of the

<sup>1</sup> Charles Perry (1807-1891), D.D., first Bishop of Melbourne, 1847.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Wilberforce (1805-1873), Bishop of Oxford, 1845-1869, when he became Bishop of Winchester. See the previous two volumes of this work for many allusions to Bishop Wilberforce and accounts of the Colenso controversy.

truths of Christianity ? ” This “ miserable voice ” has proved itself most potent. Since the time that Colenso honestly admitted that he could not reply to the well-founded objections of his intelligent Zulu catechist,<sup>1</sup> the whole bench of Bishops has been unable to furnish him or anyone else with an answer fit to convince said Zulu or any other reasonable doubter. Calm argument is what we require, not noisy and clamorous revilings and idiotic vituperation. I have not yet read Colenso’s Fifth Part, which is now in the hands of the public, but I am told it is the best he has written yet. Dr. Harold Browne,<sup>2</sup> who got his Bishopric of Ely on account of his efforts to refute Colenso’s objections, is calmly and yet mercilessly attacked in this Fifth Part by his Brother of Natal, and is left vanquished and prostrate. Out of his own mouth is Dr. Browne convicted of heterodoxy : he is compelled to admit so much that he actually proves Colenso’s own case. During the three weeks I spent with Bellew in the Isle of Wight we had many interesting discussions on these topics. Bellew is a man of very decidedly liberal and common sense views, and in the course of our friendly confabs admitted a great deal to me which he would fain like to promulgate from the pulpit if he dared. His sermons are very broad, though, even now. The more I know of this celebrated orator and most popular of parsons, the more do I like him. He is a

<sup>1</sup> Concerning the Deluge and the animals in the Ark. See pp. 185-186 of the first volume of this work, *A Mid-Victorian Pepys*.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Harold Browne (1811-1891), D.D., was Canon of Exeter at the time he became Bishop of Ely, 1864. His volume entitled, *The Pentateuch and Elohistic Psalms in reply to Dr. Colenso*, had appeared the previous year, 1863. Dr. Browne became Bishop of Winchester in 1873.

genuine good fellow: not at all a "dilettante delicate-handed, snowy-banded priest."<sup>1</sup>

No. 4 of *The Spectator* is most excellent. The articles are well written, and the whole scheme of the paper is admirable. The success of such a paper will speak well for the colony. This *Spectator* is by long chalks the best paper Australia has produced as yet.

I have posted you a copy of George Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat*—a new edition with an illustration by Sandys. It was this book which, when it first appeared, ten years ago, attracted my attention to George Meredith and caused me to identify him apart from the assumed name of "Owen Meredith" (Robert Bulwer Lytton's pseudonym). It also excited in me a desire to read others of his books, for I detected in the rollicking fun of the whole design a kindred soul. You will observe that this new edition is dedicated to me.<sup>2</sup> Robin wrote this book when filled with *The Arabian Nights*, and it is a superb imitation of the style without a particle of copying of the matter. The matter is Robin's own, the style is utterly oriental. The story of Bhanavar the Beautiful is a miracle of imagination. The punishment of Khipil the Builder is rich in fun. The concluding chapters, ending in the baldness of Shagpat, are unutterably grand and terrible. But read the whole with a pipe in thy mouth, reclining in

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. J. M. Bellew left the Church of England and became a member of the Roman Catholic Faith in 1868.

<sup>2</sup> This was the second edition, "Affectionately Inscribed to William Hardman of Norbiton Hall." The Frontispiece was engraved from Frederick Sandys's water-colour drawing of "Bhanavar among the Serpents of Lake Karatis."

slipperd ease when the toils of day are over. If it does not arride and console thee, then shall I indeed be amazed.

I suppose you will naturally expect me to say something about Fenianism, a subject which is now engrossing a large share of public attention. In all their acts the Irish are given to mixing up very closely the two extremes—Farce and Tragedy. This Fenianism<sup>1</sup> is true to the rule. Undoubtedly it is a piece of tomfoolery, and yet it is dangerous to trifle indefinitely with Irish fooling. The Government seems to have acted with judgment, at least we will hope the result may prove that they have done so. They have given these Fenians sufficient rope and have seized a favourable moment for squelching the whole ridiculous bubble. Of course we are not in possession of *all* the facts and 'secret information which have guided the Lord Lieutenant and his colleagues in their proceedings, but sufficient is known to show that these Fenian rascals are banded together in a tolerably well organised body under the orders of the so-called "Brotherhood" of American Fenians; that their principal chiefs are in America, that Yankee Irishmen have supplied them with the main part of their funds, and that the members of the different clubs were, when arrested, anticipating the proximity of a signal for a rising. We do not know, however—and this is a most important point—whether these Irish Fenians were in expectation of

<sup>1</sup> The name given to an association of Irishmen in New York, founded, in 1857, for plotting the overthrow of the English Government in Ireland. The word originates from the old Irish word Féne, one of the names appertaining to the ancient population of Ireland. An allied word is Fionn or Finn, the name of a celebrated Irish chieftain.

immediate and material aid from America in the shape of fillibustering bodies of disbanded Federal soldiery in the green uniform. The Irish Fenians no doubt are monstrous fools, but I can hardly think them to have been such fools as to have determined upon a rising without definite and assured promises that the American Fenians were ready to back them. They could not have supposed that their meetings, their *Irish People* organ in the Press, and their midnight and midday drillings would be permitted to continue for another couple of months. Mad as the idea may seem, I am really inclined to think that Fenian Ireland and Fenian America had come to an understanding, and that there was something like a settled arrangement that ships with cargoes of the exiled children of the (very) Green Isle were to have appeared off the Irish coast within a given—and that not a distant—period. The language of the Fenians when examined is that of men who are either intoxicated or who have a secret consciousness of a strength of party unknown to their adversaries. The ordinary creed of these Irish fools is that “England’s difficulty is Ireland’s opportunity.” Now, we are in no difficulty just now, and the time can not be considered ripe in Ireland; but we must not forget that it is ripe even unto rottenness (excuse the simile of a market-gardener) in America, where a herd, a vast horde rather, of disbanded Irishmen—I beg their pardon, Irish Gintlemen—hang about in extreme and yellow melancholy, stating their wants with the simplicity of their Rapparee ancestry—a terrible waste of the raw material of every shindy and villainy. These fellows have to be supported and

kept together, an operation which cannot be continued for very long. If they are to be made use of, they must be used at once. I am confirmed in this view by the knowledge that the chief official sources of information with regard to the aims of the Fenian Brotherhood have been derived from the American Government, which, in a most friendly manner, has from time to time communicated to our ambassador at Washington the principal stages in the development of the Fenian Conspiracy. It is difficult to believe that President Johnson is so well disposed towards this country as to set his face decidedly against an Irish expedition from America to subvert the authority of Great Britain in Ireland. Evening papers announce the near approach of a Fenian cruiser, heavily armed and full of men. Rumour says that the ship *Hannah* was overhauled by this said cruiser on the 15th, said cruiser showing the Fenian colours, a green flag with a harp in the centre. This is not generally credited, and I firmly believe it to be a canard, entirely without foundation.

On the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of October will be held at Norwich a Congress of Dignitaries of the Church and minor ecclesiastics of every shade of opinion *but one* from the Archbishop of York<sup>1</sup> downwards. When I tell you that the following are among the names you will perceive immediately the mixed character of the meeting. Bishop of Oxford,<sup>2</sup> Rev. E. Garbett<sup>3</sup> (editor of *The Record*), Archdeacon

<sup>1</sup> William Thomson (1819-1890), Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, 1861. Appointed Archbishop of York in 1862.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Wilberforce (1805-1873); became Bishop of Winchester, 1869.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Garbett (1817-1887), incumbent of Christ Church, Surbiton, edited *The Record*, 1854-1867.

Denison,<sup>1</sup> and the Rev. Daniel Moore.<sup>2</sup> There are certain names conspicuous by their absence; I allude especially to the Bishop of London<sup>3</sup> and the Dean of Westminster.<sup>4</sup> The fact is the Congress is evidently intended for the reviling of Colenso, and consequently "High" and "Low" have banded together, sinking their private differences in their wish to pitch into "Broad."

I think that we are likely to see a great change on the Continent of Europe before we are many months older. It is well known to all who are behind the scenes that Austria has it seriously in contemplation to part with Venetia for money consideration to Italy. I sincerely hope for every body's sake that the scheme will be successful. If it is carried out Austria will give a spring forwards that will place the country on the eminence it deserves to occupy. I like Austria and would fain see her great. I hate Prussia and would fain see her humiliated. The advancement of Austria would be a proportionate degradation of Prussia. The amiable surrender of Venetia would at once enable Italy and Austria each to reduce their armies by 130,000 men. Austria would become solvent, nay wealthy. Her finances and her proud position in Europe would be restored as if by magic.

<sup>1</sup> George Denison (1805-1896), Archdeacon of Taunton, a High Churchman of the old type, was involved in much controversy on his eucharistic doctrine. He was prosecuted, 1856, and deprived of his office for a year. Editor of *The Church and State Review*, 1862-1865.

<sup>2</sup> Daniel Moore, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Paddington, and Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria.

<sup>3</sup> Archibald Campbell Tait (1811-1882), formerly Head Master of Rugby and Dean of Carlisle. Bishop of London, 1856-1869, when he became Archbishop of Canterbury.

<sup>4</sup> Arthur Stanley (1815-1881), Dean of Westminster, 1864-1881, a supporter of Bishop Colenso. His *Essays* appeared in 1870.

Italy would then be enabled to correct her internal disorganisation and shape herself into an empire, one and indivisible. Our surrender of the Ionian Islands to Greece has doubtless set a good example. This settlement of the Venetian difficulty is yet of course uncertain, but a sincere reconciliation with Hungary is actually announced by the Emperor Francis Joseph<sup>1</sup> in a rescript issued last Thursday. *The Times* has some amusing chaff anent this said rescript which is undeniably a wordy and obscure document. A German doctor cannot write an essay on the Cattle Disease (says *The Times*) without an astounding exhibition of a species of shallow profundity; an Austrian Minister cannot issue an order to his clerks without involving us in the profoundest mazes of metaphysical mysticism; and the Emperor of Austria issues a manifesto to his people which reads more like a plan for reorganising the solar system than for combining the forces of a discordant empire. As far as one can make out, the Emperor has abrogated the existing constitution of Austria with a view to substituting a *federal* for a *centralised* system of Government. This much is clear—Hungary is to have a separate Diet.<sup>2</sup>

There is a serious talk now of fresh routes to Australia. First of all comes the line from Wellington to Panama, 7,200 miles, to be accomplished in

<sup>1</sup> Francis Joseph survived as Emperor until over fifty years later. He died in 1916 during the Great War.

<sup>2</sup> Hardman's sanguine expectations concerning Austria were not realised. In the following year war between Prussia and Austria broke out; the Austrians were entirely defeated at Sadowa, 1866, and Italy acquired Venice by treaty. Fifty years later the Austrian Empire was disintegrated as a result of the Great War. Revolution overthrew the last Emperor, Karl, who died in exile in 1922. The neglect and privations of his widow and children are a lasting disgrace to the existing Austrian Government.



twenty-five days ; then across the isthmus and so to Southampton, thus bringing us within forty-five days of New Zealand. Then there is rumour of projected railway across the Andes from the Rio de La Plata, which would assuredly be our shortest way to you Antipodeans. Verily, oh my friend, there will ere long be cheap trips across the South American continent to Australia, thence by the Dutch projected line to Singapore, looking in upon India, and so home. It will be an excursion suitable for the Long Vacation. These things seemed visionary when you parted for Melbourne, but events have progressed since then, and we do not smile when they are discussed. I don't often quote *The Daily Telegraph*, but I will do so just for once : " In the energetic expansion of commerce these great designs are possibilities to-day, probabilities to-morrow, and facts the day after."

AN Irish priest preaching against Fenianism the other day told a good story. A body of Irish conspirators apportioned the land of the great and wealthy among themselves, but one of the number was not content with his visionary share. He grumbled so discordantly that at last, to quiet him, they offered him the lands of the Marquis of Waterford. "Take the Markis o' Waterford's estates, then." The fellow reflected, thought that he would and he wouldn't, and requested a day to think it over. Before the day had dawned, he, with the rest of the airy robber boys, was in custody !

Fenianism seems very Socialistic in its tendencies, and being independent of the Priesthood is naturally distasteful to the Priests. In America, the Irish, though they may continue very good Catholics, are not the sons of their "Fathers," which they are in Ireland. The Irish Priests in America do not conceal their chagrin at the lamentable behaviour of their flocks under the banner of the Republic. Even our old friend the late Archbishop Hughes,<sup>1</sup> who was disposed to take the brightest view of all things, stated that he sighed over the future of Catholicism in America. Fenianism and the manner of its conduct are striking proofs of the emancipation of

<sup>1</sup> John Hughes, born 1797, a native of Co. Tyrone, Ireland. Went to America in 1817, and became a Roman Catholic priest in 1826. Bishop of New York in 1842, and Archbishop in 1850. Died 1864.

Irishry from the order of the Priests. So the Priests think that bad as England is, American Republicanism is worse ; consequently they do us the service to preach down Fenianism. It is quite manifest that the Fenians do not trust their Priests and act in contempt of them. It is just as manifest that the Fenians can do nothing in Ireland without the Priesthood. For this reason alone the Fenian movement is harmless. Still we must not be blind to the fact that the immense Irish emigration to the great Republic over the water is reacting greatly to our disadvantage there. The most curious of the facts elicited is the existence of Fenianism here and there in the ranks of the British Army, and I feel something more than curiosity about the approaching examination of the British soldier-Fenians now in custody.

It is hardly possible that you ever did, but if you did ever you certainly would never have thought that you would hear that a *young lady*, aye a lady, has actually joined a Volunteer regiment as a Vivandière ! Meredith describes her dress to me in doggerel verse as follows :

“ Her trousers are red ; she wears a coatee ;  
Behind, like a bustle, a barrel you see ;  
She swings it in front, and carries it handy,  
This barrel contained nothing other than brandy.”

She marches at the head of her regiment immediately after the band with a sergeant on each side of her. This “ Daughter of the Regiment ” sets an example which I cannot hope will be followed. It is most unfeminine, and if the Daughters of England are

going to dress in such a state, all I can say is may they never become mothers, but may the race become extinct.

A conundrum. Why is 'there no chance, or rather why would there be no chance of war between France and England so long as the *Solferino* was in the Channel? Because there would be a great friendship (French ship) between the two countries! Among our lively neighbours the game of "crickets" (as they call it) has been taken under official guardianship, but in a way that will not tend to the advantage of the 'game. At a recent match a gendarme was stationed at the wickets close by the umpire, and employed himself in checking the ardour of a fast bowler who was, he thought, earning laurels by his brilliant roundhand bowling. The gendarme kept saying at intervals: "Doucement, doucement, pas si fort, Monsieur, pas si fort, s'il vous plaît."

*October the 4th.*—I have had three whole days at the Surrey Sessions at Newington, having thereby had my judicial functions notably extended. To-day I have sat in the second Court as Deputy Chairman trying cases some of which were serious. My principal case to-day was a horrible charge of wife-beating by a man of the name of *Ott*: a name celebrated just now in consequence of Count Eulenburg's murder of Prince Alfred's cook of that name.<sup>1</sup> My delinquent, however, was an English-

<sup>1</sup> Hardman, misled by the newspapers, was in error in stating that the murdered Ott had been cook to Prince "Alfred": he had been in the service of Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, when at Bonn for the completion of his education. Ott remained in the service of Queen Victoria, and attended her during her visits to Germany. On the night (August the 4th) of the tragedy, Ott was about to start from Bonn to wait upon the

man; he had struck his wife twice in the eye, actually bursting it at the second blow, so that the cornea dropped down the cheek into her hand. The jury found the rascal guilty, and then proof was produced of a long course of ill usage and various convictions arising therefrom. I never met with a more painful case, so I addressed the prisoner with great solemnity, and inflicted the severest sentence in my power, viz. five years penal servitude. This is the heaviest sentence I have yet had to pronounce. This sort of work is quite to my taste and I flatter myself that, albeit a little nervous at first, I discharge my functions with gravity and effect. I have fortunately not hitherto had to "rule" on any very knotty points between contending counsel, but I hope, if difficult points should arise, I should be equal to the occasion. I like summing up to the jury.

I have been very much interested by a lecture of Grace Calvert's<sup>1</sup> before the Society of Arts on recent discoveries. He states that photographers (*i.e.* the philosophic and experimental photographers)

Queen at Coburg. He was with some friends when they met in the street a party of roistering students from the University of Bonn. There was a dispute as to the right of way, and some hustling led to a quarrel. One of the students, who later proved to be Count Eulenburg, aged twenty, being a volunteer in the Prussian Army was wearing a sword. He struck Ott on the head with, apparently, the scabbard, which caused two terrible wounds, and the unfortunate man died a few days later from laceration of the brain and lockjaw, after a period of horrible suffering. Eulenburg, who was a nephew of the Minister for Interior Affairs, was not arrested, owing to some plea that a soldier was entitled to defend himself when attacked, and the German report observed: "Public feeling is very much excited in the Rhine Provinces by this fresh example of the overbearing brutality of the privileged class of Junkerdom in Prussia."

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Grace Calvert (1819-1873), chemist, studied in France under Michel Chevreul. Chemical teacher and specialist in Manchester. Died at Vienna.

can now produce the various colours of the spectrum on sensitive surfaces, and can make them sufficiently lasting to sustain the action of diffused light for *several days*. Yellow and black tints, which had resisted all previous efforts, have also been produced on sensitive surfaces.

The Brighton station was the scene of a most preposterous act the other day. A lady stripped herself in the Ladies' Waiting Room, leaving nothing on but her stockings and one boot. The inevitable policeman was, of course, deputed to dress her again by main force, and was instantly assaulted by the nude lady in most indelicate fashion. Being a person of more than middle age, the spectacle could not have been so interesting as it would have been if she had been younger.

The great event of the day is the death, after a short illness, of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston. He died at his wife's seat, Brocket Hall in Hertfordshire, and is to be buried by the side of Pitt and Canning in Westminster Abbey on the 27th. It is impossible to say at present what will be the result of this event. One thing, however, seems to be settled, namely that Lord Russell is to be Premier, and Lord Clarendon is to take the Foreign Office. This arrangement will be all very well as long as Parliament is not sitting, but I suspect that it will not last long after they have got to work.<sup>1</sup> The great difficulty will be in the House of Commons where the Liberal Party will be very weak. Old Pam was a host in himself; but now there will be nobody but

<sup>1</sup> Lord Russell and Lord Clarendon held the offices in question from November the 6th, 1865, to July the 6th, 1866.

Gladstone and Roundell Palmer.<sup>1</sup> These are the only two on the Treasury Bench, except Childers, who is a good working man in his department, but no debater. The Conservative Party is singularly strong on the other hand. There are Disraeli, Lord Stanley,<sup>2</sup> General Peel,<sup>3</sup> Sir Hugh Cairns,<sup>4</sup> Whiteside,<sup>5</sup> Sir Stafford Northcote,<sup>6</sup> Bulwer Lytton, and Lord Cranborne,<sup>7</sup> not to mention Walpole<sup>8</sup> and Henley.<sup>9</sup> The Government have also some hope of the support of Lowe,<sup>10</sup> Goschen, and Forster, but I suspect they must have places if their assistance is to be depended on with certainty. Gladstone has not the art of conciliating which Pam so eminently possessed, so he will not do for a leader.<sup>11</sup> Besides, his views show a tendency to become extreme, and will frighten away the more moderate Liberals. In my opinion there is every prospect of a complete revolution of politics, a great reconstruction: the moderate men on both sides uniting to form the preponderating body, while the extremes separate. In an important division the representatives of effete and obstructive old Toryism would of course vote

<sup>1</sup> Created Earl of Selborne in 1882.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards fifteenth Earl of Derby, Foreign Minister, 1866-1868.

<sup>3</sup> Jonathan Peel (1799-1879), younger son of Sir Robert Peel, first baronet, Secretary for War, 1858 and 1866.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Chancellor, 1868; created Earl Cairns, 1878.

<sup>5</sup> James Whiteside (1804-1876), Attorney General for Ireland, 1866.

<sup>6</sup> Secretary for India, 1867; created Earl of Iddesleigh, 1885.

<sup>7</sup> Later third Marquis of Salisbury and Prime Minister.

<sup>8</sup> Spencer Horatio Walpole (1806-1898), Home Secretary, 1866-1867.

<sup>9</sup> Joseph Henley (1793-1884), declined the Home Office in 1866.

<sup>10</sup> Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1868-1873. Created Viscount Sherbrooke in 1880.

<sup>11</sup> Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Ministry, November, 1865; and Prime Minister on December the 9th, 1868,

with the moderates, leaving the Radicals in a hopeless minority. Thus the power at present residing in the Irish members, from their ability to turn a division, will pass from them. At present, however, one thing only is certain and agreed upon by all shades of opinion, and that is that no confidence is to be placed in Lord Russell, especially with a Ministry composed mainly of Members of the Upper House.



## NOVEMBER, 1865.

HERE is a strange story of money-making which, though strange, is absolutely true. I had it from the lips of Curzon himself, who was the fortunate man. The Hon. Sidney R. Curzon,<sup>1</sup> who is one of our magistrates, recently bought a house and grounds for £15,000. Another gentleman wanted the place, but let it slip through his hands, so he went to Curzon and offered him £3,000 for his bargain. Curzon, not caring for money and wanting the place, declined. He offered him £5,000: still Curzon declined, so the determined purchaser said, "I will give you £10,000. The fact is my wife has set her mind upon it, and she is shortly to become a mother, and must not be thwarted." Curzon felt he could not reasonably refuse so large a sum as this, so he accepted it, and the money was paid. Shortly after the lady was duly confined, and then Curzon wrote to the husband, offering, as the necessity for his purchase had apparently ceased, to let the man off and return the money on all expenses being paid and the property being reconveyed to him. To his surprise, he was told that the purchaser was disappointed to find his mistake, for he thought he was dealing with a gentleman, and begged he might hear

<sup>1</sup> Sidney Campbell Roper-Curzon (1810-1882), seventh son of the fourteenth Baron Teynham. Married, in 1837, Frances, daughter of Richard Purves, of Sunbury Park. In 1876 Mr. Roper-Curzon was living at Upper Sheen.

no more about it. After such a reply as this, Curzon had, of course, no longer the smallest compunction about retaining the £10,000.

You will have seen from the papers about Lord Granville's marriage. He of fifty has wedded a pretty maiden of seventeen or eighteen.<sup>1</sup> Apropos of his return from his wedding tour, Shirley Brooks sends me the following: the other day he asked Charles Clifford what theatre to go to. "Oh! go to the Haymarket." "Why?" "They are playing *Three Weeks after Marriage* . . ." <sup>2</sup> Shirley Brooks writes to me:

"Cardinal Bellewnomini [Brooks's name for Bellew] gave me an account of your Isle of Wight life, and you seem to have been very fortunate. I heard him *read*<sup>3</sup> one night. Who says, therefore, that friendship has utterly ceased from off the earth? I have nearly buried Lord Palmerston. I have only one more life of him to write, and that I hope to begin and end to-morrow. You saw my verses in our facetious contemporary, and admired them—of course you did."

Apropos of these verses Brooks sends me a letter about them indited to *Punch* by a female religious lunatic. Here it is:

"*Punch*. Although I am in a deplorable condition I was obliged to spend 3d. to see what you said on

<sup>1</sup> The second Earl Granville (1815-1891), a widower, married, in 1865, Castalia Rosalind, daughter of Walter Campbell, of Islay.

<sup>2</sup> *Three Weeks after Marriage*, or *What we must all come to*, was an old comedy by Arthur Murphy (1727-1805), the friend of Garrick. It was first produced at Covent Garden in 1764, and revived frequently until the middle of the nineteenth century.

<sup>3</sup> See the second volume of this work, pp. 260-261, for an account of a Public Reading by the Rev. J. M. Bellew.

Palmerston. I came to this conclusion. Verily all men are liars. You must have thought me then a fool and liar through the price. I still maintain what I have said and when it comes to pass am sorry to have to confess that my old friend *Punch* has sadly belied his own conscience. Everything I have done tells me I am not mistaken. Died in his own glory, 'tis true perhaps ; it must have been an eleventh hour sunset to have died a glorius death. No man who values what belongs to God could have had his parties Saturday night at 11 o'clock. Was he not the Head of the Government as an editor the Head of a paper ? My mind of him is that the great Dives is now begging a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. How did he deal with his trust ? There was not much in curbing a tirant like Sir Richard.<sup>1</sup> Let nothing but truth be said of the dead, no, not a lie told to calm the feelings of a friend. God grant it may all come out. Has the Devil been in Fleet Street to make me out a liar and stop my writing ? I would say may it come out in all the full blaze that God can make it. I am sorry to say that when I do write now I shall have to speak of *Punch* as a liar. Where was

<sup>1</sup> Presumably Sir Richard Mayne, the Police Commissioner, against whom the writer had a pension grievance. See later pages 120-121. In Brooks's lyrical tribute of fourteen verses, entitled *Palmerston*, published in *Punch*, October the 28th, 1865, occur the lines :

He is down, and for ever ! The good fight is ended,  
 In deep-dinted harness our champion has died,  
 But tears should be few in a *sunset* so splendid,  
 And Grief hush her wail at the bidding of Pride.

. . . . .  
 Let these be remembered ; but higher and better  
 The tribute that tells how he dealt with his trust  
 In curbing *the tyrant*, in breaking the fetter,  
 Lay the pleasure of him we commit to the dust.

his love for his country if not in doing right ; where the honour if not in justice ? 'Tis false ! Let God be true and every man a liar.

“ RUTH CONNELL.”

There, my friend, if that is not a tissue of infernal bosch, I have never sent you any before, which I flatter myself I have done on occasion ! Poor foolish woman. It is sad, though. The false spelling is Ruth Connell's of course.

I had some conversation the other day with a man who is hand and glove with the extinct Southern Confederacy, on the subject of the unaccountable conduct of Andrew Johnson<sup>1</sup> and the singularly fine and statesmanlike qualities which he is developing. He said : “ I regard him both with respect and dread. With respect, because of his clemency towards his defeated foes, and with dread, because if he succeeds in his task of reconstructing the Union, he will be most dangerous to this country.” My friend said there could be no doubt that, until he arrived at his present great position, he was literally the drunken tailor of Tennessee, but that the sense of his responsibilities has really changed him.

I have had a large amount of judicial business last week. This was at the Surrey Sessions, where I spent four consecutive days, taking one or other of the Courts each day. I am rapidly becoming an experienced criminal judge ! On Tuesday I had rather more than I bargained for. I began a case of stealing and receiving at 2.45, and hoped to reach

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Johnson, born in 1808, and originally a tailor's apprentice, succeeded Lincoln as President of the United States in April, 1865. He at first displayed great severity towards the defeated Southerners.

home in time for a 7 o'clock dinner. Vain hope ! Three counsel were engaged, and over thirty witnesses were examined. I did not begin my summing up until a quarter to nine, and it occupied twenty minutes. The jury then took three quarters of an hour to consider, eventually finding both prisoners guilty. I gave them twelve months hard labour each, and rushed down home by the 10.15 train, arriving about 11.20, dinnerless and weary ! There has not been so long a sitting at Newington for five years. We had a great many interesting cases, but the papers don't take the trouble to report our proceedings. The Middlesex Sessions are more favoured ; they are always reported in *The Times*.

On Thursday the 9th I got off work at half past one, as I wanted to go to the Guildhall, where, through the kindness of my excellent friend, Mr. Deputy Virtue, I had got a ticket for the Banquet. I was immensely pleased. The Guildhall on these occasions is truly gorgeous, and I certainly think the spectacle was, of its kind, the grandest I ever saw. I arrived early, about four o'clock, so that I had time to wander all over the place before the presentations began at 5 o'clock. The floral decorations were tropical and effective ; but the experienced horticultural eye of Mr. "Adam" Hardman detected many shams. Lofty spikes of Pampas Grass flower shot forth from small plants in pots : most certainly they had not been produced therefrom : you might as well have supposed that Mrs. Tom Thumb was the mother of "Chang" the Chinese Giant or "Anak" the French ditto. Perhaps the wildest incongruity was the

crafty tying of *holly-berries* so as to seem to the uneducated eye as if they were the natural fruit of a delicate tall-growing tropical plant of the palm kind ! It was indeed a wedding of May to December ! Meeting my friends, Miss Virtue and her brother William,<sup>1</sup> we placed ourselves in a good position for witnessing the presentations. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, gorgeously attired, were on the dais close by where we were, and the resplendent Mr. Loveday (who has supplanted Harker, the well known toastmaster, whose voice and nerves have failed him) bawled out in stentorian voice the names of the strangely mixed company as each arrived, advanced to the presence, bowed and walked on. We were not presented, but the Lord Mayor came up and spoke to us : were we not highly honoured ? His Lordship is a very good-looking, light-haired Jew,<sup>2</sup> and looks every inch a Lord Mayor. His wife's diamonds were most splendid, and her dress a rich pink silk, covered with the finest Brussels lace, which had been made specially for her at Brussels. The Hebrew nation were fully represented on the occasion. I have said that the company was

<sup>1</sup> The Virtues were the children of George Virtue (1793-1868), the publisher, proprietor of *The Art Journal*. The firm of Hall and Virtue published the original editions of Frank Smedley's novels. In 1865 Virtue Brothers and Co. were at No. 1, Amen Corner. James Virtue (1829-1892) was manager. The old firm, founded in 1819, is now at 7, City Garden Row, City Road. Another daughter of George Virtue, Frances, married James Cotter Morison in 1861.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Benjamin Phillips (1811-1889), the second Lord Mayor of the Jewish faith, the first having been Sir David Salomons in 1855. Phillips during his year of office entertained Leopold King of the Belgians, and took active means for relieving distress caused by cholera in 1866. He was knighted the same year. He married, in 1833, Rachel, daughter of Samuel Faudel, of Hamburg. Their second son, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Bart., was Lord Mayor of London in 1896.

strangely mixed. The Bishop of London<sup>1</sup> and the Archbishop of Canterbury<sup>2</sup> were present, the latter taking the Lady Mayoress in to dinner. Among the names bawled out some very ludicrous juxtapositions occurred. For example, "The Right Honourable the Earl Russell" (pronounce every syllable very distinctly, if you please) was immediately followed by "Mr. Moses Israel," a very palpable "Ebrew Jew." While some, of course, were as handsomely dressed as they well could be, others of the common folk, many degrees below the snob, were woefully attired, as from a second-hand clothes shop. There were women dressed for that august ceremony in a style that no one of our servants, except the scullery-maid, would have ventured to attempt. Gladstone's<sup>3</sup> reception was most enthusiastic, and far surpassed that of Lord Russell.<sup>4</sup> Amongst those whom I most wished to see was Mr. Peabody,<sup>5</sup> who has presented the Londoners with £150,000 for charitable purposes. Perhaps the most gentlemanly-looking man of the company was Sir Thomas Henry, the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street.<sup>6</sup> He was dressed in a Court suit of black velvet, and, being a slim figure, looked remarkably well. The judges and serjeants in their scarlet robes added greatly to the mass of colour surrounding the Civic Magistrates.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Tait.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Longley.

<sup>3</sup> At this date Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons.

<sup>4</sup> The new Prime Minister.

<sup>5</sup> George Peabody (1795-1869) was an American business man who settled in London in 1843. His total benefactions amounted to £500,000. The first block of the Peabody Dwellings had been opened in Spitalfields in 1864.

<sup>6</sup> Sir Thomas Henry (1807-1876), barrister of the Middle Temple and formerly magistrate at Whitechapel. He drew the Extradition Act.

Shortly after 7 o'clock dinner was served, and I proceeded to make a beast of myself in the matter of turtle soup. Twice did I attack the bowl close to me, and many were the luscious morsels of green fat which I stowed away to the great delectation of my inner man. The rest of the dinner is cold, and more resembles a substantial ball-supper. The champagne was good, dry, and abundant. I did not mix my liquors, but stuck to the fizzing wine "with the tin tops to the bottles." By this judicious proceeding I escaped any after evil consequences. I was informed that five females had been led away in an advanced state of intoxication before grace was said, or rather sung. I hope this was a calumny. I had sent up several pine-apples to form part of the three hundred which were provided for the guests. I may mention that the said fruit fetches a very good price about November the 9th. Mine realised to me (wholesale price) from a guinea to twenty-five shillings. The Guildhall has recently had a new oak roof in place of the old flat ceiling.<sup>1</sup> By this change great advantage has been gained in the matter of grandeur and architectural effect, but unfortunately the acoustic properties of the Hall have suffered very materially, the voices of the speakers being lost amid the rafters. I left soon after 10 o'clock, having passed a most splendid evening. So much for Guildhall: I don't feel any wish to go a second time. . . . You see my

<sup>1</sup> This flat panelled ceiling, attributed to Wren, replaced the old mediæval open timber roof destroyed in the Great Fire, when the Guildhall, being largely built of old oak, did not burst into flame, but became red hot and glowed like "a mighty palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass," as an eye-witness pictured it. The new oak roof noticed by Hardman was the work of Sir Horace Jones (1819-1887), the City Architect, who commenced its erection in 1864.



change of residence from town to country has made a very busy man out of comparatively an idle one. However, it is a pleasure to be of use in one's day and generation, and it is very unsatisfactory to waste one's time in useless idleness.

I am at present engaged every evening in reading Carlyle's *Life of Cromwell* aloud to our great delectation. The deeds of your Melbourne Ministry remind us strongly of the Ship Money case. We have both been deeply interested in the revolutionary state in which you seem to be. It will please you to know that your doings and welfare are exciting an interest in this country, although the Insurrection in Jamaica, the surrender of the *Shenandoah*,<sup>1</sup> and the American claim for compensation, are occupying so large a share of public attention.

I am in a very excited state about my new orchid, now in full bloom, deliciously scented, most handsome and curious. It is believed to be the only one of the kind in England. The gentleman, a surgeon, who collected it in Paraguay, said that during a fifteen years' residence he had only seen this one plant. I have had Jackson's "Manager of the Orchids" to see it, and he pronounces it unique and *most splendid*, never having seen anything like it before. Jackson

<sup>1</sup> The Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah*, which had inflicted great damage on the merchant shipping of the Northern States of America, arrived in the Mersey in November, 1865, and was surrendered by her captain, Waddell, to the commanding officer of H.M.S. *Donegal*, Captain Baynton, who, acting under the orders of the British Government, handed the vessel over to the consular agents of the Federal Government. The *Shenandoah* was built at Glasgow in 1863. After she was acquired by the Confederates, she carried a crew of one hundred and thirty-three, and her armament was hidden away in boxes. She succeeded in destroying thirty-seven ships—mostly engaged in the whaling trade. Later her Master, Corbet, was tried in the English Courts for engaging to serve in arms against a friendly foreign power: he was found not guilty.

is the great nursery man hereabouts and a notable exhibitor of orchids.<sup>1</sup>

The Fenian absurdity has received a fresh interest in the public mind from the escape of Stephens, the "Head Centre," from Richmond prison at Dublin. This escape must have been connived at by some official in the said gaol.<sup>2</sup> The Government has shown its opinion of the importance of his capture by offering a reward of £1,000, and £300 for information against any one harbouring, receiving, or concealing him. When he was first arrested, an attempt was made the next day (I think) to assassinate the detectives who arrested him. He is very clever at disguises, and I suspect that, in spite of the magnificent reward, he will give the police some trouble; in fact, unless the priests assert their influence against him, he will probably escape altogether.

I have seen an extract from a pamphlet just published at Melbourne by Mr. Gideon Lang, giving a new explanation of the cause of the decay of the aboriginal stock in Australia. He attributes it in a great measure to the introduction of European blankets and clothing.

Captain Wirz, by decree of President Johnson, has been hanged for cruelty to Federal prisoners under his charge during the war. He died protesting his innocence. The North would hardly have been satisfied if this man had escaped. He may not have been worse than others; but he partook of the offence, and the North demanded his execution.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Jackson and Son, Thames Street and Clarence Street, Kingston.

<sup>2</sup> Stephens escaped by means of duplicate keys which unlocked the various doors that led to freedom.

The thought of the sufferings of its imprisoned soldiers, tortured in the helplessness of their captivity, was intolerable and cried for vengeance and for a victim. This is not a noble sentiment, but it is a too natural one. The scene at the execution was shocking. An old Border stringing up of a depredating freebooter was more decorously conducted. It is stated that an "artist" was on the spot taking a sketch of the dangling corpse.

In the dearth of news *The Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* have given up their columns to the discussion by undergraduates of both Universities of the excessive charges for bread and butter, and the evil arrangements of Hall. Christ Church has been the chief Oxford complainant, and Trinity and Downing have taken up the cudgels on our side. *Tempora mutantur*, and I don't think in our day we should have done anything of the kind. Eightpence is certainly a long price to pay for a loaf of bread which can be bought for fourpence; but 2s. 3d. for dinner in Hall is not out of the way.

We have had a heavy dose of bad weather to make up for the extreme fineness of the summer. The wind, however, has been mainly from the south and south-west with abundance of rain sufficient to saturate the ground thoroughly. But we have had little or no frost as yet.

THE great joke of Kingston-on-Thames at present is a catastrophe which happened during the evening service at the Parish Church last Sunday (December the 10th). Need I say that my report of it is not that of an eye-witness : I recount merely from hearsay. Our vicar, Measor, is a very good fellow, but is not endowed with much vigour either of elocution or nerve. He is not a man whom you could regard as equal to any emergency. On the Sunday evening aforesaid he was in the middle of his discourse, during which business it is the custom to turn down the lights everywhere except in the vicinity of the pulpit. By this means the hearers, buried in obscurity, have full opportunity for dozing. He was working solemnly at a most soporific pouring-forth of platitudes, and all was holy calm. Suddenly a brilliant flash of light was seen accompanied by a terrible explosion, with a roar and rattle of falling glass in the region of the chancel. The congregation started from its slumbers, with a sense of the arrival of the Last Judgment, or that the chancel had given way. Their eyes turned naturally to the prominent figure in the pulpit, but he had left his book and was hurrying down the stairs, tumbling over his gown, and hustling his curate, who, being in the reading-desk, had the start of his superior officer. The clergy

disappeared into the vestry. The shepherds having fled, the sheep were infected with a similar panic and made a rush for the doors, shrieking, and climbing over the backs of pews. One ancient maiden, who, being troubled with tight boots, had taken them off in order not to mingle the torments of Hell with the comforting news of another and a cooler place, left them in her pew and softly skedaddled in her stockings! The doors opened inwards, so the sexton was unable to get them clear, and was knocked down and severely scratched and trampled on by the terrified worshippers. Well would it have been for him if all present had had tight boots and had followed the example of the ancient maiden. When they all at last got out, it was found that the disturbance had been caused by an explosion of gas in the back parlour of the *Mitre* Public House, which abuts on the churchyard. The explosion had blown out all the windows on that side, and the glass had fallen partly on the roof of the sacred edifice (as the penny-a-liners would say). Happily no one was seriously injured, although the unfortunate man who had taken a lighted candle into the room was knocked into a condition of insensibility. He was taken to a neighbouring chemist's shop, and, not being able to discover where he was hurt, they proceeded to shave his head, but he came to himself when the operation was half completed, and protested against any further removal of his hair. So the end of the excitement was the release of a sleepy congregation from the thralldom of a prosy parson, the treading out of a sexton, the partial shaving of a pot-boy's head, and damage to the estimated extent of £100 to an inn-

keeper, who, being a publican and a sinner, would not meet with much sympathy from the lambs of the flock.

I dined at the Bridge House, London Bridge, with a large Conservative gathering of three hundred to do honour to our defeated candidates<sup>1</sup> for East Surrey. We had a very bad dinner, but we made up by enthusiasm for the shortcomings in that respect. Of course a goodly number of Beaks were included in the guests. Didn't we shout against John Bright and his damnable doctrines. I believe you, my boy, and we did rather cheer Governor Eyre and the energy he has displayed in Jamaica<sup>2</sup>—of which more anon.

The following evening we went to an amateur concert at the Drill Hall at Kingston, where we were much pleased. We have some rare singers here at Kingston, among whom the chief is William Millais,<sup>3</sup> the brother of the celebrated J. E. Millais, and perhaps the finest amateur tenor in the kingdom. A young fellow of the name of Blunt<sup>4</sup> also sang

<sup>1</sup> Peek and Brodrick (later Viscount Midleton).

<sup>2</sup> Edward John Eyre (1815-1901), originally an Australian sheep-farmer and traveller, and Governor of New Zealand, was appointed Governor of Jamaica in 1864. In October, 1865, he forcibly suppressed the Morant Bay native rebellion and confirmed the sentence of death upon over six hundred persons. There was an outcry against him in England as a "murderer," and he was tried by Royal Commission, 1866, which commended his promptitude but condemned his unnecessary vigour. He was recalled, and after further legal proceedings at the instigation of Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Thomas Hughes, and others, his expenses were paid from public funds in 1872. Eyre's supporters included Tennyson, Kingsley, Carlyle, and Ruskin.

<sup>3</sup> See ante, page 7.

<sup>4</sup> Arthur Cecil Blunt (1843-1896), later the well-known actor, Arthur Cecil. He joined the German Reed Company in 1869. His acting parts included Sir Peter Teazle and Tony Lumpkin. Joint-Manager of the Court Theatre in the Eighties.

comic songs in a true gentlemanly style, reminding us of John Parry<sup>1</sup> in his best days.

On Saturday the 2nd we went to town for a few days' larking, as I had to be at the Surrey Sessions on the Monday and Tuesday following. We intended to have taken up our abode at the new Charing Cross Hotel, but we met with such a disgusting reception that we had our boxes put on a fresh cab and bolted in much wrath!—finding a comfortable resting-place at the Craven Hotel close by. That Saturday night we went to the Olympic,<sup>2</sup> and the next morning attended Divine Service at Bellew's Chapel. He made the whole congregation stay for the Sacrament! Not that all partook thereof: I, for example, of course, did not. The service was beautifully conducted, and our friend "praught" a splendid sermon, but we did not escape from the toils until 2 o'clock, when we went with our parson to an early dinner at his house in Portsdown Gardens. About 5 o'clock we (Mary Anne and I) adjourned to Shirley Brooks's, where we spent the rest of the evening—Cigars and Claret. Next morning I went to my duties at the Sessions, while Mary Anne paid calls and shopped. In the evening we went to the Strand.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John Orlando Parry (1810-1879), actor and vocal entertainer. He joined the German Reed Company in 1860. See later, page 263.

<sup>2</sup> There was a triple bill at the Olympic Theatre: *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, *Prince Camaralzaman*, and *A Cleft Stick*, the last named being an adaptation from the French of *Le Supplice d'un Homme*, with Horace Wigan and Mrs. Stephens in the cast.

<sup>3</sup> At the "entirely reconstructed" Strand Theatre the Hardmans saw *Nothing Venture, Nothing Win*, and F. C. Burnand's burlesque, *L'Africaine*, or *Queen of the Cannibal Islands*, with a fine cast that included J. D. Stoyke, David James, Thomas Thorne, and Ada Swanborough. At this date Meyerbeer's great opera, *L'Africaine*, was being performed at Covent Garden with Louisa Pyne and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington as the bright stars.

Next day, Tuesday, I had another day at Sessions ; fortunately no long case detained me, and I got back in time to dine and go to the Adelphi.<sup>1</sup> Next morning we went home, heartily glad to escape from the London smoke and dirt.

I had one very curious case on Tuesday. It was a robbery in a bawdy-house. An imbecile sort of fellow named Kidd, who had been some time in a lunatic asylum was released, as being not sufficiently mad, and the Court of Chancery gave him the management of his own affairs again, and let him receive his back dividends. These amounted to more than £500, which he had in a sort of lady's reticule—four notes for £100 and two for £50, besides gold. Taking this reticule with him, he sallied forth, changed a £50 note and went to Drury Lane Theatre. Afterwards he wandered over Waterloo Bridge, and was picked up by a girl, whom he accompanied to a certain house. . . . He did not conceal his money, and the natural result followed. When he left the house about ten o'clock next morning he found he had only one £50 note left, but instead of making any remark he quietly departed and spent £47 of this £50 in the purchase of a gold watch, passing the next night with another girl at a coffee-house in the Strand. On the next day (Sunday) he returned to his lodgings, and after putting his gold watch on the hob of the fire-place (a process which he conceived likely to be beneficial to it), he explained his position to his landlady and her step-daughter

<sup>1</sup> To see Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*—"the Arcadian Vagabond of the world of dreams."



(who had known him for thirty years). Then, of course, the police were set in motion, and the bawd and two girls were apprehended. My position as judge was a very trying one for my visible faculties I can assure you. The Court was crowded by an audience on the look-out for fun, and all the barristers who were not engaged in the other Court thronged to hear what was expected to be an interesting case. The prosecutor spoke in a childish sort of treble, and was so short-sighted as to be nearly blind. Poor fool! it was a sadly ludicrous exhibition. The prisoners were undefended, and questioned him on the most amazing details of the night's proceedings. . . . In fact, I had to interfere frequently and request them to confine themselves to inquiries relevant to the issue and not outrage public decency. The audience was convulsed, and I was the only grave person present, looking supernaturally stern! Knowing my inner man as you do, you can imagine the horrible position of a follower of the Great Alcofriba under such trying circumstances! I had no moral doubt of the guilt of the bawd, and the complicity of the other two, but there was no evidence to convict; it was only a case of grave suspicion, for no trace of the stolen property was found, so I summed up in their favour, and the jury at once acquitted them. On any similar occasion may I be *audience* and not *judge*.

On the 14th instant, Anniversary of Prince Albert's death, the Queen paid a solemn visit to his tomb, and had a service performed in the Mausoleum by the Dean of Windsor. This is amazingly like worshipping at the shrine of a saint, or at any rate

prayers for the dead. However, her Majesty is going to break through the line of conduct which has so far restrained her, as to consent to open Parliament in person in February. The state robes are to be spread upon the throne, but she herself will not wear them, but appear, I presume, in her accustomed widow's dress. Majesty thus robbed of its externals will verify the conundrum and be "a jest." Nevertheless half a loaf is better than no bread.

I have recently seen a new notion propounded as to the origin of my name. "Hardman," says Halliwell, according to an old superstition, is a man "who by eating a certain herb becomes impervious to shot, except the shot was made of silver."

At the trial of O'Donovan, one of the Fenians, in Dublin the other day, the prisoner interfered so with his counsel that they threw up their briefs, and he defended himself, not unwillingly. He was evidently possessed with a notion that he might be able to exhaust the jury so that one of them might shut up. He therefore deliberately set himself to work to read from the paper called *The Irish People* all the articles which were stated to be of a seditious and treasonable nature, with comments. Hour after hour did he pour forth an apparently interminable flood of balderdash, but Mr. Justice Keogh was one too many for him. The learned judge announced his intention of sitting *all night* if need be, and ordered the dinners of himself and the jury to be brought into Court. Of course the prisoner was not permitted rest or refreshment, but as long as he would go on talking and reading, the Court was prepared to listen to him. At last he "caved in" from sheer physical exhaus-

tion, and brought his defence to an abrupt termination. The judge then adjourned, and began his summing up next morning. The jury found him guilty on all counts, and (having been previously convicted of a similar offence in 1859) he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. This was a master stroke on the judge's part, was it not? <sup>1</sup>

The Government seems to be in possession of facts about the Fenian conspiracy which are not given to the public, for we cannot understand the necessity for the overwhelming display of military force which is ready to protect Dublin and Cork during these trials. Soldiers are under arms all night, and horses are kept constantly saddled and prepared for active service at any hour. Cork Harbour also is filled with ships of war.

The papers will tell you of our Jamaica excitement. When Parliament meets there will most certainly be a great palaver on this subject. The Conservatives support Governor Eyre,<sup>2</sup> and Bright and his rascally crew are assailing him right and left. They talk of hanging Eyre! But there will be two sides to that question. I have this evening been reading aloud Carlyle's *Cromwell*, which treats of the Lord General's doings in Ireland, how he put the whole of the garrison of Tredah, or Drogheda as we call it now, to the sword. Wexford also was treated in similar

<sup>1</sup> This judge, William Nicholas Keogh, born 1817, later delivered the verdict in the Galway Election Petition, 1872, which led to his being burned in effigy. He committed suicide by cutting his throat, 1878, after making a murderous attack upon his valet. Jeremiah O'Donovan, the Fenian, born 1831, had been a relieving officer in Skibbereen, and manager of *The Irish People*. Though receiving a life sentence, he obtained an amnesty after some years' imprisonment. He went to New York, where he edited *The United Irishman*, and survived until 1915.

<sup>2</sup> See ante page 80.

fashion. By these means he struck terror into the opponents of the Commonwealth, and saved much shedding of blood by his prompt and decisive action. The beauty of it is that Bright and his Nonconformist rabble regard Cromwell with veneration, as in fact I do myself—you will remember our disputes thereanent.

It has occurred to me that the Mr. Joseph Jefferson who is delighting all London by his excellent acting at the Adelphi Theatre as *Rip Van Winkle*, is no novelty to you in Melbourne, for at one time I used constantly to see his name in the theatrical advertisements of *The Argus*. As yet he has only performed in one part, and it remains to be seen what he can do besides, but *Rip Van Winkle* is so successful that Webster is not going to bring out a Pantomime this Christmas, but will run *Rip* through the holidays. Jefferson is considered by competent critics to be the most perfect master of “repose” on the stage: he never takes one needless step nor makes one fussy or superfluous movement of any kind. His good-humoured countenance and genial manner are most attractive. We went to see him the other day and were enchanted. He is certainly a most valuable addition to our stage.<sup>1</sup>

It is reported that France does not mean to renew the extradition treaty, which expires in June. This is a very serious step, and not in the right direction; it is decidedly retrogressive to give up one of the

<sup>1</sup> Jefferson, born 1829, was originally in *Our American Cousin*, in the American production. After his English success in *Rip Van Winkle*, he remained here for three years. Mrs. Billington played Gretchen in *Rip Van Winkle*, which ran for one hundred and seventy nights. Jefferson also played in England the parts of Bob Acres and Caleb Plummer: but his only new part here after 1865 was the First Gravedigger in *Hamlet*.

securities for bringing offenders to justice, whose acts are such that every government alike condemns them. I can only surmise that the Imperial Government is a little sore because we do not afford facilities for the extradition of political offenders. It would indeed be a most serious condition of things if any scoundrel who succeeded in reaching the French coast in safety should be free from arrest. Let us hope that fresh negotiations will be satisfactorily settled between the two countries.

*Christmas Day.*—A dull, heavy, cloudy day, with thermometer at 45°. Neither frost nor wind, nor rain, nor snow, nor anything, except general dullness. Mary Anne remarked very aptly this morning, on our finding it just such another day as we have been having every day for the last month and more—"It seems as if the person whose business it is to attend to the weather had entirely forgotten us." We have in point of fact *no weather worth mentioning*.

Among fashionable news, this morning's *Times* announces the death of Sir Charles Eastlake (President Royal Academy) at Pisa; he has been in declining health some time.<sup>1</sup> The vacant Garter is to be bestowed on Earl Cowley,<sup>2</sup> and William Fergusson,<sup>3</sup> the celebrated surgeon, is created a baronet.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Eastlake (1793-1865) had studied art under Benjamin Haydon. Became President, R.A., 1850. His widow (Elizabeth Rigby), was a writer of distinction. She attacked *Jane Eyre* in *The Quarterly Review*, 1848. She lived on at No. 7, Fitzroy Square, dying there in 1893 at the age of eighty-four.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Wellesley (1804-1884), first Earl Cowley and nephew of the great Duke of Wellington. British Ambassador at Paris, 1852-1867. His third son, Colonel Arthur Wellesley, married Kate Vaughan, the dancer.

<sup>3</sup> William Fergusson (1808-1877), originally of Edinburgh University, and Royal Dispensary, was Professor of Surgery at King's College, London, 1840-1870. P.R.C.S., 1870. Famous as a dissector.

So surely as the year comes round, so surely does some novel thing arise to occupy the public attention at Christmas, something, I mean, to make a leading feature in the Pantomimes. This autumn everybody (fools and sane) has been burning those strange deadly compounds of sulpho-cyanide of mercury known as "Pharaoh's Serpents." Three have I burnt myself. In company with these is a so-called "Chinese Fire," which professes to be adapted for drawing-room fireworks. A manufactory of this abomination exploded the other day and killed two men in the room, blowing a third out of the window (second floor) into a court, where he was picked up as he breathed his last. A letter signed "Pater-familias" in *The Standard* has amused me, for he warns the public against the use of this "Chinese Fire" and relates his own experiences. He says: "Attracted by the name (why?) I purchased a few penny packets. The result was, that without producing the slightest amusement for my young ones at home, I nearly set the house on fire and burnt off a lot of my daughter's hair." He explains that the "fire" consists of slips of paper, portions of which are torn off, lighted, and thrown into the air, "producing," as he says, "a momentary flash, and leaving no residue."

Among the latest foreign news we hear that the Fenian Senate at New York has split into two rival sections, and that there is a good chance of their emulating the Kilkenny Cats. To those who have friends at Rome, as we have, it is not pleasant to hear that the Neapolitan brigands are too strong for the Papal troops, now that the French have left, and that

most of the frontier towns are almost at the mercy of these wretches.

The year 1865 closed with festivities at Norbiton Hall. Shirley Brooks, with his wife and two boys, Harold Bellew (later Kyrle Bellew, the actor, at this date a boy in the mercantile training ship *Conway*, in the Mersey), and a family named Bradshaw came on a visit. On New Year's Eve, Shirley Brooks gave a party at 6, Kent Terrace, and he invited his friends thus :

“ *December 29th, 1865.*

MY DEAR HARDMAN,

Poor Bob Orridge<sup>1</sup> is gone. He died yesterday. We must live as well as die, and I meant only to add a line to what my wife wrote to Mrs. Hardman. We have been successful in getting friends, at the last moment, to meet on the Eve, and I hope you may think it worth while to come up. Let us open the last year but one of the world by Cumming<sup>2</sup> together.

Ever yours,

SHIRLEY BROOKS.”

<sup>1</sup> Orridge married a daughter of “Pater” Evans, one of the proprietors of *Punch*.

<sup>2</sup> John Cumming (1807-1881) a Divine who prophesied the end of the world to occur in 1867. See the second volume of this work, p. 234.

## JANUARY, 1866.

You will doubtless recollect the name of our friend, Bob Orridge, whose house<sup>1</sup> we had in the summer of 1861. Poor fellow, he is dead. He went this summer with James Virtue in his yacht, the *Czarina*, to Norway (I was to have been one of the party), and life on board ship proved very appetite-giving; he ate largely and would not take any exercise: he simply gorged himself and lay on deck to smoke and await a return of appetite. Of course he was internally wrong before, being troubled with a weak heart and liver. This ship-life gave the finishing touch—his liver became severely congested shortly after his return home, when reaction set in upon the change to shore life. This acted upon his heart. After a short illness attended with considerable suffering, poor Orridge passed away, to the sincere regret of a lot of friends, mostly literary or legal, and lastly, but not least, of his wife, a daughter of old Pater Evans, the publisher. He leaves no family.

I see from the papers that some gentleman of the name of Witt proposes to present to the British Museum his collection of manuscripts, drawings,

<sup>1</sup> Littleworth Cottage, Esher. See the first volume of this work, p. 39. Mrs. Orridge's sister, Elizabeth, married Charles Culliford Boz Dickens, eldest son of the novelist.



etc., etc., illustrating the worship of Priapus. This collection is, I believe, the finest extant. His conditions are that a separate room be set apart for their reception, and that the public have access to them under certain restrictions. I don't know whether I should have the courage to apply for an order of admission, but I should very much like to look through the records of that noble "cultus" quietly, if I could manage to do so by the intervention of my Museum friends.

An indignant correspondent of *The Daily News* complains of the mode of flogging women in Jamaica. "Men," he says, "are flogged on their bare backs and shoulders. It is otherwise with women—they are flogged, according to Jamaica fashion, on their naked posteriors. However shocking this may be to mention, it is not the less necessary that the fact should be known. The person of a woman flogged is publicly and indecently exposed in shameful nakedness." I dare say the women deserved it, especially those who, rumour says, perpetuated untold barbarities on some of the whites in the late insurrection, the acts they committed being such as to prove that they had no particular sense of shame still remaining. Anyhow, the whipping of women would have gratified the senses of Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) and would probably have culminated in his asking to be similarly castigated himself! We may safely assume that he has frequently bewailed his absence.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *La Jeunesse de Swinburne*, by G. Lafourcade, for this aspect of Monckton Milnes.

A great sensation has been produced by a series of three articles in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. One of the staff of that journal has been induced, it is to be hoped by a very handsome fee, to perform an act of bravery which ought to entitle him to the Victoria Cross, or rather to some unique order of merit which should stand quite alone. I confess I would rather brave a Crimean campaign or an Indian Mutiny than undertake the performance of such a deed of daring. The deed was this : he attired himself in appropriate and necessary rags, and applied for admission as a "casual pauper" at the Lambeth Workhouse. He has described his experiences during a terrible night last week in a most enthralling series of articles, which I will send you. If I cannot get copies of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, I will cut them from *The Times* which has republished them verbatim. They will, I am sure, interest you as graphic accounts of a piece of actual life very little understood by the large mass of mankind. They are the great sensation of the moment, and must necessarily be worth any money to the journal that has such a plucky contributor on its staff.<sup>1</sup>

I find that *The Pall Mall* people will publish the Workhouse story in pamphlet form in time to go to you by this mail, so I shall be spared the trouble of cutting from *The Times*. In an article on its writer's experiences, *The Pall Mall* says : "Part, indeed, of the picture was far too disgusting to be drawn,

<sup>1</sup> *A Night in a Casual Ward* and the other allied articles were written by James Greenwood, brother of Frederick Greenwood, the first editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. James Greenwood survived until 1927, when he died at the age of ninety-seven. A skit on *A Night in a Casual Ward* entitled *A Night in Belgrave Square* was the first work of Richard Whiteing (1840-1928) in his *Mr. Sprouts—His Opinions*, 1866.

but it is right to allude to it, for the purpose of observation, rather more specifically. . . . ”

As the opening of Parliament draws near, the excitement as to what is in store for us increases. It is absolutely certain that a Reform Bill must be introduced—whether it will be carried is more than doubtful, and what will be the result if it is rejected is more than any fellow can possibly foretell. The section misnamed the Manchester School, that is John Bright and his followers, are clamouring for a £6 qualification in boroughs and a £10 rental in counties. I suspect, however, that Lord Russell will not propose such a sweeping measure, but will probably content himself with £7 or £8 for boroughs and £20 for counties. It is estimated that an £8 rental would add fifty per cent. to the aggregate of the existing constituencies.<sup>1</sup> My great hope is John Bright! A strange assertion for me to make, you will think. Let me explain. John Bright aids the cause of conservatism and moderation by every speech that he makes. Let him go on and prosper say I. In a recent harangue he has boldly admitted that the lowering of the franchise, be it ever so small, is only the thin end of the wedge. The Parliament that would then be elected would be more likely to drive the said wedge deeper. He will not regard any measure to be introduced this session as final. Happily in all these speeches he exposes his hand more and more, and all moderate Liberals are daily becoming more and more alarmed. While speaking ostensibly “aside,” it is a stage whisper, and is

<sup>1</sup> Hardman's comments on recent and feminine extensions of the franchise would have been forcible.

audible to every one. I cannot doubt but the Ministry will be defeated, and then the "What next" is to be considered. I should not be surprised if there were a coalition of Liberal-Conservatives under the leadership of such men as Lord Stanley, Pakington, Earl Granville, Horsman,<sup>1</sup> Lowe, General Peel, Earl Grey, and such like. I don't see any chance of a Derby-Disraeli Ministry. Disraeli does not possess the confidence of any party, *certainly not of his own*.

The new and moderate Reform Bill was duly introduced on March the 12th, 1866, by Gladstone and pleased no party. Some of the Whigs, headed by Robert Lowe, opposed it, and were likened by John Bright to David's sulking followers in the Cave of Adullam. The bill was defeated in Committee, for as Delane wrote, "None of the Ministers, except Russell and Gladstone, has the least hope or desire of carrying the Bill." Lord Russell resigned and so ended his official career. Lord Derby then came into office, with Disraeli as Leader of the House of Commons, and proceeded to steal the thunder of the Liberals by introducing another Reform Bill, for which, however, there was an urgent public demand, culminating with riots in Hyde Park, where the iron railings were pulled down by the unruly mob of the unenfranchised. The successful bill of 1867 gave the vote to all householders in towns and to all £12 householders in the counties, while at the same time a further redistribution of seats took place upon the lines of the measure of 1832.

The appointment of Mr. George Joachim

<sup>1</sup> Edward Horsman (1807-1876), a Whig politician now forgotten. He was Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1855-1857. As one of Lowe's Adullamites against the Reform Bill his prominence ended.

Goschen,<sup>1</sup> a young man of a little over thirty who headed the poll at the last election for the City of London, to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster and a seat in the Cabinet, is a strong proof of the weakness of Earl Russell's Ministry, besides having given great offence to many subordinates. It means that he is the best man the Liberals can get. It means that all the staff of Under Secretaries are as nothing compared to an untried man,<sup>2</sup> with only a few months' experience of Parliament, and nothing to be said for him, except that he took a good degree at Oxford and is a partner in a wealthy City house—Fruhling and Goschen. *Germans* palpably,<sup>3</sup> which is a very unsavoury fact to me. It means also—and this is very important—that long official training is of no consequence, that there is nothing in the duties of a Minister of the Crown which can not be discharged at a moment's notice by any man among us of good ability, and without any previous initiation. There is no longer anything mysterious in "Office." Think of this! A few months after the death of the great example of official training, Lord Palmerston, the man who spent years in a subordinate position before he was considered qualified for the prominent place which he so well filled in the heart and councils of the nation.

<sup>1</sup> Born 1831, died 1907. Created Viscount Goschen, 1900. Although a Whig originally he later became a Conservative, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1886-1892, in Lord Salisbury's Government, and First Lord of the Admiralty, 1895-1900, when he made vast increases in the naval strength. Goschen declined the Viceroyalty of India in 1880.

<sup>2</sup> Goschen had been Vice-President of the Board of Trade since 1865, and entered the House in 1863.

<sup>3</sup> Goschen's grandfather was Georg Göschen, a publisher of Leipzig, but his father became a London banker.

Another curious sign of the times comes to us from Paris. One of the notorieties of the demi-monde is about to give a grand masked ball,<sup>1</sup> and it is asserted that upwards of twenty married ladies, moving in the very highest circles in Paris, are known to have asked for invitations to the fête! It is the *Gazette des Étrangers* that announces the fact, and the *Époque*, the *Presse*, and the *France* simply deplore the degraded state of society but do not question the truth of the story.

A very noteworthy movement has been most successfully inaugurated this month at St. Martin's Hall. It is the establishment of a series of what are described as "services of a novel and peculiar character" every Sunday evening. The names of the scientific and literary men who have taken the matter up are particularly to be remarked. Sir C. Lyell,<sup>2</sup> Sir J. Bowring,<sup>3</sup> Sir J. Lubbock,<sup>4</sup> Sir J. Clark,<sup>5</sup> A. H. Layard,<sup>6</sup> J. Stuart Mill, Charles Dickens, Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson,<sup>7</sup> Professor Owen,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps one of the notorious festivities given by Cora Pearl (1842-1886), whose real name was Emma Crouch, the daughter of the author of *Kathleen Mavourneen*. At one of these parties, dressed as a sailor, she danced a hornpipe and the Can-can on a floor strewn with the most expensive orchids, sent to her by Prince Napoleon; and at another she was clothed only in jewels, when even the soles of her shoes were covered with diamonds.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Lyell, Bart. (1797-1875), geologist and twice President of the Geological Society. Author of *The Antiquity of Man*, 1863.

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Bowring (1792-1872), traveller and linguist. Editor of *The Westminster Review*, 1824. Plenipotentiary to China, 1854. Responsible for the issue of the florin in British coinage.

<sup>4</sup> Later Lord Avebury. Originator of the August Bank Holiday.

<sup>5</sup> Sir James Clark (1788-1870), physician.

<sup>6</sup> Sir Austen Henry Layard (1817-1894), excavator of Nineveh.

<sup>7</sup> Sir John Gardner Wilkinson (1797-1875), explorer and Egyptologist.

<sup>8</sup> Sir Richard Owen (1804-1892), the great naturalist and anatomist.

Professor Huxley, Dr. Carpenter,<sup>1</sup> etc., etc. Huxley delivered the first lecture to a very numerous audience. Not only was the Hall<sup>2</sup> densely crowded, but it was estimated that more than 2,000 were obliged to be denied admission. Huxley's subject was "The desirableness of improving Natural Knowledge." At certain periods of the evening pieces of sacred music were performed, including selections from Haydn's *Creation*. What think you of this, my friend? Surely we are making great progress in true civilisation, and the mummeries of superstition are going to the wall. A certain portion of the Hall was open to the poorest free of charge, but they stood little chance on the first night. Who would not rather be instructed by Huxley, Owen, or Bowring, than be bored and sent to sleep by a dull sermon (probably bought) or disgusted by a bigoted if original harangue? If this new sort of Sunday service is much multiplied, there will be a dreary thinning of many "places of worship," as they like to call them.

The first number of the new *Law Reports* is out, but I have not seen it yet. I hear complaints, however, that the reports are not so concise, so well selected, or so well expressed, as they might be.

The Brussels correspondent of *The Standard* gives an amusing account of an absurd piece now being performed at the "Théâtre Molière" in that city. It is called *Primrose Farm* and purports to be a representation of English Farm Life in the time of

<sup>1</sup> William Benjamin Carpenter (1813-1885), physiologist and scientist.

<sup>2</sup> See later page 263 for some mention of the history of St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

George, Prince Regent. His Royal Highness makes love to Miss Mary, singing and dancing with her. Monsieur Sir Robert, the Vicaire, strangely habited, does the same, besides being addicted to wine, moral sayings, and churchwarden pipes. George P.R. has a set-to at boxing with James the Farmer, whose leanings are to bagpipes and jealousy. Suddenly a bell rings, and the Prince of Wales is proclaimed Regent: in consequence of this James marries Mary to whom the Prince gives a *dot*; the Vicaire gets a good living, and the Prince sings *Yankee Doodle*—and the band plays *God Save the Queen*. The audience firmly believes it has seen a perfect picture of English country life fifty years ago.

The Emperor of Austria seems to be quite altering all his policy. It is said that he has hitherto acted under advice which has been distasteful to his real wishes. He is now conciliating the Hungarians; he is hand and glove with Napoleon, to whom he is shortly to pay a visit; he is said to be about to furnish a contingent to his brother Maximilian of Mexico, so as to enable Napoleon to withdraw his troops;<sup>1</sup> and finally he is open to negotiations about Venetia, the rumour being that Venice is to be a free city, Austria retaining the Quadrilateral and recognising the Italian Kingdom. Well, if it be true.

The weather is still marvellous. We have no frost, but constant high winds from W., S.W., and N.W., accompanied by a great deal of rain. The Thames is exceptionally high. A great snow fell last week, to the depth of four or five inches in the

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon the Third withdrew his troops from Mexico in the following year, 1867, but no Austrian contingent was there to save the Emperor Maximilian from brutal murder.



south of England ; it did great damage to evergreens (mine amongst the number) by breaking great branches off.<sup>1</sup> In thirty-six hours it was entirely gone ; a rapid thaw set in and every place was flooded. The gales have been terrific, and the loss of life and shipping has been almost unprecedented. The Gorleston life-boat lost twelve out of nineteen of its crew the other day. To-day comes the sad news of the foundering of Money Wigram's steamship *London*, bound for Melbourne, with a loss of about 270 lives. The *Amalia* steamer, from Liverpool to the Mediterranean, has foundered in the Bay of Biscay, crew saved, vessel and cargo insured for £250,000 !

I had a heavy week at the beginning of the year at the Surrey Sessions. Twenty-four prisoners out of the eighty in the calendar fell to my share. In one case I directed an acquittal on a technical point in the indictment, in another I disagreed with the finding of the jury (guilty), and released the prisoner on his own recognizances to come up for judgment when called on, reporting the case to the Secretary of State. I gave one dirty old cats'-meat man twelve months penal servitude for carnally knowing a girl between ten and twelve years of age ; he himself was sixty-five. By the way, you may be interested to know what Penal Servitude means now, especially as so many Fenians have got twenty years. I have made it my business to ascertain exactly. With reference to *males*, the principle adopted is a maximum remission of one fourth of that portion of the

<sup>1</sup> Damage of the same kind occurred in Surrey sixty-two years later. Then the thaw commenced on January the 2nd, 1928

sentence that remains after deducting nine months for separate confinement. With reference to *females*, the scale is founded on a maximum remission of one third of each sentence, they undergoing no separate confinement. The remission of sentence to be earned in all cases by a regular course of industry. General good conduct will be indispensable, but will count as nothing towards obtaining remission. In the case, therefore, of a prisoner sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude he will have nine months separate confinement, he will have to work *at least* fourteen years, five months, and one week on Public Works, and the greatest period he will have remitted will be four years, nine months, and three weeks. A female sentenced for the same period must at least undergo thirteen years and four months of her sentence.

My old—I mean my *new*—favourite *The Pall Mall Gazette* has an article on Sir Stafford Northcote, one of our most promising Conservatives, destined, I hope, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer before very long.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The wish was not realised until 1874; but Northcote became President of the Board of Trade in 1866, and Secretary for India in 1867. Created Earl of Iddesleigh in 1885.

DEMOSTHENES of Australia!—For by such a name are you entitled to be addressed after having won your spurs so brilliantly in the political arena. Not that Demosthenes ever won any spurs, or, so far as I know, ever wore any. No matter. But why the deuce did you interrupt me with your critical remark? Well, well, say no more. Let us have a riddle sent a few days back to *Punch*, but of course not inserted. “What is the difference between the wicked Jews of Rehoboam’s reign and the vulgar English of the present day?” “The wicked Jews worshipped Baal-Peor in High Places, but the vulgar English Paal-Beor in Low Places.” As of old we cry with the Psalmist, “Sola!”

Parliament has been opened by the Queen in person. A great fact, although she never spoke a word, but sat like that well known Cardinal Virtue on a monument smiling—no, not smiling, but nursing her grief with rigid muscles and downcast eyes, while excellent old Lord Cranworth read her Speech. She would not wear her robes of state, but sat upon them, they being spread upon the throne. It was a grand but painful ceremonial, the only relief, the only touch of Nature in it being the kiss with which our Queen greeted the Princess of Wales when all was over. It is no new thing to say that the Speech from the Throne was weak and washy,

especially disappointing the ardent Reformers by its feeble utterance in the matter of the Reform Bill. The Commons behaved themselves with more than their usual want of dignity, and thronged to the Bar in such numbers that the Speaker (and his Mace) arrived in a hot and angry and towzled condition. They were simply a disorderly mob. Probably the number of new members who wanted to have a sight of the ceremonial added very materially to the rush and confusion. There was so much noise that the Chancellor was barely audible to those nearest to him. It is difficult to believe, when looking at that magnificent pile of building, the Houses of Parliament, that the accommodation should be so very insufficient on such an occasion.

Queen Victoria opened the Parliament of February, 1866, in person only as a matter of expediency, as she was about to ask for a marriage dowry for her daughter, Princess Helena, and a large annual income for her second son, Prince Alfred, who had just come of age and was soon to be created Duke of Edinburgh. But she was resolved to deprive the ceremony of all splendour, as far as she herself was concerned, as evidence of her widowhood and fifth year of mourning. She did not use the state coach, but drove in an ordinary carriage. She entered the House in dead silence, except for the murmurs of disappointment which arose from the brilliantly dressed women present, for the usual fanfare of trumpets was discarded. Moncure D. Conway, who was present, relates in his *Autobiography*: "I believe every gem, necklace, coronet, robe, and decoration belonging to the nobility was worn that day; the fullest of Court dress, and the scene was billowy with necks

and shoulders. Save for some slight badge and the Koh-i-Noor on her forehead, the Queen was still in sombre raiment. She was the only homely woman in the House, and this was accentuated by contrast with the beautiful and superbly costumed Princess of Wales. Instead of her reading the address to Parliament, it was read by the Chancellor. Through it she sat as if carved on the throne; when it was finished she rose, bowed slightly, kissed the Princess of Wales, and disappeared through the back door. . . . This withdrawal from her functions impressed me as a danger. There was a vigorous republican agitation going on in England, and it was frequently said that the practical extinction of the Court had demonstrated the uselessness of the throne. I remember being at a dinner . . . when young Mr. Babington, a kinsman of Lord Macaulay, refused to rise to the toast to the Queen, avowing, when his conduct was questioned, his republican opposition to monarchy. There was a noisy discussion, but a goodly number defended Babington's right so to express his opinion. It became plain to me that the Queen was not popular."

In the re-election of Mr. Denison<sup>1</sup> as Speaker, which it was known would be without opposition, the Ministers displayed a want of courtesy which might have been expected of them. They did not give the Conservatives a chance of having a finger in the pie of seconding the nomination. Of this, Mr. Disraeli very justly complained. John Bright took occasion to urge upon the Speaker and the House

<sup>1</sup> John Denison (1800-1873) held the office of Speaker for the long period of fifteen years, from 1857 to 1872, when he was created Viscount Ossington.

the propriety of abolishing the rule which requires all members who attend the Speaker's dinners to appear either in uniform or in Court dress. Mr. Bright's Quaker prejudices prevent his wearing such a garb as is required by custom and etiquette, so he is most unwillingly compelled to absent himself from the entertainments in question. The Honourable Member, however, gained nothing by his suggestion except a huge amount of chaff from the Press.

The Debate on the Address was confined to two subjects, the Cattle Plague and the Fenians. As to Fenianism, there has been a very decisive step taken, for on Friday night (February 16th) the Government announced their intention of proposing next day the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. On the Saturday standing orders were suspended in both Houses and the Bill passed through all its stages. Lord Granville had gone down to Osborne that morning with a copy of the Bill, and, upon receiving a telegraphic message to say that it had received the consent of both Houses, the Queen gave her consent and he hurried back to town. Some delay took place in the train so that he did not get to the House until past midnight, and about 12.30 a.m. on Sunday morning the Bill formally received the Royal Assent in the presence of the Lord Chancellor and a few peers who sat up on purpose. Large batches of Fenians were arrested on the Saturday in anticipation of the passing of the Bill, and numerous arrests are constantly being effected in all parts of the island. This prompt action has naturally excited us all very much, although we fully anticipated that the move-

ment would not be crushed (after Stephens's escape) without something of the kind being necessary. Ireland has for some time been overrun by strange Irishmen with a very unmistakable Yankee air about them, and with plenty of money in their pockets. They were known to be after no good, but there was not sufficient evidence on which to convict them. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus solves the difficulty, and they will now be kept in durance vile until September at least. The measure was not passed in the Commons without a division, although the result was a very hollow defeat. Only eight members, including tellers, voted against it, while no less than 366 voted for it.

I am told at the Club that John Bright's speech on Saturday on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus was magnificent, a perfect study of eloquence, the finest oratorical display that has been heard for some time. It was a lament over the present position of affairs. He grieved that in the struggles of party, in the efforts to secure place and power, the interests of Ireland were entirely neglected. . . . He would not oppose the measure, however, since Ministers held it to be necessary. The House listened to him with the greatest attention, and he was frequently cheered. Roebuck<sup>1</sup> and Horsman<sup>2</sup> then attacked him most unmercifully, the former asserting that he had only spoken to create mischief, and the latter, quoting from the *Anti-Jacobin*, styled him "the friend of

<sup>1</sup> John Roebuck (1801-1879), M.P. for Sheffield. His motion in 1855 for an inquiry into the conduct of the Crimean War caused the downfall of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry. Palmerston appointed Roebuck Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry.

<sup>2</sup> See ante page 94.

every country but his own," and charged him with opposing that most liberal Irish measure—the giving State support to the Catholic priesthood—and voting with Exeter Hall against Maynooth. The new member for Westminster, Mr. J. Stuart Mill,<sup>1</sup> was conspicuous amongst Mr. Bright's defenders, but he was listened to with impatience. I may remark, parenthetically, that Mr. Mill speaks too often and has been in too great a hurry to address the House on the few questions that have already come before it. It is better for a young member—young, I mean, in point of date of membership, though not in years—to study the habits and temper of the House before he ventures to address it. A man like Mr. Mill should speak seldom, and then he should be weighty and crushing.

Gladstone, who is now Leader of the House, spoke very temperately, and while eulogising Mr. Bright's speech, pointed out that while everything was good in its time, nothing was good out of its time. Mr. Bright's speech was ill-timed and consequently it was bad. The great fault in his speech, as in that of others in the debate, was that he seemed to regard the Fenians as the Irish people. Now it is evident that the great mass of the Irish population, specially including the wealthy and influential portion and the *clergy of all denominations*, have no sympathy whatever with the Fenian conspirators. Such is the outline of the great debate. The result is that the Fenians are stricken with terror, and the latest news is that *barbers* are in great request to shave off the peculiar American-looking beards

<sup>1</sup> See ante pages 29, 30, 33.



which had become so conspicuous, while all *sartorial* outward signs have been hidden out of sight, and the Yankee uniform has disappeared.

Hamber<sup>1</sup> has asked me to "dish up" your letters when possible for *The Standard* and *Herald*. You will therefore see a large portion of your December epistle in the columns of those papers headed "From our own Correspondent," with a leader upon it. Hamber received a copy of your speech at the St. Kilda Town Hall, and it formed the basis of several articles. Meredith also received a copy and was much pleased with it. I have replied to Hamber that your time was so much occupied that I felt sure you would not undertake a *regular* correspondent's letter for *The Standard*, but I have suggested that, at any rate until we can hear from you again, I will "edit" such portions of your letters as may be suitable for publication, and Hamber can pay me whatever he thinks the letters are worth, and I will account for the said payments to you. Hamber's letter also contains a most amusing account of a strange experience. "I have had," he writes, "a most delightful evening; went out to dine with a Radical M.P.—an old friend—who invited me to meet Tennyson, but unfortunately named the wrong day. I went, was introduced to Mr. Forster,<sup>2</sup> to Mr. Bright, then to Mr. Stansfeld,<sup>3</sup> then to Childers,<sup>4</sup> to

<sup>1</sup> Editor of *The Standard*.

<sup>2</sup> At that date Under Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Russell's Ministry.

<sup>3</sup> James Stansfeld, also an Under Secretary in the Government. The friend of Mazzini. See the second volume of this work, pp. 159-161.

<sup>4</sup> H. C. E. Childers, Lord of the Admiralty at this date.

T. B. Potter,<sup>1</sup> P. A. Taylor,<sup>2</sup> and the most terrible gang of Fenians, Chartists, and Conspirators you ever heard of. It beat the *Night in a Workhouse* hollow, and I wish I could disclose to the public the harrowing details.”

This blessed month of February has not been without its dissipation and excitement. On the 7th we went to a dinner party at Captain Malton's. He is the old Malton of our year at Trinity. He has a very pretty and agreeable wife and a very nice old-fashioned house to which he has added a room in order to accommodate a very fine organ, sacred music being his great hobby.<sup>3</sup> On the 8th we took a party of eight to a private subscription ball at the Griffin Hotel <sup>4</sup> here. They all dined with us first. My dancing days are over,<sup>5</sup> but I consented on this occasion to sacrifice myself on the altar of Terpsichore in order to give my countenance to the proceedings (ahem !). I should tell you “we” are very select here in the matter of these balls. It amuses us immensely to see the strong lines of demarcation which are drawn between the *best set* and those beneath them in the social scale. A secret committee decides upon the admissibility or otherwise of the numerous applicants for tickets. We are honoured

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Bayley Potter (1817-1898). Succeeded Cobden as M.P. for Rochdale, 1865, and established the Cobden Club, 1866. An advanced Liberal of the Manchester School.

<sup>2</sup> Peter Alfred Taylor (1819-1891), Radical M.P. for Leicester, 1862-1884. Chairman of the Society of Friends of Italy.

<sup>3</sup> Captain William Dawes Malton lived at The Grove, Grove Road, Kingston.

<sup>4</sup> In Kingston Market Place.

<sup>5</sup> The Victorians became staid early: Hardman was but thirty-seven years old at this date.

by "carte blanche" to introduce whom we choose. The following night we dined with our neighbours the Cotterills at Norbiton Park.<sup>1</sup> Turtle soup and a dinner to match.

On reaching home that same Monday night, I found a letter awaiting me of a very disturbing and astonishing nature. It was from Chancellor<sup>2</sup> the House-Agent at Richmond, in whose books I had first met with this Norbiton Hall of ours. He consequently knew what I had paid for it, and moreover he was thoroughly acquainted with it. His letter contained an offer to purchase on behalf of the Prince de Joinville, and the sum he proposed to give staggered us. It was no less a sum than *Seventeen Thousand Pounds*! More than twice the price I paid to Mr. Guy—eight thousand guineas. This offer made us think deeply, I can assure you, but we decided to decline it, after twenty-four hours' deliberation. We asked ourselves where we were to find another place to suit us? Chancellor knew that no small advance on my original purchase would be likely to tempt me, and I only fear he may make me a larger offer which I might not feel justified in declining. I did not think I had got the place so cheaply, or that property here would rise so rapidly in value, although I was aware that land adjoining me had been sold for £1,200 per acre during the past twelve months. We are very fond of this place, and are getting a very nice circle of friends round us;

<sup>1</sup> Norbiton Park was off Coombe Lane, near the present Norbiton railway station.

<sup>2</sup> The firm of Chancellor is still in existence in Richmond, though no longer at No. 1, King Street, as in Hardman's time. Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, the author, is related to this family.

besides I am deeply interested in local and county matters, so we have no desire to run away. We knew, from our experiences in house-hunting, in 1864, how difficult it was to get such a place, and fully appreciated the Prince's difficulty now that Claremont has to be given up. All his family live, as you know, about here. The Duke de Chartres lives at Ham, the Count de Paris and the Duke d'Aumale at Twickenham; the Catholic Chapel at Kingston is their place of worship, and the body of the late king has a temporary resting-place at Wandsworth (I think). Besides, the Orleans family have always affected this neighbourhood.

King Louis Philippe and his family, after the Revolution of 1848, took refuge at Claremont, Esher, which was placed at their disposal by Leopold, King of the Belgians, whose death in December, 1865, obliged the French Royal Family to seek fresh quarters. Queen Marie Amélie died in March, 1866, before the change was made. The Prince de Joinville (born in 1818) was her third son, and had been in the French Navy. After the downfall of Napoleon the Third he returned to France, when he and his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, took their seats, on December the 19th, 1871, in the National Assembly. George Meredith observed, to M. Photiadès, long years after, concerning these French Princes:

"These sons of Louis Philippe, handsome, brave, polished, elegant and well-read, the Duke of Nemours with his grand air, and the Prince de Joinville so like Francis I with his hanging lower lip, his square-cut beard and his long, almond-shaped eyes, they explain to me better than all

memoirs the charm of ancient France. We had very friendly relationships with them when they lodged at Claremont."

The fourth brother, the Duc d'Aumale (born in 1822) was a brilliant soldier and literary man. He was the author of *Histoire des Princes de la Maison de Condé*, and presided at the dinner in London of the Royal Literary Fund, 1861. He resided for many years at Orleans House, Twickenham, a house that was ruthlessly demolished about 1926. At the adjoining York House (now used for the municipal offices of Twickenham) lived the sons of the eldest brother, the Duc d'Orleans (who was killed in a carriage accident in Paris, 1842)—the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres (born in 1840, and who married in 1863 his first cousin, Princess Françoise, daughter of the Prince de Joinville). The Comte de Paris (born in 1838) was the father of Queen Amélie of Portugal (born at York House in 1865); and her son, King Manoel of Portugal, who lives at Fulwell Park, is the last link of his family with the locality of Twickenham. Until a few years ago, Queen Amélie resided at "Abercorn," Queen's Road, Richmond.

To proceed with my record of festivities. On Thursday the 15th we gave a large dinner-party (sixteen) to our strictly Conservative set. Hamber and his wife came down from town.<sup>1</sup> We had made great floral preparations in advance, and astonished our visitors by our azaleas and tropical ferns and other plants. It was as good as a horticultural show. On the Saturday following we had another dinner-party (also of sixteen) to which the Shirley Brookses

<sup>1</sup> George Meredith and his wife were among the guests.

came,<sup>1</sup> and stayed till Monday. This party, perhaps, rather surpassed the other in jollity, but both were great successes. I enclose you the bills of fare of both these feasts so that you may see we do the prandial business in a certain style. We had the Menu printed. The dinner was entirely provided by Nuthall.<sup>2</sup> The iced soufflé was the best I ever tasted.

Brookes has given me a lot of riddles sent for insertion to *Punch*, some of which are execrably bad. For example, "If a farmer has his rick burnt down, what familiar epitaph would his friend use in condoling with him?" "Alas! poor Yorick!" (Oh! Oh!). Amongst this *Punch* collection of rejected is the following which may prove of value to Dr. Colenso. "Why did the Children of Israel make a golden calf in the wilderness?" "Because they had not gold enough to make a cow."

Here is an amusing advertisement of a most extraordinary title of a new poem. "*Argosy*, No. 3 contains *Who shall deliver me?* by Miss Rossetti." When next I see Dante Rossetti I shall feel called upon to chaff him about his sister's new poem. I was not aware that she required anything in the midwife line.

The political horizon has already shown signs of clearing. It has become evident to the Radical party that they are tremendously in a minority. The present House of Commons is essentially Palmer-

<sup>1</sup> The Cotter Morisons and Mr. and Mrs. W. Trollope (of Ravenswood, Kingston Hill) were among the guests.

<sup>2</sup> George and Charles Nuthall, confectioners and wine merchants of Thames Street, Kingston. Miss Betty Nuthall, the tennis player, is said to be a member of this family.

stonian, and therefore Conservative. The new disposition of parties has begun to shadow itself forth, and perhaps the most probable result is a strong Government under Lord Grey, including Lowe, Horsman, and Lord Stanley. Such a Government would be Liberal-Conservative, and would meet the requirements of the age. I regard it as impossible that a Derby-Disraeli Government can ever again be firmly constituted.<sup>1</sup> The days of Toryism are past, that party, or at any rate the small remnant that survives, will become fossil. Henceforth the great division will be *Moderates* and *Im-moderates*. The present Ministry see clearly enough, from the debates on the Cattle Plague, etc., that they are in the hands of a Palmerston Parliament which will never consent to be guided by a Russell or a Gladstone. If there is a Reform Bill it will be a Conservative and not a Radical one.

I wish I could add that Stephens, the Fenian Head Centre, had been captured again. As it is, I must be content with asking you: "What is the first recorded Fenian act in Scripture?" "When Herodias's daughter had the Head sent her!"

<sup>1</sup> Lord Derby's Government with Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer endured from July, 1866, to February, 1868, when Disraeli became Prime Minister.

## MARCH, 1866.

THE Reform Bill has been launched upon the stormy sea of an unappreciative and hostile public, which careth not for its provisions. The launch is about as great a fiasco as that of the *Northumberland* which was duly christened by the future Duchess of Northumberland the other day, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, but, when it had got halfway down the slips, stuck fast, and up to the present moment has declined to go any further. The mighty Dr. Gladstone acted as physician accoucheur (I adopt a fresh simile) to the parturient Ministry, and in a most melancholy speech ushered the baby Reform Bill into the world. Scarcely a cheer welcomed its arrival. Gladstone himself seemed to be performing a work that was a labour and not a pleasure, when he detailed the proposed provisions of the Bill which evidently satisfies none. A £7 suffrage for boroughs and a £14 ditto for counties, with a Savings Bank franchise for those who have had £50 in a Savings Bank for two years, are the leading features of the Bill. The Conservatives have had a strong gathering at Lord Salisbury's, and have determined to oppose the Bill tooth and nail.<sup>1</sup> I rather doubt if this meeting is a wise measure, for if

<sup>1</sup> The Conservatives duly brought in and passed their own Reform Bill in 1867. See ante page 94 and later pages 221, 235.



the matter is made a pure question of party, I fear the Conservatives will lose votes that they might otherwise have secured.

Concerning the dismissal or recall of Sir Charles Darling,<sup>1</sup> *The Standard* had an article on Cardwell's despatches which was simply *bosch*. I wrote indignantly to Hamber on the subject and complained of his letting a man write the article who evidently did not understand what he was writing about. I wish Hamber had commissioned me to write the article.

The Speaker of the House of Commons is seriously ill, partly from an accident and partly from a constitutional malady which is not more clearly defined. In consequence of this my friend Dodson,<sup>2</sup> who used to have chambers with me in Lincoln's Inn Fields, acts as Deputy-Speaker. He is also Chairman of Committees, and having to sit for the Speaker all through the lengthy Reform debates, is about the hardest-worked man in England at the present time.

Apropos of accidents, poor Dr. Whewell<sup>3</sup> was thrown from his horse, fell upon his head, and, after lingering for ten days, died. Thompson<sup>4</sup> (on whose "side" I was) is to be the new Master of Trinity, and will, I am sure, fill the position with dignity and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Darling (1804-1870) was Governor of Victoria and had just been recalled by Edward Cardwell, the Colonial Secretary, following a protest of the Legislative Council of Victoria relative to Darling's attitude to a Protectionist Tariff.

<sup>2</sup> John George Dodson (1825-1897), created Baron Monk Bretton in 1884, later held the office of President of the Local Government Board, 1880, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1882-1884.

<sup>3</sup> William Whewell (1794-1866), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1841-1866. A distinguished mathematician.

<sup>4</sup> William Hepworth Thompson (1810-1886), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1866-1886. Canon of Ely. A famous Greek scholar.

success, although he naturally comes at a disadvantage after so illustrious a predecessor. Poor old Whistle! You will recollect that his equitation was a standing joke; he was notoriously the worst horseman in the University or out of it. He was certainly the very embodiment of a Trinity man. Lightfoot,<sup>1</sup> who was in the year below us, and who is now Regius Professor of Divinity, preached Whewell's funeral sermon last Sunday in the College Chapel, and told some interesting traits of our old master. He told his audience how Whewell loved his college, how he spent large sums of money in adding a hostel to it, how he thought the blue sky had a brighter blue in his eyes when seen bounded by the walls of the Great Court, and how, shortly before he died, he asked to be carried to the window of his apartment in order that he might take his last look of the old court. There is to me something inexpressibly affecting in this. He never won the affections of us undergraduates, but we were all proud of him, at least *I* was for one. He was undoubtedly the greatest master Trinity has had since Bentley.<sup>2</sup> *Requiescat in pace*. All honour to his memory.

A singular claim for £5,000 has been brought against the executors of Lord Palmerston's will. This claim is vaguely defined, but a large and important item of it refers to the Kane case<sup>3</sup> in the

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Barber Lightfoot (1828-1889), at this date Fellow of Trinity. Bishop of Durham, 1879-1889. A famous biblical scholar.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Bentley (1662-1742), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1700-1742. A great despot, and tried before the Bishop of Ely for encroaching upon the privileges of the Fellows of his College.

<sup>3</sup> See the second volume of this work, pp. 91, 135-7, 151.

Divorce Court. It was rumoured at the time that the damaging letters of his lordship had been bought up for a good round sum, and I presume this claim has something to do with that sum. However, Mr. Justice Wills has ordered further particulars to be furnished.

During the past week Gladstone has given ample evidence that his hopeless want of command of temper will entirely unfit him for the position of Leader of the House of Commons. The other day Schreiber (formerly of Trinity) applied for some very important information, and in replying to him the Chancellor of the Exchequer was scarcely civil. Schreiber wanted to know what classes pay the largest actual amount of taxation, as the criterion of the vote power due to each. A very important consideration, as none will be more ready to admit than you victims of manhood suffrage in Victoria. By the way, you will see that Lord R. Montagu<sup>1</sup> has brought the Constitutional Crisis in Victoria<sup>2</sup> before the House, drawing from it the argument that we ought to be thereby warned against lowering the franchise and admitting the democratic element into the constituencies.

This morning, March 21st, my nerves were a good deal shaken when I entered my private "Justice"-room, expecting to see only three small boys who had been stealing eggs from a hen-roost, to find a raging lunatic in the hands of three policemen! He had been found wandering in Old Malden yesterday afternoon, and was taken to the Police Station at

<sup>1</sup> See the second volume of this work, pp. 2-3.

<sup>2</sup> See ante page 115.

Thames Ditton, where he inaugurated his temporary stay by shying the coal-scuttle at Sergeant Baker's head. Happily the Sergeant had his helmet on, and was thus saved from a very serious injury. He had then made a regular Hell upon Earth of the station during the night, and now was brought before me. The morning being cold, I asked if he had no coat, for he was jabbering, moaning, and shivering, on the other side of my table. It seemed that, in spite of all their efforts and precautions, he had succeeded in tearing his coat to ribbons. I asked the lunatic his name, and he gave me three to choose from. He further informed me that he came from Ipswich in Bedfordshire, a locality utterly unknown to Geography. I said I should send him to the Union, where he would be taken care of. This did not meet his views at all, and with wildly glaring eye he looked for some suitable missile to throw at my head. Seeing that one policeman only was holding him at this moment, I hurriedly commanded the others to take a firm grip. He then informed me hurriedly that he had had several interviews with "God Almighty" during the past night, and had been told that he was to return to Ipswich. I immediately promised him that he should be put in the way to the station and sent by the first train. This pacified him, and I got rid of him without further disturbance, sending him, of course, to the Workhouse. I must say that this is a branch of justice work that is far from pleasant. I could not help thinking, suppose he were to break loose and rush all over this house, establish himself in the school-room, barricade the door, pitch the governess and children out of window, sending all

the small furniture after them, and then have to be besieged. Sir, I like not lunatics. However, while we have them in hand, I will copy for you a most amusing but somewhat lengthy document sent about a fortnight ago to *Punch* by the Deputy Recorder of London. It was addressed to the Recorder. The writer is a mad woman who is always writing to *Punch*. I believe her husband was dismissed from the Police and she has some pension grievance. I charged Mark Lemon (the editor) with receiving the £1,000 referred to in the document. He admitted it and pleaded the example of Lord Bacon! Here is the mad woman's letter—a splendid example of special pleading!

“Sir,<sup>1</sup> I believe there is a young man named Henry Baxter to be tried by you at the Clerkenwell Sessions on Monday the 5th. I beg to say that I have known him and his mother these fourteen years. She has had a hard struggle to bring up her children honestly, which I believe she did until they were out of hand. I believe this is the first offence. I have employed the mother at needlework. . . . The young man, not knowing how well to thieve, has made such a bare-faced job of it that people tell him it is useless to have counsel. The papers tell us you are a Bible-believing man. As he did it for want, may I remind you that David went into the ark and committed theft and sacrilege; and the disciples committed theft by taking the corn, and brake the Sabbath. . . . Should you find the man guilty, I trust that before the year is past the prisons in our land will be opened.

<sup>1</sup> A good deal of this letter is omitted here. A previous effusion from the same woman is quoted on pages 68-70.

Sir Richard Mayne<sup>1</sup> to my knowledge robs the rate-payers and the Constables' Pension Fund of £80,000 a year. I wrote three years ago to *Punch* come the 11th of April, and sent him a copy of all the lying letters I have from Sir Richard, Sir George Grey,<sup>2</sup> Lord Westbury,<sup>3</sup> and others. The Government six weeks after offered *Punch* £1,000 not to say anything about them. I have a note from the editor of *Punch* in proof. I asked Garibaldi when he was here if he would open all the prison doors. They sent him off.<sup>4</sup> I do not do things in the dark. I wrote to Palmerston and told him what I had done. Let the nation think me a fool. I have written thousands of letters to expose Sir Richard, and continue so to do. God has plainly shown me that the gallows is for Sir Richard ; I trust his time is short.

“ God says, ‘ in that day I will enter into the house of the thief and false swearer.’ That time is near at hand. The false swearing is awful in this day ; neither is your friend the Earl of Shaftesbury one whit before Judas that betrayed his Lord and master : the weights in his Rag Brigade<sup>5</sup> were false. God showed me that in a dream. I could not think him bad till then. I put the report into *Punch*'s letter-box, March the 4th, 1864. I asked *Punch* to set traps amongst his friends for him. At the opening of

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Mayne (1796-1868), an Irish barrister, was Police Commissioner, and one of the original organisers of the Metropolitan Police in 1850. K.C.B. 1851.

<sup>2</sup> At this date Home Secretary.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Chancellor until 1865.

<sup>4</sup> See the second volume of this work, pages 180-182.

<sup>5</sup> Presumably an abstruse allusion to Lord Shaftesbury's Ragged Schools.

Parliament, 1865, *Punch* makes Shaftesbury hanging one lamb and carrying another in his arms ; that I cut out and stuck it on the outside of an envelope and sent it to the House of Lords to the Earl. I hunted him up well at Sherborne, when he had the trial with the steward, telling the magistrates what he was, also Lewis Humphry and Tedgood, his accountant at Liverpool : the wretch don't dare to resent it. God promised me if I would expose the wretches no harm should befall me : He is true to His word. The Bishop of London and Sir George Grey tried to get me in a lunatic asylum. They failed. I wrote to the Commissioner, and the Bishop told him he had long prayed to be kept from Privy Conspiracy. He now sadly kicked at public truth.

“ The young man in question walked to Croydon and back a short time since to look for work without having broke his fast ; when he got back he took off his trowsers and pledged them for food. How was he again to find food or keep himself honest when that was gone ? Is the present state of our nation in accordance with Isaiah who tells you to deal out your bread to the hungry, clothe the naked ; or with Christ who says sell all that you have, give to the poor. . . . Are you, like many more, praying for prisoners and captives, and yet like that nest of thieves, the Government, robbing them all the time and driving them there ? I have known so much of that family that I know they would not thief unless for want. . . . I shall not stop until I see the halter round Sir R. Mayne's neck. There was a public meeting amongst the Dissenters this week when the rulers were prayed for : I told them as they came out

and wrote to them they might as well pray for the devils in Hell. Now, I ask you, give that young man a just trial. I have addressed my letters two years to that starve-by-inch Chief Justice Cockburn<sup>1</sup> respecting Inspector Grant's trial. As *Punch* says: 'There's a comet coming, 'tis to crush Earth's upper crust.' Gracious! wont it be a dust when this comet comes! Remember you are a servant of the public, and the time is not far distant when the public will know their place. As Master David complains in the 50th Psalm of those that know a thief and consenting with them. Surely every godly man would complain of the Government offering a bribe to conceal it.

"(Signed) RUTH CONNELL, Female Pleader."

There, my friend, is a farrago of nonsense worthy of the pleadings in the great case of Suckfizzle *v.* Kiss-breech!

The University Boat Race has again terminated in favour of Oxford! Damn! It was a splendid race,<sup>2</sup> but I did not see it, as it took place at 7.30 a.m., and I could not get up at that hour unless I were sure that our side would win. The Cattle Plague is slightly better, and of course this improvement was the signal for prayer and humiliation which no one seemed to care about. As to the Fenians, it seems clear that Stephens has got clear away to Paris.

The old ex-Queen of the French has died at Claremont, aged eighty-four, somewhat suddenly. I am told that when Joinville heard that I had refused

<sup>1</sup> Sir Alexander Cockburn (1802-1880) presided at the Tichborne Trial of 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Oxford won by fifteen seconds.



his offer of £17,000 for this place, he said, "I wonder if he would accept if I were to offer him £20,000. I hope he won't offer me that, for I fear I should be unable to refuse.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is to be feared that Hardman received nothing like £17,000 when he eventually sold Norbiton Hall about 1872.

APRIL, 1866.

ONE of my last remarks was that I hoped the Prince de Joinville would not offer me £20,000 for this place, for I should not be able to refuse it. Do not suppose that he has done so. But I have had a conversation with a man well versed in the values of property in this neighbourhood, and the result is that I would not take even that large sum : I should want *more*. As an example, three acres of land in one of the best positions on Richmond Hill was sold the other day for £12,000 ; as soon as it was known the purchaser was offered £5,000 more for his bargain ! He refused this, asking £24,000 for what he had only just given £12,000 for. Of course I am not in such a valuable position as Richmond Hill, and should not expect to get anything like the price of £7,000 an acre. But I have other data nearer home which prove to me that it is impossible to say what is the value of my eleven acres in perfect garden cultivation. It is advisable to wait. For a similar place to mine, as regards acreage, but inferior in other respects, near Richmond (but not on the Hill) as much as £50,000 is asked. Truly freehold property is advancing in value with giant strides. Meantime, I garden vigorously ; my forced strawberries bring me in from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per *ounce*, and my pines are worth 10s. to 12s. per pound.

I have paid during the month a hasty visit to Lancashire to attend the funeral of my cousin,

William Hardman Price. He was Major in the Volunteers, and his corps gave him a grand military funeral. He lived at my grandfather's old place, Chamber Hall, which ought to have been mine, but which must now go to strangers, as he and his family have scattered all their fortune to the winds. In fact, the current opinion is that he took to his bed with a fixed intention *never* to get up from it alive. It was very painful to find myself accepted as Head of the family with ruin around me. The military display was a mockery to me, and I felt very dull and wretched. I never care to see the old place again. As I have said, it ought to have been mine, for I was eldest son of eldest son, but my father died before his father, and I was but a child, sickly, and not expected to live, so others persuaded my grandfather to make a fresh will, and I did not get a tithe of what I was justly entitled to. No matter : I can do and have done without it. And now all is gone to pot.

The fusion of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company with the South Eastern will interest you. It will be a good thing for the companies, but whether the public will gain anything is quite another thing. They have both spent fabulous sums in attempting to cut each others' throats.

An awful accident has happened near Wolverhampton. A furnace containing four tons of molten iron burst and let loose the molten metal on to three men. One of them was instantly consumed and utterly obliterated. Another, wild with agony, sprang into the canal and then ran home, expiring on the threshold. The third lived to

reach the hospital, but then died. All that can be said is that the accident was entirely the result of their own carelessness. But was it not a hideous thing?

*April 24th.*—I travelled to town to-day with an old gentleman named Tulloh. He was in India for twenty-six years without holiday, finishing as judge. I asked him his opinion on the Indian Mutiny and its causes. He said that our great trust was always in the antagonism of the Hindoo and Mohammedan, thinking they would never succeed in amalgamating for a common object. The annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie was undoubtedly the great moving cause. The refusal to the impotent native princes of the right to adopt heirs when they failed to get any of their own, and the consequent lapsing of many petty states to the Crown, added fuel to the flame. The finishing touch was given by the annexation of Oude. It was out of Oude that the main body of our Sepoy army was recruited, and the revolt was brought about by the Mohammedans pointing out to the Sepoys that all their territorial right was going to be absorbed. Thus came the fusion of the two conflicting elements. The greased cartridge story<sup>1</sup> had no real weight, it merely gave a pretext for the disturbance, but was not the cause in any sense. Tulloh also told me that he had just seen in an Indian paper that at the Mohammedan mosque at Lahore prayers were now offered up for the Queen—a great fact.

<sup>1</sup> The bullets served out to the Indian troops were wrapped in greased rags, which grease, the natives thought, was made from the fat of the sacred cow and the detested hog—a double cause of offence.

The death of Mrs. Carlyle,<sup>1</sup> wife of the celebrated author, during his absence in Scotland, where he had gone to be installed Lord Rector, has been a great shock to various friends of ours, especially George Meredith, who had been to see her only the day before she died. She was driving in her brougham in the Park when a little dog (given to her by Frederic Chapman, the publisher, after his wife's death), which was running by the side of the vehicle, was run over by a passing carriage. Mrs. Carlyle stopped her carriage, and jumping out picked up the dog and took it inside. This must have given her some shock which acted on the heart, for when the coachman looked in for orders she was dead. She was a very clever, agreeable woman, and is much regretted.

Mrs. E. M. Ward, in her *Reminiscences*, related : "I have a sad recollection of seeing Mrs. Carlyle driving round the Park one day in her brougham. The old lady was sitting huddled up in such a cramped and unnatural position that I could not help remarking on it to my husband. We afterwards made enquiries, and were informed the coachman had driven twice round the Park before he discovered that his mistress was dead."

Some interesting particulars of the Carlyles, not generally known, are contained in Mr. Reginald Blunt's privately printed *Memoirs of Gerald Blunt of Chelsea*,<sup>2</sup> his father. As Rector of Chelsea, the Rev. Gerald Blunt was immediately at Cheyne Row with Froude and John Forster to discuss

<sup>1</sup> Jane Welsh, born 1801, the daughter of a physician of Haddington. She originally wished to marry Edward Irving (1818-1823). Married Thomas Carlyle in 1826.

<sup>2</sup> Quoted from here by Mr. Blunt's kind permission.

how best the tragic news of Mrs. Carlyle's death could be broken to her husband, who was away in Scotland for his installation as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. A letter is quoted here from Mrs. Carlyle's maid, who was one of the first to see the body, which had been conveyed from the carriage to St. George's Hospital. She describes how "Tiny," the little dog who was the unconscious cause of the tragedy, "was lying at the foot of the bed, at the hospital, on which Mrs. Carlyle's body was lying, and he recognised me at once. Mrs. Carlyle was fully dressed—just as she had gone out—when I identified the body. There was very little the matter with 'Tiny,' only a slight bruise to his paw. We never saw the dog again." And then Mr. Blunt tells how late at night Mrs. Carlyle's body was brought home to Cheyne Row and laid upon "her own red bed"—"the solid ancient curtained four-poster in her room behind the drawing room—lighted by the wax candles about which she had once vexed her mother, and which she had made Mrs. Warren put by to be used 'when the last had come.'"

It was to Mr. Blunt that Carlyle told his experiences when he paid his visit to Queen Victoria at the instigation of Dean Stanley :

He (Mr. Blunt) asked Carlyle how he got on with the Queen. He replied, spitting just as he often did, "Well, I was very much struck with the Queen's appearance. No one could doubt, when she came into the room—came swimming into the room—that she was the greatest lady in all the land. . . . She praised the Scotch very much, and said they were an intelligent people ; and I said to her, 'Very well, Ma'am ; they are just like other folk—neither much better nor much worse. . . . I am an old man, Ma'am ; excuse me, I must sit

down.' ” In answer to the question whether he thought the Queen had read his books, he replied she might have read many books, but he did not think she had read his. Dean Stanley told him afterwards that the interview between Her Majesty and Carlyle had been no great success.

Mr. Blunt paid a well-deserved tribute to Mrs. Carlyle :

“ A more noble or brilliant woman it would be difficult to find or to read of in the history of our century. She was always most interesting ; her conversation was as good as Carlyle’s own. Sometimes when he had been sitting with her at five o’clock tea, the door would open and a gaunt-looking visage looked in, and if the company was satisfactory a figure would enter in a dressing-gown—it was no other than Carlyle himself ; and with his long pipe in his mouth he would sit down on the floor beside the fire, and leaning against the mantel-piece, in order to smoke up the chimney on account of Mrs. Carlyle’s health. When he entered, Mrs. Carlyle never said more, but allowed him to pour out pages of monologue, much more like pages of his books than anything else. That conversation of Carlyle’s was always depressing, and one always went away with a great feeling of the terrible state of all things, public and private, and of all men, great and small. He himself always felt that it did him no good to listen to it, but he believed that Carlyle felt he was exaggerating very much, and he often ended his oration with a hearty laugh, as if he meant to say, ‘ Don’t take me seriously.’ ”

The great question of the rapidly approaching termination of our coal supply has again been attracting a large share of public attention. A Mr.

Jevons<sup>1</sup> has written a book on this very important subject, and proves to his own satisfaction that a hundred years (I think) at our present increasing rate of consumption will suffice to finish us off. In this fearful strait a Monsieur Jeannet of Bordeaux comes to our rescue, and points out that we may safely put out trust in acetate of soda! The process set forth by the French Professor savours rather of bottling sunbeams, or rather of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. Acetate of soda has the property after being melted in water by a moderate heat, say of the sun's rays in summer, and allowed to cool gradually in a closely stoppered bottle, of retaining the greater portion of the caloric it has absorbed in melting, and this caloric is given off the moment the bottle is opened. According to the Bordeaux Professor's account, one kilogramme of acetate, when treated as above, will give off heat enough to melt 300 grammes of ice, or to raise 300 grammes of water from freezing point to 79° centigrade.

*April 26th.*—There is no chance of your knowing the result of the Franchise Bill by this mail. There are all sorts of rumours abroad as to what the Government means to do. If the Bill does not pass the Second Reading, they will of course resign in a body.<sup>2</sup>

Disraeli is to go to the Lords, for he is a great obstacle to the Conservative Party in the Commons. What his title is to be remains to be seen.<sup>3</sup> I would

<sup>1</sup> William Stanley Jevons (1835-1882), grandson of William Roscoe, a distinguished writer on political economy. His treatise on *The Coal Question* appeared in 1865. Jevons was drowned at Bulverhythe, Sussex.

<sup>2</sup> They did. See ante page 94, and later pages 145-147.

<sup>3</sup> Ten years were to elapse before Disraeli went to the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield.



suggest the Lord of Israel, or, if that be too profane and exalted, Baron Sidonia or something of that sort from his books.

The one thing that irritates me beyond endurance in this Reform discussion is the wilful misrepresentation of the words and views of the Conservative Party by the Radical papers. . . . The Conservatives have said again and again—and they have shown—that they are not opposed to every project of Reform, or to the principle of Reform. The best Conservative speakers in this debate have stated plainly that they would consider it as an honour to have worthy representatives of the working-men sitting among them. It is simply the wish of our Party to consider the case deliberately, and as beseems men who cherish the concrete welfare of the country equally with the abstract claims of a class. For this we are held up to the execration of the people. Damn!

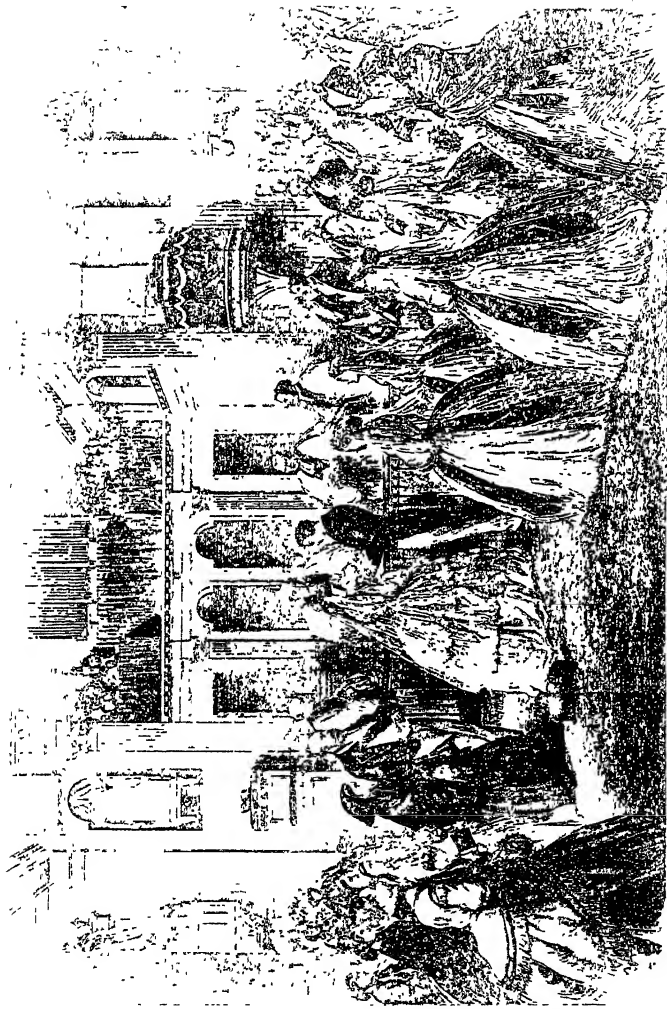
The Princess Mary of Cambridge is going to marry Prince Teck, a tall and good-looking young man, somewhat exhibiting an indication of portly tendencies, and several years her junior. He is dark, apparently extremely good-humoured, very fond of English sports, and competent to discourse intelligibly if not fluently in our language. He is not wealthy, and it is said that Parliament will be asked to vote a settlement of £3,000 per annum on the Princess.

Francis Prince Teck, born in 1837, was four years junior to his wife, Princess Mary of Cambridge, the younger daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of King George the Third. The Prince was the son of Duke Alexander

of Würtemberg, and in 1863 the King of Würtemberg conferred on him the title of Prince Teck, an ancient principality held by his family since 1498. The name comes from Teck, a limestone peak in the Swabian Alps, twenty miles from Stuttgart. The Prince's mother, Claudine, not being of Royal birth,<sup>1</sup> was a morganatic wife and received the title of Comtesse de Hohenstein from the Emperor of Austria: otherwise the Prince Teck would have been heir to the throne of Würtemberg. The Countess met with a tragic death in 1841, six years after her marriage; she was present at a review of Austrian troops when her horse bolted into the midst of a squadron of cavalry, and the unfortunate lady was trampled to death by the hooves of the horses. The son, then Count Hohenstein, was brought up at Vienna and became a lieutenant in the Austrian Imperial Guard; as an aide-de-camp he was present at the battle of Solferino.

The marriage of Prince Teck with Princess Mary took place on June the 12th, 1866, at the village church of Kew, in Surrey, and the bridal procession walked to the church on the Green from Cambridge Cottage, the home of the bride's mother (a house now converted into one of the arboreal museums of Kew Gardens). Although Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and many other members of the Royal Family, were present, and the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the scene was as far as possible that of a rural wedding. Morning dress was worn, and the ladies' dresses were mostly pale blue in compliment to the bride's favourite colour. She herself was dressed in white satin, and wore on her head a wreath of orange

<sup>1</sup> Claudine de Rhedey was, however, descended from Samuel Aba, King of Hungary, 1041-1044.



*THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE TECK AND THE PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE*

*At Kew, June the 12th, 1866*

*From "The Illustrated London News"*



blossoms intermixed with myrtle gathered in Kew Gardens (where her husband proposed to her and was accepted). "Her stately grace left an impression upon the illustrious assembly which time has not effaced. . . . As she emerged from the porch on the arm of her husband, the girls from the village school, attired in blue frocks, white tippets, and straw hats to match, strewed the pathway to Cambridge Cottage with flowers."<sup>1</sup> Eleven months later, on May the 26th, 1867, was born the eldest child of the marriage, a girl, now Queen Mary.

Yesterday my old friend and schoolfellow, Major Walker, came to see us on his way to join his regiment (Royal Lancashire Artillery) at Liverpool. In the evening we all went to a capital amateur Dramatic Performance in our Drill Hall. Brandram<sup>2</sup> of Trinity, in the year above us, was one of the great stars, acting quite as well as any professional. The performance had the common fault of amateur affairs, it was too long. It commenced at eight and did not terminate until past midnight.

Shirley Brooks wrote to Hardman at this date :  
 "Last night, or rather this morning, we were at a jolly kind of gathering, with brains in it, and we thought how Mrs. Hardman and you would have liked it. The Buckstones gave a party at the Haymarket Theatre, which was closed to the public. The intensely respectable part of 'the profession' were asked, and some of these, however intense their respectability, go in for fun, and

<sup>1</sup> C. Kinloch Cooke in his *Memoir* of the Princess.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly Samuel Brandram (1824-1892), who practised as a barrister until 1876, when he took up very successfully the career of a professional reciter. He lived at Church Road, Richmond.

all make a business of being cheerful. Then there were authors, and a miscellany : I send you the play-bill which we have made out, and you will see that the ' cast ' was pretty good.<sup>1</sup> The stage was fitted up as the ball-room ; scenes, flowers, and music on a raised sort of dais at the back. Curtain down, ' all lights on,' and the whole scene was very gay, and the height (and draughts) gave capital ventilation, or I should not have enjoyed it. And a princely supper and excellent wines. Altogether it was as easy-going and pleasant a meet as I have seen for a good many nights, and my youth was renewed like the Eagle (Tavern, City Road). Nor, as you will see, was the host unmindful of the end of all things. Got to bed at 3.

"We shall have some fun when the House meets. I take it the Bill is doomed. Bright has, moreover, gone too far in menacing a mob demonstration. If it were not Good Friday, when we ought to forgive even Quakers, I would write damn him ! It would be vulgar also as well as un-Christian to write it.

<sup>1</sup> The " respectable " members of " the profession " present included the Keeleys, Benjamin Webster, William Farren, Compton, Chippendale, Miss Snowden, Mrs. Dallas, Nelly and Louisa Moore, Harold Power, Amy Sedgwick, Walter Montgomery, Henry Neville, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Among the authors were Mark Lemon, F. C. Burnand, Blanchard Jerrold, Horace Mayhew, Westland Marston, Arthur Sketchley, J. R. Planché, Palgrave Simpson ; whilst the Miscellany comprised such diversified personalities as Lord Ranelagh, Sir William Fraser, Sir George Armitage, Doctor Durler, the Mayor and Mayoress of Stratford-on-Avon, Doctor Thomson (physician to King Leopold), Banting, the undertaker, and Churchill, Secretary to Woking Cemetery—the two last named explain Brooks's allusion that Buckstone was not " unmindful of the end of all things." One, at least, of the guests, Leicester Silk Buckingham (1825-1867), the dramatist, died the following year. Buckingham, whom F. C. Burnand described as like " a Ninevite hairdresser on an Egyptian frieze," was the author of thirty-five comedies, farces, and burlesques, the most successful being *The Merry Widow* and *Silken Fetters* of 1863, and *The Silver Lining* of 1864.

"See the *Sceptical Beauty* in *Punch* next week : *Acis and Galatea* later. We went and heard the latter, and it was very good, but an awful crowd, which I hate."

"Vide a letter in *The Times* to-day signed an 'Adullamite'—c'est moi. I think the last bit a good specimen. I am now going to dine with the Stationers. Suspect I shan't like much stationery to-morrow, in consequence.

"Do you remember that during the French Revolution, when a certain journal was particularly savage, the venders used to run about, howling that the editor was 'diablement enragé' to-day? Hamber is diablement enragé, perhaps a thought too abusive.

"Mrs. Shirley Brooks will write to you about Cambridge."

"dear & Honour'd sir, bein a Frend of pore Jno arison wich you scentense 2 7 ears of Penile Serertude as is ard lions wen it were only robbing of a Van Demon, i write to hope as you injoy yourself at deep wich i have herd is a Gay plaice much infested with French persons and Seeing by daily news as you bin upon the Bench of justis(?) writ to say i also ham in town not at my own ouse, no not for Joseph, a line at bar of Bedford public will retch yours respectfully

brooks."

MAY, 1866.

*May 4th.*—Did the domestic business—that is I helped my children to sow flower seeds in their respective garden plots, and afterwards walked with them to Bushy Park to see the Militia drill. In the evening dined with the Mess of the 3rd Surrey at the *Griffin* Hotel: they are a pleasant set of fellows.

*May 11th.*—We started by 7.40 a.m. train for Cambridge, taking with us Nellie and Miss Lethbridge (her governess), a very nice lady-like girl. We caught the train at King's Cross at 9 and reached Alma Mater at 10.40. Hardy<sup>1</sup> had engaged rooms for us at the University Arms, Parker's Piece, a pleasant, airy situation, and very comfortable, homely quarters. The Cotter Morisons and Mrs. Shirley Brooks joined us in the afternoon, and we all dined with Hardy at his rooms in Sidney. He gave us one of the very best dinners it was ever my good fortune to enjoy. Arriving, as we did, so early, of course we got through a great deal of sight seeing, in spite of the rain. Amongst other things we had ices at Litchfield's. Old Litchfield is gathered to his fathers, but Mrs. L. looks much the same, only grey-haired and in a widow's cap. All Saints' Church has been entirely removed. Clement's shop is obliterated, and on its site is the Hostel erected by old Whewell and presented by him to the College. The

<sup>1</sup> F. J. Hardy, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. A very amusing and genial man, much liked by the Hardmans.



Johnians are building one of the most perfect and beautiful chapels I ever saw : it will be one of the lions of Cambridge when completed.<sup>1</sup> We called on Harry Verdon (the Hon. George's brother), who is now an undergraduate of Jesus and a very agreeable gentlemanly young fellow.<sup>2</sup> We also left a card on Shephard, my tenant in 27, Gordon Street, who has gone to the same College as a fellow commoner.

*May 12th, Saturday.*—I again acted as showman to my friends. We dined early, in order to go down to see the Boat Races in the evening from the meadow beyond the *Plough*. In the evening we all supped with Hardy. I left a card on the new Master of Trinity, Thompson.

*May 13th, Sunday.*—Began my religious duties by taking Nellie and Miss Lethbridge to Morning Chapel at Trinity at 8 a.m. After breakfast, Shephard came to take us to Jesus Chapel. I and Mary Anne went. This chapel has been most beautifully restored, and the choir is excellent. The only drawback to my enjoyment was a very twaddling low-church sermon preached by old Corrie, the Master of Jesus. During my absence a very kind note came from the Master of Trinity asking me to come and take coffee with him after chapel in the evening. At 3.15 we all went to King's, which *rather* astonished our Oxford friends. Shirley Brooks arrived to-day at 2 p.m. In the evening I went of course to the Master's,<sup>3</sup> and had a very amusing chat.

<sup>1</sup> It was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott in the ornately decorated style, and opened in 1869.

<sup>2</sup> Sons of the Rev. Edward Verdon, of St. Anne's, Tottington, Bury, Lancashire. The elder son, George, became a Minister of the Crown in Melbourne, 1860. See later page 191.

<sup>3</sup> See ante page 115.

There were ladies present, else we should have had a cigar.<sup>1</sup> I think he is rather less of a don than when he was simply Fellow and Tutor. Certainly I must not forget that I have grown older, and there is not the same difference between us that there used to be. He told me that he had settled what had long been a doubtful point—namely whether Dr. Whewell did or did not smoke. There is now no doubt that he *did*: he used always to smoke a cigar before going to bed, besides one frequently in the middle of the day; his private study is most powerfully flavoured with tobacco. Thompson has not yet taken possession of the Lodge, but is in his rooms in the Clock Staircase by the chapel. He has a great taste for curious engravings and photographs, of both of which he has a good collection. Altogether I passed a very pleasant evening.

*May 14th, Monday.*—We all started at 10.5 for Ely, where we did the Cathedral, ascending to the top of the tower, a work of labour for an Alpine Club man out of training. We got back to Cambridge by the 12.50 train easily, for, as you know, there is nothing to be seen at Ely but the Cathedral. On our return, Morison went to lunch with Verdon, and got that excellent youth into a slight scrape. He took Morison to see their chapel, and they explored the nuns' gallery, which resulted in much whitening of coats. The Chapel Clerk was busy brushing Morison's coat close by the door in the ante-chapel as they were leaving the "sacred edifice," and Morison had put on his hat, when Morgan, the Dean of Jesus (a most

<sup>1</sup> Smoking was still regarded as an audacious philistia proceeding even for men.

disagreeable man), entered without his academical costume, so that St. Bernard<sup>1</sup> did not know who he was. He looked Morison up and down very insolently and ended by asking him what he meant by keeping his hat on in such a place. Morison, who is decidedly peppery and not easily abashed, looked at him with head on one side, like an amiable cock-sparrow, and replied by another question: "Who the deuce are you? Do you take yourself to be the Holy Ghost?" and straightway left the place. Morgan was in a towering rage, and sent afterwards for poor Verdon, pitching into him fearfully for consorting with a man of sin who was capable of uttering such impiety. Of course Verdon explained that Morison was a M.A. of Oxford, a friend of friends of his, and a man much his senior, for whose sayings and doings he could in no way be held responsible. The Dean was not to be pacified, but said if he saw Morison in that chapel again he should order him to be turned out. Hardy, who knows the Dean, promised to have a good chaff with him about the strange question put to him by the unholy Oxford man! In the evening we all dined with Hardy again, and had, if possible, a more *recherché* dinner than before. Hardy is an excellent host, and contributed immensely to our enjoyment of our visit.

*May 15th, Tuesday.*—Concluded our sight-seeing, which the size and scattered nature of our party had somewhat prolonged. I had to visit the same places several times. Morison and his wife went on to

<sup>1</sup> Cotter Morison was nick-named so after the publication of his book, *The Life and Times of St. Bernard*, in 1863.

Peterborough and Norwich, but we and the Brookses returned to town by the 1.50 train. We had a dinner engagement that evening at Captain Mackinnon's at Ham.<sup>1</sup> The Captain is M.P. for Rye (Liberal) and has just come off with flying colours in an election petition. He is one of our magistrates, but attends seldom. His wife is a Lancashire woman, with whom I have many topics in common. There were two M.P.'s present at the dinner, and we were all, including Mrs. Mackinnon, strong Conservatives, except our host. The result was that we roasted him considerably. The dinner contrasted most unfavourably with those we had been used to at Cambridge, being old-fashioned, the wine also was strong and sweet. Only fancy having nothing but dark sweet sherry, and no hock or other light wine. Of course I except champagne, which was like the rest, sweet. Our taste has been so cultivated to admire dry wines, that we cannot relish the old style now-a-days.

*May 16th.*—The Derby Day. I did not go, for I don't care for that sort of thing. The day was very cold and bleak, but I believe the race was a good one, the favourite, "Lord Lyon," winning by a short neck.

*May 19th, Saturday.*—Started with wife by 8.40 a.m. train to town, caught 10.5 train from Charing Cross to Gravesend, where we arove at 11.20. Our object was to spend a jolly day on board James Virtue's

<sup>1</sup> Captain Lauchlan Mackinnon, R.N., lived at Ormeley Lodge, Ham Common, a house in later years occupied by the late Lord Sudeley. He was the son of William Alexander Mackinnon (1789-1870), of No. 4, Hyde Park Place, M.P. for Dunwich, 1830-1831; Lymington, 1831-1852; Rye, 1853, 1857, 1859-1865; whose two daughters, Emma and Louisa Harriet, married respectively the Duc de Gramont and the eleventh Earl of Dundonald.

yacht *Czarina*, 210 tons. It was the opening day of the Thames Yacht Club. The Shirley Brooks and Cotter Morisons were there—in fact, we had all come down together from Charing Cross—and there were a lot of others. The wind was due East,<sup>1</sup> as it has been for the last fortnight, and we had to be towed down by a tug to Southend, intending to sail back again. When we came up from our hilarious luncheon down below, we found the wind was dropping as afternoon advanced, and the tide was running out. The rapid tide nearly counteracted the influence of the wind, and our progress was lessening surely though slowly, until we were not making half a mile an hour. The sun approached the horizon, and set a ball of fire. Very fine, no doubt, but we were wondering what time we should be at home. Hurrah! the steamer that towed us out now overtook us, and the Captain offered his services for a bottle of wine or something of that sort. J. Virtue

<sup>1</sup> Three days before the expedition Shirley Brooks had written to Mrs. Hardman: "Earnestly do I hope that this wind which is due East (I would say Jew East) will subside before Saturday, or we shall all be laid to repose in Gravesend Cemetery—not the most brilliant hope at the end of the vista of life."

In another letter after the trip to Gravesend, Shirley Brooks continued: "I have vowed never again to go without a dinner at 2 because, being in a yot, I may get to another at 7. Would I had been wiser. I was—excuse the word—awful 'seedy' all Sunday, but my sufferings were nothing to my wife's. She retained the pain in all its keenness till Wednesday, and has been ill ever since, but the change of temperature will set her right.

"The rain last night was delicious. I came home in it, and stretched out my hands exultingly. The Park flowers seemed to share my feelings. To-day is soft and delightful.

"Dining at Nordell's on Thursday, I sat next young Mrs. Morley (Maria Nordell) sister-in-law to your friend, of whom she spoke most affectionately. As in the first family on earth the brothers are differently made. Cain is in India. Remember me to Abel when you see him, please.

"I hear the Flower Show is a thing which nobody will ever forgive himself for missing. People do not know my forgiving disposition who say so to me. I have not been, but I suppose I shall be took."

accepts, and we are soon alongside Gravesend. As it was, we only caught the 8.40 train to town, and M. A. and I did not reach home until past eleven o'clock. This was a very fair day's work, and I think there was some little indisposition to leave bed next morning.

*May 20th, Sunday.*—Captain Speer came and stayed dinner. Speer is a capital fellow, whom I have mentioned to you before. He has explored unknown regions in the Himalayas, and has visited Turkestan, Cashmir, Chinese Tartary, etc. He has crossed mountain passes more than 18,000 feet in height: he has fought many a hand to hand fight with man and beast, and has given a good account of both. He volunteered in the Indian Mutiny and did much good service. Last year he volunteered to go into Bhootan when we had a small war there, and was smitten with a severe intermittent fever, which necessitated his return home, and from which he has not yet recovered entirely. He has slain rhinoceroses, black and grizzly bears, alligators, tigers, besides all sorts of deer, antelopes, *et hoc genus omne*, and he has many a good story to relate.

He mastered the rudiments of physic and surgery before starting, and was called in on one occasion to cure the favourite wife of a native chieftain. Said native chieftain made his wife strip in order that he might feel the position of a severe pain which she had in her belly. The lady was possessed of no small personal attractions, and Speer's condition may be better imagined than described. However, he administered a strong dose of laudanum and brandy, and dismissed the couple. Next morning the

chieftain came in ecstasies to his tent, protesting that his wife was perfectly well and that he had never passed such a glorious night with her before ! He also asked to be allowed to make Speer a present, and later in the day arrived with a magnificent grizzly bear which was said to be tame. This brute commenced proceedings by rushing at Speer open-armed and open-mouthed. Speer had no weapon handy, so he took up the camp chair on which he was sitting and smashed it on the bear's head. This had a very salutary effect on Bruin's mind, and he immediately acknowledged the superiority of his new master, remaining henceforth his faithful and humble servant, sleeping with him in his tent, his favourite resting place being under his master's bed. This often caused Speer a disturbed night, for Bruin would frequently capsize both bed and occupant. Speer afterwards gave him to the Mess of a regiment quartered somewhere in the hills. With such like stories as this, Speer can amuse a listener for hours, and he has a dry, quaint way of telling these things with twinkling eyes and roars of laughter.

This day (the 25th) I have been over to lunch with him, and have seen his splendid collection of arms, horns, skins, tusks, shawls, dresses, etc., about most of which he has a story to tell. "These are the boots of a Chinese Mandarin who headed a party which attempted to stop us in Chinese Tartary"—and then follows a humorously graphic account of the fight. I ask him what happened to the Mandarin, and with a twinkle of the eyes he says, "I have his boots you see, and I was very much in want of a pair at that time." I believe the said Mandarin never recovered

a severe crack on the back of the skull from a tent-pole. Speer is a great master of the fistic art, and he tells me that he gained more respect from his power of delivering a well-directed blow with his fist than from his skill with sword or gun. The natives could not understand how it was done.



THESE are lively times in the old country. The Government was defeated in a house of no less than 619 members by a majority of *eleven* on the question of ratable or rental value in the proposed £7 franchise, the Ministry standing on the *rental* value. I suppose they will resign; there is no other course open to them in consequence of Gladstone's perversity. He showed his irritation at the beginning of the debate last night by resisting stubbornly a call to order on a point in which he was clearly in the wrong, viz. his right to make a speech on a clause before any amendment to it was moved.<sup>1</sup> It was well known at an early hour that Ministers were almost certain to be defeated, but no one anticipated that they would be so much in the minority.

Lord Dunkellin, eldest son of the Marquis of Clanricarde, and Liberal Member for Galway, a man of our age,<sup>2</sup> moved the fatal amendment, which was

<sup>1</sup> This point is not mentioned by John Morley in his *Life of Gladstone*, but he quotes Gladstone as saying, "With the cheering of the adversary there was shouting, violent flourishing of hats, and other manifestations which I think novel and inappropriate."

<sup>2</sup> Lord Dunkellin (1827-1867), Colonel Coldstream Guards, elder son of the first Marquis of Clanricarde (1802-1874), was, through his mother, a grandson of Canning. He only survived his triumph over Gladstone a year, for he died in 1867 at the early age of forty. Like his father and brother he represented a passing type of peer—men of the time when hard drinking was in fashion. He died from the effects of gout, though Labouchere, in macabre mood, claimed that he was responsible for Dunkellin's death by giving him three helpings of fine turtle soup at a dinner at Richmond. Mr. T. P. O'Connor relates that when the doctor

seconded by Mr. Cave. If Sir R. Peel may be believed, Mr. Gladstone spoke with an excited and irritated manner, and behaved as usual with his usual absence of conciliation. The fact is, he is much too irritable a man to be the leader of his party, and the opposition takes every opportunity of badgering him. Mr. Bright defended his ally from the attacks of Sir Robert Peel<sup>1</sup> and decried Lord Dunkellin's interference as an Irishman with English politics. It is superfluous to add that the excitement, when the tellers announced the numbers, was immense. The Strangers' Gallery forgot its propriety and joined in the shouting and waving of hats. Nobody likes the Bill, and everybody with anything to lose is heartily glad to see it burked. The House all along has been lukewarm, nay cold, as to its success or failure.

It is very awkward just now, with war breaking out on the Continent<sup>2</sup> and our Ministry (as I suppose) in the very act of resignation, that the Queen should be at Balmoral. There is no doubt that Her Majesty is not adding to her popularity. She seems to be very difficult to manage, and will insist on being away from the vicinity of headquarters when her

announced the near approach of death, Lord Dunkellin "asked simply how many hours he had to live, and then directed his valet to wind up the musical-box that stood in his room to such allotted length of moments as were still left to him in this world ; to the notes of the instrument, he went off in true Pagan fashion to the beyond."

Lord Dunkellin's younger brother, Hubert (1832-1916), succeeded as second Marquis of Clanricarde, and was the notorious and parsimonious absentee Irish landlord whose great fortune was bequeathed to his grand-nephew, Viscount Lascelles.

<sup>1</sup> The third baronet (1822-1895), son of the famous statesman.

<sup>2</sup> Between Prussia and Austria, with the result that the latter country was effectually defeated by Moltke at the battle of Sadowa.

presence is of the greatest importance. At the beginning of the session when the suspension of Habeas Corpus in Ireland was carried she was down at Osborne, and, as you know, the Speaker had to sit past midnight on Saturday and encroach on the Sabbath morn in order to receive the Bill with the Royal Assent. She is in my opinion, and to my deep regret, injuring the prestige of the Crown.

As to the War, it has commenced, and who shall predict when and whom it will end. No doubt the French Emperor will throw his sword into the scale when the combatants are weary and make his own terms. My sympathies are with Austria, and I should like to see the Prussians "jolly well licked," as we used to say at school. At the same time I want Italy to have Venetia.<sup>1</sup> The following plan is openly advocated in Paris—Prussia to take the Elbe Duchies and any of the small German states she may conquer, Austria to take Silesia, and Venetia to be given up to Italy in exchange. As to the Rhine and Belgium, the French politicians are discreetly silent, but there can be no doubt as to their fate.

*June 20th.*—The Ministers have tendered their resignation, and I suppose the Queen will accept it, but nothing is known as she is so far away. *The Times* says: "Her Majesty, without whom nothing can be done, and who has both to accept the resignations and fill the vacancies, is now discharging the functions of Royalty at Balmoral, near six hundred miles from Westminster. All that could be done last night was to announce the general standstill and

<sup>1</sup> At the end of the war Venice passed to Italy by treaty, but Rome remained under the rule of the Pope.

promise more definite explanations in a few days, when letters and answers, if not Ministers outgoing and incoming, shall have had time to traverse the island to and fro. Unless Her Majesty should further shorten the very short stay she intended to make in Scotland, two successive Cabinets will have to visit the Highlands within ten or twelve days, at what loss and inconvenience to the public service it is frightful to think."

This is putting in *mild* form what everybody thinks. I have had Mr. Ross, the well-known chief of *The Times* staff in the Houses of Parliament, here to-day. He is one of the most violent Tories of the old school, and of course is in ecstasies at the result of the division. He assures me that there can be no doubt that Gladstone has ruined his prospects as the future Leader of the Liberal Party, having shown himself utterly wanting in temper and judgment. Another man was here to-day who dined with Earl Grosvenor<sup>1</sup> a short time back, and he said that Grosvenor and other important men of the Liberal Party did not hesitate to express their determination to be rid of Gladstone, he having identified himself so entirely with Bright and Milner Gibson<sup>2</sup> and the Radicals. The result which I foretold in a previous letter is thus rapidly working itself out, and there will surely be an entirely new division of parties, the moderates combining against the extreme Radical

<sup>1</sup> Hugh Lupus Grosvenor (1825-1899), succeeded as third Marquis of Westminster, 1870. Created Duke of Westminster, 1874.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Milner Gibson (1806-1884). Originally Conservative M.P. for Ipswich, 1837-1839. Resigned owing to his change of political faith, and became Liberal M.P. for Manchester, 1841, and for Ashton-under-Lyne, 1857-1868. President of the Board of Trade, 1859-1866.

section. The Ministry, under Gladstone's guidance, have committed a deliberate act of political suicide.

*June 26th.*—Last night we dined at Wimbledon. There was a Major Phillips present to whom I made a very awkward remark, and quite unintentionally hit him home. He took every opportunity of dragging in religious subjects, and when the ladies had left he bored me intensely by attacking Church Rates. He spoke in such a way that I concluded that he was a churchman who, from some conscientious scruples or dyspepsia or some other cause, had worked himself into a belief that Dissenters were injured by being obliged to pay rates. So I addressed him in the following terms: "It is entirely of their own option that they are Dissenters. The Church provides religious teaching, schools, and an abundant machinery to meet their wants, but it is their own affair if they choose to erect their own little tub-thumping shops, and they may thump their respective tubs to their hearts' content, but they have no right to complain against the Church." Only imagine my horror when the Major calmly informed me that he himself was a Dissenter and that he had a tub-thumping shop of his own, to wit the "Iron Room" at Wimbledon. The whole party had heard my remarks, so I could only say that I was not aware that the Major was a Dissenter, and that if I had known it I should have abstained from discussing such a question with him at all, and especially in such an inappropriate place. So I had the best of it.

JULY, 1866.

THERE is at present in Norbiton a matter for great excitement in which I and Mary Anne are the prime movers. Certain copies of *The Surrey Comet* will put you in possession of all the facts, "The Story of the Norbiton Clock and Chimes, and how they got into Chancery." Suffice it to say a clock (to which I subscribed) was put up in the tower of Norbiton Church, which unhappily is within about one hundred yards of this house, and with this clock were put up certain quarter bells presented by our opposite neighbour and almost namesake (Mr. William Harmer). Now I hate quarter chimes, and anything else that makes a needless row especially at night. In addition, Mary Anne has been very seriously ill, and this damned clanging entirely kept away all sleep from her eyes. The chimes got to work on the 10th of May. I got the clergyman to muffle them on the 29th, and they remained silent for more than a fortnight until M.A. was sufficiently well to go to the seaside. The moment she left they set them going again, but on her return, driven home by stress of weather (for it was in a chronic state of hurricane), she had to struggle against this accursed and most useless clanging. From Monday to Friday she strove hard to get to sleep, but on the latter day she gave way utterly. Our medical attendant went to Parson and Churchwardens, and I went to two of them, but to no purpose: they refused to stop the

noise. I had no resource but the Court of Chancery, so I filed a bill, and obtained an interim injunction,<sup>1</sup> to the intense disgust and amazement of my opponents. They stopped even the church bell for service during two Sundays, partly as I believe to create a grievance and partly because they were badly advised that the terms of the injunction included the said bell. Of course this business has caused no little excitement and all the neighbourhood is in a ferment. The respectabilities are with me, but the more snobbish set side with the venerable low-churchman,<sup>2</sup> who hurls damnation at Roman Catholics in Norbiton every Sunday. I hate being at war with my neighbours, but I am not the man to let them bully me, and I will fight to the last if I am put to it. *Jam satis*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hardman's leading counsel in this case was Mr. Bacon, Q.C., presumably the barrister of that name who took silk in 1846—Sir James Bacon (1798-1895), later Chief Judge in Bankruptcy, 1869-1883, who was knighted in 1871, and became a Privy Councillor in 1886. His case in the Norbiton Bell application was that Mrs. Hardman was suffering from acute rheumatism and extreme nervous excitement; consequently, as the quarters of the hour were chimed by two bells of the church clock, it was impossible for any invalid to obtain sleep. There were many witnesses for both sides. Doctors and nurses and Dr. Liveing, of Harley Street, gave evidence on Mrs. Hardman's behalf; also Frederic Chapman, the publisher, who testified to the annoyance caused by the chimes to those who lived near. Mr. Chapman was described as of Kingston Lodge, Norbiton: this was George Meredith's house at the date in question, but was rented furnished by Frederic Chapman during Meredith's absence abroad as War Correspondent of *The Morning Post*.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Robert Holberton. At one time Archdeacon of Antigua. See later page 190.

<sup>3</sup> Shirley Brooks wrote to Hardman on July the 9th, 1866:

"I wish you all success in your crusade against the bells. Rabelais is supposed to have meant England by the 'Ringing Island,' and the mad love of making a damned row has always been upon us. I sincerely hope that you will win, but if not, I trust that you will turn Nonconformist, and teach Nellie and Ethel the Assembly's Catechism. Let me know the result, as I may be able to 'avenge you on your adversary' to a certain extent.

The "musical" adjuncts of Norbiton Church can claim the unenviable distinction of being a main cause for George Meredith's resolve to leave Kingston Lodge, with the result that he removed to Box Hill in 1867 and established there a literary shrine for all time. Before Hardman had himself fallen out with the Vicar of Norbiton concerning the church clock, he received from his friend Meredith an amusing letter protesting against the too audible church organ :

"DEAR SIR,—Am I to be damned to all eternity because I curse at a vile organ now afflicting me with the tune of 'Jack Robinson,' presently to be followed by the 100th Psalm, and the simulation of the groans of a sinner.

"Perhaps you will put this before your reverend friend. But you are not to be damned in the present for permitting the infliction, and not at least commanding a fresh importation of organs into Kingston, and the exit of the old.

"This is a matter for you to reflect upon. I am, dear Sir, even as a chestnut on the hob, your bursting

"AUTHOR."

"Mrs. Brooks was at the Dramatic Fête with Reginald. I don't like the affair. The crowd was so great that nobody seems to have met anybody, but at last they fell in with some Ethiopians, who administered strawberries and champagne, a very proper way for 'Ethiopia' to 'stretch forth her hands unto the'—ladies.

"Rather a cackling man, whom I know of, had the discretion to ask Lord Derby 'what they meant to do?' 'Well, I'll tell you. We've resolved on one thing—that we'll be damned if we'll tell you.'

"Sir W. Russell, for the first time, in to-day's *Times*. How well he writes, even when he has nothing to say. The military man, who is with the Prussians, also does his work well—Captain Hosier. *The Standard's* War Correspondents are helpless Cockney idiots who can talk of nothing but their own discomforts.

"The ink is so damnably thick that it makes me savage—will nobody invent some good ink? I am trying to dodge it with a steel pen, which totally destroys the character of one's writing. Also I am very hot."



Bellew <sup>1</sup> always laughs at me, and asserts that if there is anything particularly funny in a judicial way, it always falls to my lot to have it before me. . . . Sometimes I am more fortunate in having cases which are purely Pantagruelian. As in the instance of an old woman who, being overtaken by much beer and gin and a heavy thunderstorm, annexed an umbrella from the public house whence she had been ejected, and after ringing violently several times at the bell of a ladies' school, but without any result, sat down in the gutter, and turning all her clothes over her head, hoisted the purloined gingham and went fast to sleep. In this ridiculously indelicate position she was found at daybreak by a policeman. The old party assured me that the peeler had much exaggerated her acts, and was beginning to exhibit to me the way in which her clothes had been turned up, when I hurriedly and with sternness forbade her doing anything of the kind.

I was put in a beastly funk the other day by a woman. I had travelled towards town as far as Wandsworth in a compartment to myself when a female got in ; she had her hair in short curls and wore no gloves. She first of all sat in the opposite seat, then she moved to the opposite corner, then to the middle, three seats in as many minutes ! I began to speculate as to where she would sit next—perhaps on my knee, and then would charge me with an indecent assault. Happily she got out at the next station, Clapham Junction, but my mind was not at ease, for she stood outside the carriage door and just

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. J. M. Bellew, at this date still minister of Bedford Chapel.

as the train started, got into the next compartment. Perhaps she was relating to her new companion how she had been grossly insulted by a lewd gent in the place she had just left. I assure you I was "much exercised" (as the Methodists have it) by this little adventure. These unfounded charges of indecent assault have been very common of late, and I have determined to object in future to the entry of any unprotected female into a carriage where I may be alone.

This month of July has been exceptionally fine and warm. My thermometer has several times registered as high as 88° in the shade, and there has been no rain here for eighteen days—rather unusual in July, which is mostly a wet month. The cholera has broken out in various places, notably in Liverpool and Southampton. A few cases have occurred in London, and I have heard of two or three in this neighbourhood.

The Conservative Government has now got fairly to work and of course is safe until next session at any rate. The present session is to be prorogued on August 4th. Several new peers have been created, Bulwer Lytton<sup>1</sup> is made Baron Lytton of Knebworth, and Sir William Jolliffe is changed to Baron Hylton. The Irish appointments have, as usual, caused a difficulty. I say "as usual" because those Irish are always troublesome. Bernal Osborne had the temerity to attack Disraeli about these Irish appointments the other night, and was considerably sat upon by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer.

<sup>1</sup> The novelist. He had been Colonial Secretary, 1858-1859, in the short-lived Conservative Government of Lord Derby.

Bernal Osborne<sup>1</sup> first blamed his opponent for not making Mr. Brewster Lord Chancellor of Ireland. To this Disraeli replied that he wondered, after hearing such high and well deserved praise of Mr. Brewster, that the Liberals had not made him Lord Chancellor. B. O. also blamed him for making Mr. Blackburne Chancellor, as that gentleman is too old. Dizzy pointed out that Mr. Blackburne<sup>2</sup> had been appointed a Judge of Appeal by the late Government and in that capacity he had performed the duty of revising the decisions of the Lord Chancellor, consequently he was surely fit to discharge duties which he was competent to revise. As to the loan to Irish Railways about which Mr. Osborne complained, Mr. Disraeli said he remembered Mr. Osborne having badgered him very similarly eight years ago, when he was "member for some other town, for really he has been an almost *universal representative*." Mr. Osborne was thus successfully bowled out, and will be known henceforth as "the

<sup>1</sup> Ralph Bernal Osborne (1808-1882) was Liberal M.P. for Chipping Wycombe, 1841; for Middlesex, 1847, 1852; for Dover, 1857-1859; for Liskeard, 1859-1865; for Nottingham, 1866-1868; for Waterford, 1869-1874. He had been Secretary to the Admiralty, 1852-1858. He married the daughter of Sir Thomas Osborne, and assumed that name in 1844, for he was the son of Ralph Bernal, M.P., the archæologist, whose famous Art Collections were sold for £71,000 in 1854, the year following his death. Second only in interest to Horace Walpole's treasures at Strawberry Hill, the Catalogue of the Bernal Collection, with illustrations and prices, was reprinted in the *Pottery and Porcelain* volume of Bohn's Illustrated Library, 1857. Bernal Osborne in *Men of the Time* was described as "well known in Parliament by his frequent criticisms on public men and manners, characterised as much by lively sallies of wit as by a keen spirit of sarcasm." His daughter, Grace, married the tenth Duke of St. Albans in 1874, and died in 1926.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Blackburne (1782-1867) had been Lord Chancellor of Ireland previously, 1852. His second term of office was equally short, for he resigned the same year, 1866. His rival, Abraham Brewster (1796-1874), became Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1867.

universal representative.” Mr. Bernal Osborne has changed his seat more than any other member of the House of Commons. Dizzy also sat upon Stuart Mill in the matter of Jamaica and Governor Eyre.<sup>1</sup>

The present session of Parliament is perhaps the most unproductive one that has ever been. A futile effort to pass a Reform Bill has wasted all their time and energies. The change of Ministry has caused the withdrawal of a lot of other bills, and nothing remains of the work of the session but the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in Ireland and the passing of the Cattle Plague Act, a measure involving great trouble, but undoubtedly productive of good.

The Continental news has been most exciting. In a week the Prussians have licked Austria into a cocked hat. This is the exact chronology. The vote of the Diet against Prussia on June 16th or 18th set the war going. Dresden was occupied about the 20th. The first blood was drawn on the 29th, and on the 5th July the *Moniteur* announced that Venetia had been ceded to France, the Emperor being asked to act as mediator. Austria had in that short time been defeated in three engagements and one pitched battle on an enormous scale. Bismarck (the Lord confound him!) was triumphant and Benedek's<sup>2</sup> reputation scattered to the winds. Venetia was free. Prussia had become the first military power in Europe, and the “needle gun”<sup>3</sup> was being ordered in

<sup>1</sup> See ante, page 80.

<sup>2</sup> Louis von Benedek (born in 1804), the Austrian Commander-in-Chief, had distinguished himself in the campaigns of 1848 and 1849, and at Solferino: but after the disaster of Sadowa he was superseded by the Archduke Albert.

<sup>3</sup> A rifle loaded at the breech, the cartridge being exploded by the impact of a needle or spike at its base.

hundreds of thousands by all the nations of Europe. The Seven Days' War will henceforth take the place of the Ten Years' War. If things are to proceed at this speed, Commissariat will become a secondary consideration, and there will be no time to lose men otherwise than in the field—I mean by starvation and disease.

The cession of Venetia to France is made in order that the Emperor may act as stake holder and may hand it back again to Austria if Peace is not the result of the manœuvre.

The lesson to be learnt in this way has not been thrown away on the new Ministry, for General Peel ordered 150,000 breech-loaders as his first official act after being made Minister of War. These breech-loaders are I believe on a principle superior to that of the Prussian needle-gun. They are known as the Snider rifle.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein<sup>1</sup> has married our Princess Helena after all. The Queen seems to be quite infatuated about him, she has created him a Royal Highness, a Major General in the Army (happily without a regiment), a Knight of the Garter, and it is thought to be not improbable that she will insist on giving him the next Bishopric which falls vacant. The Prince of Wales declined to give the bride away, so the Queen did it herself.

This marriage was very unpopular in England, mainly owing to the report that the bridegroom

<sup>1</sup> Prince Christian (1831-1917) was a younger son of the Duke Christian Charles Frederick who ceded the Duchy of Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark, and a brother of the Duke of Augustenburg—Duke Frederick, whose claims to his patrimony were made the excuse for the Prussian War upon Denmark in 1864. See the second volume of this work, p. 133 and later.

already had a morganatic wife in Germany, where he was an impoverished officer in the Prussian Army. Further, he was fifteen years older than his royal bride of twenty, and already he had the aspect of an elderly man. "He is almost bald," the Crown Princess of Prussia wrote to her mother, Queen Victoria, in 1865: "He is the best creature in the world, not as clever as Fritz (his brother), but certainly not wanting in any way. . . . Christian is very fond of children and speaks English." Queen Victoria was delighted with him when they met, and chose him as her next son-in-law without consulting the destined bride: "He is extremely pleasing, gentleman-like, quiet, and distinguished. Lenchen (who knows nothing as yet) has of her own accord told me how amiable and pleasing and agreeable she thought him."

In addition to the honours showered upon Prince Christian, the Queen gave him a great deal of money (a dower of £30,000, and £6,000 a year were granted to his wife by Parliament); Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, and Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, were assigned as residences; and much military pomp and salutes by the Queen's command attended the bridegroom. *The Pall Mall Gazette* observed: "H.S.H. must be rather astonished at the pinnacle on which his betrothal to Princess Helena has put him. In their own country Serene Highnesses mostly travel about in second class carriages and smoke cheap cigars. Here they put in motion generals, admirals, troops, and paragraphs when he moves." And *Punch* made an impertinent allusion to the announcement that "none of Prince Christian's male relatives were able to attend the wedding ceremony" with the supposition that their impecuniosity was the reason for their absence:

“Considering what the bride’s brother (the Prince of Wales) had done for Mr. Poole (the tailor) we should have thought that he might have made this possible, even at three months.”

The dislike entertained by the Prince of Wales for his new brother-in-law, and the consequent anger of the Queen, duly provided material for the satirists. It was written in *The Siliad*—in the scene where the Queen lectures her eldest son :

“You help to fill your mother’s heart with woe.  
You do not, Guelphos, ’tis a great mistake,  
Enough of our dear German cousins make ;  
You seem to think these relatives intrude,  
And to dear Christian you, I fear, are rude.  
This is not right ; I love the German race,—  
Were not its features stamped on Albert’s face ?  
I like the Teutons round me ; one, you know,  
Commands my royal yacht where’er I go ;  
Another, my brigade of Guards commands ;  
I could not trust these troops in English hands ;  
The ranger of our noblest park’s a third,—  
I have to him but recently referred.  
In short I like them, and if you would do  
My pleasure, Guelphos, you must like them too.  
Another thing that gives me much distress  
Is your expensive, growing lavishness.  
I wish you’d try your brother Alfred’s plan,  
For then you’d be a much more wealthy man.”  
“Upon my honour, Ma ” (Guelphos broke in),  
“That is not fair to talk about the tin ;  
Remember, if you please, I have to do  
A heap of things that should be done by you.  
You choose to live an almost hermit life,  
Shut off from Royal state, and show and strife ;  
Which means that I must, to a like degree,  
Come out, and quite a proxy monarch be.  
Hence, ’tis not fair of you at all, I’m sure,

To come down hard on my expenditure.  
As to the Germans, much your son regrets  
He ne'er can make them his especial pets ;  
And as we don't seem likely to agree,  
Suppose we have some music or some tea ? ”

In the later years of Queen Victoria, Prince Christian was Lord of Windsor, both of the Park and the Castle. Lord Ribblesdale, in his *Impressions and Memories*, referring to the Royal Household table, relates :

“ The wine was superlative. Prince Christian, who dined constantly at Windsor, and was a gourmet of experience and education in English, German, and French cooking, often called my attention to particular vintages and to particular dishes which might otherwise have escaped my uninformed attention. Cooks of the three nationalities were in charge of our digestions and appetites.”

Apropos of “ Wales,” that portly and thoroughly jolly young Englishman was nearly killed the other day. He was riding in Rotten Row with a party of ladies when a gentleman, whose horse had got the better of him, rode furiously down upon the Prince, came against him like a catapult, and bowled over both horse and rider. His Royal Highness bit the dust, in fact his horse rolled over him, but, strange to say, he was not injured. He sat down on a seat, while the bystanders caught his horse, and then he rejoined his party a little towzled and dusty, but not much the worse. The wild horseman escaped without recognition, but called the following morning at Marlborough House to make known his name and apologies. The Prince, hearing he was



with his secretary, entered the room and begged the gentleman (who is of good family) not to think any more of it, as no harm had, fortunately, been done, but he recommended him to be more careful about the horses he rode for the future. Report said the Prince asked the young man to lunch, but I am assured that he did nothing of the kind. He was polite, dignified, and at the same time serious as to the risk he had run.

On Monday night London was the scene of the devil of a row. Those infernal compounds of knaves and fools, the Reformers,<sup>1</sup> had determined in spite of remonstrance from Sir Richard Mayne to hold an open air meeting in Hyde Park. The mob considered they had a right to hold meetings in the Park, and the Police were under orders to prevent it. It is not a political question, this question of right, as you know, and Sir George Grey is unanimous with Mr. Walpole.<sup>2</sup> However, there was a regular shindy, the rails of the Park were torn down, showers of stones and brick-bats were scattered in all directions, truncheons were freely used, horse and foot guards were called out, but did not shoot or use any weapons. On Tuesday afternoon the row was continued, and more broken heads were the result. Unfortunately the weather is particularly fine and dry. The best thing to disperse a mob is heavy rain.

The railings torn down were on the north side of the Park. The Home Secretary informed the Queen: "Mr. Walpole hears that there was assembled between two and three thousand men,

<sup>1</sup> For the extension of the franchise.

<sup>2</sup> Spencer Walpole had just succeeded Sir George Grey as Home Secretary.

that they failed in procuring admission to the park through the gates, but that the iron railings and the stone-work in which those railings were fixed were so weak and insecure that some hundreds of yards of them were thrown down, and the mob by such means obtained an entrance into the Park. Sir Richard Mayne (the Police Commissioner) himself has been struck by a brick—cut on the face ; and unfortunately the new road furnished stones and other materials ready at hand for pelting the police. Several persons were struck by brick-bats, and Mr. Walpole is grieved to say that he has heard of one death. The Park is now quite clear. The mob in the streets were, generally speaking, good-tempered, but the windows in some houses have been broken. Lord Elcho's have been specifically mentioned."

The Earl of Dunraven relates in his *Past Times and Pastimes* : " The only military episode in my career in the Life Guards that I can recall is fighting in the battle of Hyde Park in 1866, when the Home Secretary, Spencer Walpole, closed the gates of the Park against a meeting of the Reform League. London was in a considerable turmoil. . . . The mob pulled down the railings and stormed the Park, and we were called out to quell the riot—' Piccadilly Butchers ' they called us, I know not why. . . . A mob funks cavalry ; and we achieved an easy victory."

Gladstone was the hero of the mob at this date, and found himself compared to Wilkes and Lord George Gordon : but he did not adopt the fiery tactics of the latter and lead attacks on the homes of the " Enemies of the People : " on the contrary, he declined to speak at the Reform demonstration in Hyde Park, and he was away when a crowd assembled outside his house in Carlton House

Terrace shouting for "Gladstone and Liberty." But at the request of the police, Mrs. Gladstone appeared on the balcony, and the crowd then dispersed.

THERE is a fearful dearth of news at present. The only fact of interest is that a commodious and finely furnished smoking-room for the use of those members of the Royal Family who indulge in the weed has just been finished at Balmoral! The Queen<sup>1</sup> having thus given her sanction to smoking, the post-prandial dish of shag may now be regarded as the correct thing to indulge in.

Swinburne, of whom I have spoken to you before, has published a volume of *Poems and Ballads* which are first-rate, but the publisher, Moxon, has withdrawn the volume from circulation. I just succeeded in obtaining a copy.<sup>2</sup> . . . Truly this volume of Swinburne's is a strange medley. It contains some passages worthy to rank among the noblest in our language, while three parts of it are the foulest beastliness. Biting lips, lithe limbs, supple flanks, hair that stings or burns, and kisses—by Jove! it would be curious to count up the kisses in the book, for I am sure there are ten times as many in the 344 pages as there are in the same number of pages from the most erotic work ever before produced. Let Swinburne slide!

In these days when the withdrawal of a book, as for example *The Whispering Gallery* and *The Well*

<sup>1</sup> See the first volume of this work for some mention of the Queen's dislike of smoking, p. 231.

<sup>2</sup> Hardman here quotes several passages from *Poems and Ballads*.

of *Loneliness*, causes but a momentary sensation, it is of interest to recall the extraordinary excitement and uproar which attended the publication of Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*. The trouble commenced even before the book was on sale, for an advance review copy was sent to John Morley, and his very abusive article appeared in *The Saturday Review* of August the 4th, 1866, thereby creating that prejudiced conception of Swinburne which, as Sir Edmund Gosse truly observed, the poet suffered from until the end of his life. For Morley termed Swinburne "the libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs," "an unclean fiery imp from the pit," who had "revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy." This and other reviews in the same style alarmed the publisher, Moxon—that is to say the manager, Bertrand Payne, of the business, who curtly informed Swinburne on August the 5th that *Poems and Ballads* was withdrawn from sale. When D. G. Rossetti and Frederick Sandys, on the author's behalf, called at No. 44, Dover Street, they found "the publisher was distracted with terror of the Public Prosecutor, and desired nothing so much as to be rid of the poet and all his friends." Lord Lytton then took up the matter, receiving Swinburne as his guest at Knebworth for a week and arranging, through Joseph Knight, for the publication of his poems to be transferred from Moxon to John Camden Hotten, of 74, Piccadilly. Hotten paid Moxon £200 for what he believed to be all the existing copies of *Poems and Ballads*, but it transpires in Mr. T. J. Wise's *A Swinburne Library* that "a number of copies of the original issue were retained, perhaps inadvertently, by Messrs. Moxon and Co., and that at a date subsequent to the

transfer these were offered to selected customers as a scarce book at an enhanced price"—£1 1s., according to a letter on the subject from W. M. Rossetti to Swinburne.

On the appearance of Hotten's edition of *Poems and Ballads* the outcry broke out afresh, and a prosecution was demanded by John Malcolm Ludlow (one of the founders of the Christian Socialist Movement, and a friend of Charles Kingsley, F. D. Maurice, and Thomas Hughes), who, however, obtained but little encouragement from Ruskin when the puritan critics sought to enrol him as the leader of their campaign. Ruskin replied: "Swinburne is infinitely above me in all knowledge and power, and I should no more think of advising him or criticising him than of venturing to do it to Turner if he were alive again. . . . He is simply one of the mightiest scholars of his age in Europe. . . . In power of imagination and understanding he simply sweeps me away before him as a torrent does a pebble."

Swinburne, of course, had many supporters, including George Meredith, who had warned him beforehand that there might be trouble over *Poems and Ballads*. He wrote: "I am very eager for the poems . . . if they are not yet in the press, do be careful of getting your reputation firmly grounded: for I have heard 'low mutterings' already from the Lion of British Prudery; and I, who love your verse, would play savagely with a knife among the proofs for the sake of your fame; and because I want to see you take the first place, as you may if you will." And after Swinburne, in October, 1866, had published his reply to the criticisms of *Poems and Ballads* in the prose form of *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, Meredith wrote to him: "It would not have been my advice to you

to notice the reviewers ; but it's certainly better never to keep red-hot shot in store, and perhaps one broadside in reply does no harm. I wish rather that it had been done in verse. As for the hubbub, it will do you no harm, and you have partly deserved it ; and it has done the critical world good by making men look boldly at the restriction imposed upon art by our dominating damnable bourgeoisie."

There can be no doubt that the overwhelming noise and notoriety caused by *Poems and Ballads* changed and permanently affected Swinburne's nature. As Sir Edmund Gosse said : " It made him exacting and self-conscious. Up to this time he had lived the life of a wonderful child, depending, with great simplicity, on the affection of a narrow circle of friends. . . . But now he was thrown, with a sudden immense publicity, on the world in general, and exposed to the flatteries and the insults of a crowd of strangers. A legend sprang up about him, and the wildest stories passed from mouth to mouth, and even found expression in the press. . . . Algernon Swinburne in the winter of 1866 was simply the young man of almost fabulous genius, who had produced a sensation among lovers of poetry such as had not been approached since the youth of Tennyson." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See also pages 191-192.

## SEPTEMBER, 1866.

THE first thing that occurs to me to tell you is a very good joke against Huddleston, the Q.C.,<sup>1</sup> which has gone the round of the clubs this vacation time and caused no little amusement. J. W. Huddleston, Q.C., is member for Canterbury. He likes Homburg. In the Visitors' Book there he inscribed himself very properly, "J. W. Huddleston, Q.C., M.P." Somebody who loved him not came after, and appended to the above two other titles. The party whose business it is to transcribe the lists of visitors for *The Homburg Gazette*, which is read everywhere, knew little of English, and took these added titles to be titles of honour, and transferred them to the *Gazette*, in which this distinguished member is thus proclaimed through Germany and Europe: "J. W. Huddleston, Q.C., M.P., Tuft-hunter and toad-eater," Surely a rich joke! but setting aside the fact that he is not thus named without good ground, he is not half a bad fellow.

This story naturally leads me to the consideration of a small pamphlet, which has reached a fifth edition in a few months' time, entitled *Foreign Travel; or Cautions for the First Tour; with Anecdotes to illustrate the Annoyances and Shortcomings, Impositions and Indecencies, incidental to Excursions Abroad*. "Ad-

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Walter Huddleston (1815-1890) had been a counsel in the Rugeley poisoning case. He was M.P. for Canterbury, 1865-1868, and for Norwich, 1874-1875. He was a Judge of the Common Pleas, 1875-1880, and the last Baron of the Exchequer in 1875.



dressed to Husbands, Fathers, Brothers, and all Gentlemen going with Female Relatives on Trips to the Continent." By Viator Verax,<sup>1</sup> M.A., M.R.I. The title is lengthy and savours of the old school, to which the indignant writer surely belongs. He begins to complain from the moment he sets foot in France.<sup>2</sup>

The most important questions of the month are, "Where the deuce is all the fine weather gone to?" and "When are we going to have the 'time to reap' promised us every year in Holy Writ?" Seriously, yes, very seriously, the weather this month has been most hideous. According to my rough register of weather, I find that out of twenty-one days already past, we have had more or less rain on eighteen. Seven of these days have been marked by heavy rain, and three of them have been regular soakers, torrents of liquid having been poured out from morning to night. The wind has invariably been from South or West. The same sort of weather has prevailed in France and Switzerland, and Russia alone has been blessed with fine harvest weather. It is estimated by cunning agriculturists that every wet day now costs

<sup>1</sup> The author was a versatile clergyman, the Rev. George Musgrave Musgrave (1798-1883), of Shillington Manor, Bedfordshire, and Borden Hall, Kent. He graduated in high honours from Brasenose, Oxford, and after doing the grand tour of Europe in the style of the eighteenth century, he became the first curate of All Souls' Church, Marylebone. In 1838 he was inducted into his patrimonial benefice of Borden, Kent. Musgrave was the first scholar to render the Hebrew psalter into English blank verse, 1833, and thirty-two years later he produced a translation in blank verse of Homer's *Odyssey*. In addition to the work mentioned by Hardman, Musgrave wrote seven other books of travel, such as *The Parson, Pen, and Pencil* (1847), illustrated by himself, and *A Ramble in Normandy* (1855). George Musgrave was a skilful artist and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

<sup>2</sup> Hardman here covers six pages of manuscript with quotations from this book.

the country about half a million of money. A large amount of corn is still uncut. In many places partridge shooting has been put off for a fortnight or three weeks. The potato disease is amongst us again in a very bad form, and all grain has risen in price about ten shillings a quarter already. The vines about Bordeaux have suffered severely and the wine of this year's vintage will be of a very inferior quality. The month has been remarkable for a succession of heavy gales and almost continuous high wind. An earthquake has been felt in eastern France and Devonshire.

On the Continent things have an outward appearance of calm; the German States are arranging themselves under the new régime of Prussia. The Kings of Hanover<sup>1</sup> and Saxony have each purchased estates in Austria: the former is a sovereign retired from business, the latter is like a shaky merchant carrying on his affairs under inspection, but evidently providing for the rainy day whose arrival is inevitable. The Emperor Napoleon is very pacific, which is in itself a fact of a suspicious character. Serious rumours have been current about his health, and I know that *The Times* has his biography ready. They say that in the Empress's absence he got larking and has caught a severe xxxx, which has extended inwards, causing severe inflammation, which, in a man of his years and enfeebled constitution, is a very dangerous symptom. The men from whom I hear these things are usually well

<sup>1</sup> George V (1819-1878), the blind King. He succeeded his father, Ernest (formerly Duke of Cumberland) in 1851, but his kingdom was annexed by Prussia in 1866. Failing the birth of Queen Victoria, he would have become King of England in due course.

informed of matters behind the scenes ; there is no doubt he has been very ill.

The other great man who occupies public attention, Bismarck, is also very ill, partly with neuralgia, but mainly with severe prostration of strength caused by over-work and excitement. The condition of the Papacy at Rome is very shaky, and it is positively stated that Cardinal Prince Von Hohenlohe has left Rome with an autograph letter from His Holiness to Queen Victoria, but what is its purport is not known. The surmise that most obtains is that he wants to be allowed to come and reside in Ireland. Anyhow the Temporal Power is, so to speak, "bust up," and its days and hours are numbered. It vanished practically with the collapse of Austrian power. A great deal depends upon the lives of Napoleon and Bismarck ; if they were to die just now it is difficult to say what might not happen. Of the former this might indeed always be said, but the death of the latter would only be of especial importance so long as the solidarity of the new Prussian dominions was not firmly established.

Roman Catholic Archbishop Manning<sup>1</sup> has recently preached (or "praught" as Bellew says) a somewhat remarkable sermon at Belmont near Hereford. He showed that the great formal heresies—Nestorianism, Arianism, etc., had disappeared from the world, and that heresy now had no vigour, no vitality of its own. The age of heresy was over. Heterodox doctrines are now no longer dogmatically

<sup>1</sup> Henry Edward Manning (1808-1892) resigned the Archdeaconry of Chichester and joined the Roman Catholic faith in 1851. He was appointed Archbishop of Westminster in 1865.

opposed to orthodox doctrines. Instead of heresy we get rationalism and infidelity. Of a verity I myself see approaching an era when Christianity will form a coalition ministry in opposition to reason and common sense, and then will come the great struggle of the age, and a mighty contest it will be. I have no doubt the final result will be in favour of the unbelievers, but dire will be the great battle of Armageddon.

Those irrepressible working-classes have had a monster meeting in the open air at Birmingham under the auspices of Jupiter Pluvius. John Bright could not speak in the open air, but reserved himself for the meeting in the Town Hall in the evening, when he surpassed himself in blackguardism. He compared the Derby Government to Christy's Minstrels on the ground that being really white they have artificially blackened themselves for dramatic effect: no, it is the other way, the Derby Government are really black but have artificially whitened themselves. "The Derby Minstrels profess to be liberal and white, but if you examine them closely you will find them to be just as black and curly as the Tories have ever been. I do not know, and will not pretend to say, which of them it is that plays the banjo." He also said that the accession of the Tories to office was direct declaration of war against the working-classes (Cries of "We accept it as such"). He exhorted his audience to turn every workshop, every factory, every working-man's organisation, into a branch of the great Reform Association, "to raise the spirit of the people against these slanderers of a great and noble nation." As a sequel to this it

will be amusing to quote a passage from a leader in *The Daily Telegraph*, that well known Tory paper ! “We are the friends of the working-classes, not their parasites ; and we cannot palter with the fact that their tendency to fuddle their brains away with the poisoned drams of the gin shop is the main evil which keeps them from their rights in the State, and which dooms them to live on in cholera slums, while their order is left behind in the march of progress by all the industrial races of the Continent.” I wonder what the Reformers will say to such a slap in the face from one of their own pet organs.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* has an article on the Pope’s Temporal Power and the possibility of his coming to live in England or Ireland. The writer says : “A Pope owing his own personal safety, and the power to carry on his own spiritual government, to those very maxims of religious liberty which are the antithesis to all that he has to teach, would be an anomaly. . . . By taking up his position in England as the head of a voluntary association he sinks at once into the position of a president of the Wesleyan Conference. . . . The Pope in exile would be a very different person from the Pontiff of the whole world in his own city. One can hardly fancy the Benediction being given out of a window, say, in Grosvenor Square.”

The British Association has had its annual meeting, and amongst other papers was one read by a Mr. J. Reddie, which *The Record* styles “a manly and faithful paper.” It treated of the various theories of man’s past and present condition, and, in attacking the Darwinian theory of species, put the following

question which I presume *The Record* regarded as a regular floorer : " How could the first mammal have possibly been nourished in its struggle for existence, if its immediate progenitor were not mammal ? " Some profane jester in the audience offered the following solution : " Perhaps it was brought up by hand ! " Ha ! Ha !

The literary world has been startled by the sudden death of Tinsley,<sup>1</sup> the publisher, at the early age of thirty-one, of apoplexy. I believe my friend, William Virtue,<sup>2</sup> was dining with him at the moment of the seizure. Tinsley was a great drinker, and constantly in a state of extreme excitement when sober. He had arranged with James Virtue for the purchase of his bookselling business at Amen Corner for £17,000, and the said purchase was to be completed on the afternoon of his death. When James Virtue and his lawyer arrived with all necessary documents for signature, they found him in the agonies of death. Excitement of the venture he was about to make, combined with some difficulty in finding the money, no doubt hastened his death. A short time since he offered Fred Chapman (Chapman and Hall) £50,000 for his business, but F. C. declined.

George Meredith has been out as Special Correspondent of *The Morning Post* in Vienna and Venice,

<sup>1</sup> Edward Tinsley, who with his brother, William Tinsley (1831-1902), founded the publishing business of Tinsley Brothers in 1854. The Tinsleys published Meredith's *Rhoda Fleming*, 1865 ; No. 18, Catherine Street became the leading house in the production of mid-Victorian novels, and *Tinsley's Magazine* commenced in 1868. Nevertheless William Tinsley failed in 1870.

<sup>2</sup> The brothers William and James Virtue carried on their publishing business at No. 1, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row. Their father, George Virtue, was the proprietor of *The Art Journal*. The original firm was Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., of No. 25, Paternoster Row.

whence he has been writing some admirable letters. He is now on his way home. Meredith writes so much better when he has not time to finish, rewrite, and (as Anthony Trollope says) twist his work to curl-papers. The journey will do him good, for he wants facts and extended observation, being usually too much given to feeding entirely on his own imagination—a well that, however deep, is liable soon to run dry.

I am very busy just now “clearing my lot;” this place is very much overgrown by trees of all sorts, and I find that it is necessary for our health to let in some more light and air. . . . I am also going to build a house on an outlying portion of my ground which is of no use to me; it ought to bring me in £100 a year rent. . . . In “clearing my lot,” our diggings have brought to light various coins, notably a Roman one, which I took to the British Museum for identification, and which they at once pronounced to be a Nero; on the obverse is a figure of Victory carrying a shield on which are the letters S.P.Q.R. The coin is much corroded. . . . We all pondered over a shilling of William the Third with only a single head on it. Then we found a number of copper coins; amongst these are two farthings of Charles the Second, the rest belonging to George the Second. These discoveries have excited my antiquarian feelings largely. The coins were scattered about the shrubberies not far below the surface.

All sorts of stories are current about Albert Edward. It is said that he has frequent illicit intercourse with various ladies, noble and gentle. But opposed to this we have the fact that he always

travels about with the Princess and accompanies her everywhere to theatres and parties. I am loth to credit him with any infidelity whatever, and attribute all the scandal to the Prince's dislike of ceremony and his deficiency in the matter of dignified behaviour. It will not do, however, for the British public to form a habit of speaking jocosely of royalty. If anything would bring about a revolution in this country it would be not the dislike of royalty and all its surroundings, for all Englishmen naturally prefer a monarchical government. It would be brought about by the establishment of a deep-rooted feeling that its royal personages are unworthy of respect in their private lives. Respectability is all powerful with us. We feel, therefore, that the Crown must represent the very pink of respectability, its private life must be beyond suspicion. The English people would tolerate an inordinately lavish expenditure of money provided the dignity of the Crown was thereby upheld. The other day the train conveying the Prince of Wales killed a railway official by accident. He left a widow and children unprovided for. Some mischievous newspaper writer put in a rumour that the Prince had sent the widow £100. He had done nothing of the kind, and the report received an official contradiction. Now I think he would have been wise to have made this present. If the same thing had occurred to Napoleon the Third he would assuredly have caused some such handsome present to be made to the wife and children of the unfortunate man. I ponder deeply on this subject. A Swiss newspaper recently printed some stories about



he Queen's infatuation for her gillie, John Brown, which called out the ill-advised interference of the Hon. Mr. Harris,<sup>1</sup> our Minister at Berne. The editor made an ample apology and so the matter ended : but I think that something published in a foreign newspaper about the Queen of England ought to have been treated with the contempt it deserved. If any notice is taken of such a thing it gives it a fictitious importance and attracts general attention to it, which is bad. It not unfrequently happens that the greatest despot has some obscure favourite who is able to assume a tone of familiarity towards the great personage and to persuade them—him or her—to do something which no one else dares to try even to persuade them to do. For example, one day in the Highlands, the Queen was going for a drive and none of her attendants could induce her to put on a shawl, which the state of the weather evidently rendered necessary. The question was amusingly settled by the favourite gillie, Brown, who, taking the shawl, wrapped it round the Queen's shoulders and somewhat roughly folded it across her breast, saying only, 'Ye'll just put it on'—and she did put it on. Now this is exactly what a favourite might do, and it would nightly offend the less favoured attendants and cause them to make unpleasant remarks. The people at Windsor and elsewhere have begun to greet Her Majesty with shouts of "Where is John Brown?" and such like, and the Police have orders when such sounds are heard to lead the cheering.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Harris, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral, Royal Navy. Born 1808, died 1888. Son of the second Earl of Malmesbury, brother of the third Earl, and father of the fourth Earl. He became British Minister at The Hague in 1867.

At this date free comment was rife, both verbally and in the Press, concerning the Queen's injudicious public proclamation of her partiality for John Brown. She had just given the rough serving-man the title of esquire, and *Punch* thereupon issued a special Court Circular :

"Balmoral. Tuesday. Mr. John Brown walked on the Slopes. He frequently partook of a haggis. In the evening Mr. John Brown was pleased to listen to the bagpipes. Mr. John Brown retired early."

John Brown, born on December 8th, 1826, was the second of nine sons of a small farmer who lived at the Bush, Invercauld, opposite to Balmoral. He became, when a youth of twenty-two, the hunting servant, or gillie, of Prince Albert, and as such he is mentioned by Queen Victoria in her *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* in the years 1849-1850. She subsequently added this note about Brown :

"He who, in 1858, became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands ; who commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded ; and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendance upon all occasions. He has since (in December, 1865) most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straight-

forward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige; and of a discretion rarely to be met with. . . .”

John Brown's importance first became known to the outer world by means of Landseer's equestrian portrait of the Queen, where he occupies the most prominent position, the Princesses Helena and Louise being relegated to the back-ground. The stories of the freedom of speech permitted to the uncouth servitor are numerous. He told her Majesty that she did not know her own mind; and standing behind her chair at dinner, he would advise her what to eat. The Queen asked and took his advice on every conceivable subject; he was permitted to say what he liked and was often insolent. Thus, when fishing on one occasion and summoned to the Queen's presence, he replied: "Weel, just tell her Majesty that A canna come. Ah'm juist hooking a feesh." Brown was granted the sole right of fishing in the Dee; at Windsor he had the keys of the Queen's wine-cellars, and Sir John Bennett, the Court Jeweller, has related how once, in order to secure the Queen's orders, he had his lunch at the Castle with the Favourite, when John Brown fetched port and sherry like "nectar" and "other fabulously fine wines." A large house, Balnachoil, was built for Brown at Balmoral (though he never lived in it, for he was always with the Queen), and his savings were reputed to be £20,000. It was not surprising that the scurrilous Press made play with these curious proceedings. *The Tomahawk* published a cartoon entitled "The Empty Chair," showing John Brown about to seat himself on the Prince Consort's vacant throne.

The younger members of the Royal Family had

to put up with the unpleasant propinquity of Brown at meals, during drives and picnics, and on every possible occasion; but the Crown Princess of Prussia expressed her disapproval, and the Prince of Wales did not disguise his dislike of the interloper. The people about the Court naturally were jealous of his paramount importance and influence. The attitude of Society is well illustrated in an anecdote told by Mr. Arthur Lambton in *My Story*, concerning his father, Major-General Arthur Lambton, Coldstream Guards:

“Once at a review at Windsor, when my father was in command, that dreadful person, John Brown, came up to him and said in his usual manner: ‘Her Majesty thinks that was very well done, and she wishes it done over again.’ ‘Oh, certainly,’ said my father, ‘but why did she send a lackey?’ Everyone on the ground loved him for it, and when King Edward heard the story he chortled in his joy.”

However, any opposition to her wishes always made the Queen more obstinate, and so the public animadversion on her predilection for Brown only caused her to shower fresh honours upon him. She found further opportunity to do so after the attack upon her by the half-mad boy, O'Connor, in 1872. She thus describes the incident in her *Journal*:

“Drove in the open landau and four. . . . The Equerries had dismounted. Brown had got down to let down the steps, and Jane C. was just getting out, when suddenly someone appeared at my side . . . peering above the carriage door, with an up-lifted hand, and a strange voice. . . . Involuntarily, in a terrible fright, I threw myself over Jane C., calling out, ‘Save me,’ and heard a scuffle and voices. I soon recovered myself sufficiently



JOHN BROWN

*From a contemporary drawing in "Worthy a Crown" by Oswald Allan*



to stand up and turn round, when I saw Brown holding a young man tightly, who was struggling; Arthur, the Equerries, etc., also near him. They laid the man on the ground, and Brown kept hold of him till several of the police came in. . . . I then did see, shining on the ground, a small pistol. This filled us with horror. All were as white as sheets. . . . It is to good Brown and to his wonderful presence of mind that I greatly owe my safety, for he alone saw the boy rush round and followed him."

Arthur O'Connor, aged sixteen, when tried, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labour and a whipping. His pistol had proved to be unloaded, but Brown was unaware of this fact when he collared the youthful Fenian. So no doubt he deserved the gold medal which the Queen had struck in commemoration of "his courage and devotion in standing between her and the young man who, pistol in hand, rushed towards her on the 29th of February, 1872," even though impolite and ribald bards of the period would put it that the Queen said :

"Your heart is as bold  
As any we know of the heroes of old,  
And a medal for prowess you still bear in honour  
Of the time you so gallantly collared O'Connor.  
It's true he was mad—and some wiseacres scoff  
At the threat of a pistol that wouldn't go off;  
And he wasn't the size of a lad of fourteen,  
And equally certain, no harm did he mean;  
But never mind that, it occasion afforded you  
Of showing your pluck, so of course I rewarded  
you;  
And all I can wish is my soldiers may ne'er  
Encounter more peril than you had to share  
When you held the poor idiot down by his hair."

John Brown met his death in a curious way. Lady Florence Dixie, the eccentric sister of the Marquis of Queensberry, alleged that she had been attacked and stabbed by two tall women (men in disguise) in her garden at The Fisheries, a lonely house on the Maidenhead road near Windsor. The Queen at this date went in much fear of assassination, and she sent John Brown to inquire into the facts and examine the scene of the outrage. It was a very cold day of winter; Brown contracted a chill of a severe nature, and he died ten days later, on March the 27th, 1883. He was only fifty-six years of age. The Queen's grief was intense, and its expression in *The Court Circular* required twenty-five lines. But public opinion was rather unfeeling, and attributed the death of a hardy Highlander from a cold to "too much love of (good) living" and the luxurious conditions of palace life. He was buried in Crathie kirkyard, where the stone over his grave, placed by the Queen, bears the words :

"This stone is erected in affectionate and grateful remembrance of John Brown, the devoted and faithful personal attendant and beloved friend of Queen Victoria, in whose service he had been for 34 years. . . . The friend on whose fidelity you count; that friend, given you by circumstances over which you have no control, was God's own gift."

The 24th of May was the date specially assigned to Brown's memory, and on this anniversary the Queen always placed flowers on his memorial in her Campo Santo at Balmoral. She further designed a gold Memorial Brooch to be worn by her Highland servants and tenants; it bore on one side the effigy of Brown's head with the letters



J.B., and on the reverse the monogram V.R.I. A life-size statue of Brown, the work of Sir J. E. Boehm, R.A., was placed in the grounds of Balmoral, but this memorial was removed by order of the Queen's son and successor, King Edward the Seventh. Possibly it was destroyed, as the Marquis of Huntly, who lives in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, states, "No one appears to know" where the statue is now.

The reception of the English Volunteers by the Belgians has been truly magnificent. Upwards of a thousand of our men went over, and have carried off many prizes. Surrey has distinguished itself greatly, and Kingston has been singularly fortunate. The two best single shots were made by Philips, the chemist in Thames Street, but he failed to obtain a prize as he missed the target altogether in his other shots. One of his shots was so diametrically in the centre that it could not be said to be a hair's breadth wrong. Macrostie, too, the man who puts up my boilers, has made 30 points. He has given me a description of the whole affair, and says the enthusiasm was unbounded. The thing that struck him particularly was the fact that the *military* turned out to receive them and lined the streets. Here in England the Volunteer is rather despised by the regular soldier. Macrostie also said that a Volunteer in uniform was not permitted to burden himself with anything in the streets: some brave Belge being always ready to carry his rifle for him, and ammunition bag, marching cheerily alongside. The English were sorely puzzled by the conduct of the Belgians in this particular also, namely that if the Englishman

wished to treat his Belgian friend to wine, or refreshment, the Belgian would take anything the Englishman wished, but would on no account let him pay. From the King downwards the hospitality was profuse. No doubt there underlies it all a settled purpose. The Belgians feel that before long their independence may be threatened by France or Prussia or both, and so they want to enlist the sympathies of England. I fear, however, that they have cast their bread upon the waters, and that it will *not* be found by them after many days.

Knight Bruce has resigned his Lord Justiceship by reason of ill-health ; in fact, I believe he lies almost at the point of death from dropsy and weak heart.<sup>1</sup> Sir Hugh Cairns has consented to reign in his stead, and thus abandons all his great Parliamentary prospects, to the no small detriment of Lord Derby's Government. He will be a great gain to the Courts of Chancery, and may still advise his party in private, albeit he is lost to them in the fierce struggles of debate. If he had stuck to the Attorney Generalship he must have been Lord Chancellor<sup>2</sup> whenever Chelmsford retires, which he will do when this Government goes out. The Liberals argue that he must have a somewhat small opinion of the political prospects of his party, to take the first fat office that offers. But I believe that his health is not equal to the enormous strain which an Attorney General has to bear, especially with his great private business. Report says that he and his brother Lord Justice,

<sup>1</sup> Sir J. L. Knight Bruce died this same year, 1866.

<sup>2</sup> Hugh Cairns (1819-1885) was created a peer in 1867, and became Lord Chancellor in 1868.

Turner, are both to be made peers.<sup>1</sup> The Judicial Committee of the House of Lords wants reinforcing. Three Law Lords, at least, think of retiring from active service, viz. St. Leonards, Cranworth, and Brougham.

There is a strong opinion, amounting almost to certainty, that Disraeli will propound a great Reform Bill based on Household Suffrage and £20 franchise for Counties. Whether he will have voting according to the Rate Book is another question.<sup>2</sup> It is tolerably certain that the Government will appeal to the Country if the Radicals oppose them effectively, and then will come that grand redistribution of parties which I am constantly foretelling. Then will come the great battle, even the battle of Armageddon, and the old party names of Whig and Tory will become things of the past. The sheep will be separated from the goats, the moderate men, the gentlemen, will take one side and the Radical rascals the other.

Armageddon reminds me of Baxter, who seems to have caused quite an excitement amongst you Antipodeans. I never heard of him until Wren dilated upon his prophecies in his letter by last mail. I see from your letter and from the newspapers that his name is in everybody's mouth. "Louis Napoleon the destined monarch of the world," forsooth! He is a great invalid, and suffers greatly from diabetes and an inflammation of the prostate gland, which at

<sup>1</sup> Sir George James Turner died the following year, 1867, so he did not reach the House of Lords.

<sup>2</sup> Disraeli's bill for giving the franchise to all ratepayers was duly placed on the Statute Book the next year, 1867.

his age are very serious complaints. Baxter is an ass and a charlatan.

The Rev. Michael Paget Baxter (1834-1910), known as the Prophet Baxter, was a collateral descendant of the famous Rev. Richard Baxter, author of *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* (1650). He was the younger son of Robert Baxter, originally a solicitor of Doncaster, but who settled in London at the time of the Railway Mania of the Forties, and as a Parliamentary agent amassed a large fortune. Robert Baxter (1802-1889) was offered a baronetcy by Disraeli, who desired him to stand as a candidate for Norwich. His elder son, Robert Dudley Baxter (1827-1875), also an eminent solicitor, and an authoritative writer on finance and statistics, was a contemporary at Trinity, Cambridge, of Hardman, who was obviously unaware that "the ass and charlatan" was a brother. The brothers passed their youth at 28, Queen Anne's Gate, the house which was the residence in recent years of the late Lord Haldane. Their father in early life had been a friend of Edward Irving, and himself became one of the prophets of the Irvingite Church, and spoke with "the Tongues" until he decided that the gift proceeded from evil spirits. He then interested himself in Evangelistic crusades, and prophesied that one of the Napoleons would be Anti-Christ. It was thus that his younger son, Michael, had his attention drawn to the subject of Apocalyptic Prophecy. He was by nature a dreamy boy, and the story is told that going to the bathroom one morning for his bath and finding it was already engaged, he went up to the attic where the large tank for drinking water was situated and had his cold bath therein, with the result that the tank had

to be emptied and refilled before the household could have any water to drink.

When still a youth, Michael Baxter founded the Westminster Mission and Shelter for Homeless Boys. At the age of eighteen, in 1852, he went as a gospel preacher to the rough inhabitants of the wild backwoods of Canada, and later entered the Church. He had already commenced his prophetic expositions, and in the early Sixties produced the book mentioned by Hardman—*Louis Napoleon as the Destined Monarch of the World*. He returned to England in 1863, and conducted a campaign of itinerant preaching all over the country. His next prophetic book, *Forty Future Wonders*, ran to fourteen editions and more than 124,000 copies have been sold. Baxter founded his prophetic magazine, *Signs of the Times*, in 1867, a paper which was merged in *The Christian Herald* in 1874, the latter proving a profitable undertaking. Baxter was never abashed by the non-fulfilment of his prognostications. When Napoleon the Third failed to live up to the grandiose destiny adumbrated and died an exile in England, Baxter transferred his hopes to other members of the House of Bonaparte, but in vain: not one would aspire to be "The Monarch of the World." When he stated the End of the World would arrive on a certain date, and it did not, he would calmly fix upon another year. His final prediction placed the Last Day in 1927 or 1931; but he was correct in foreseeing that France would extend her frontiers to the Rhine and that Ireland would obtain some form of self-government. He was a very generous man, and gave away quite £70,000 in indiscriminate charity to both the just and unjust. Baxter was the particular prey of mendicant evangelists, though he was perfectly aware that they were often

unworthy of help. His biographer<sup>1</sup> relates a story of the kind that would have delighted Hardman :

“A man, loud in his pious expressions, related a tale of wonders wrought by him, concluding with, ‘The Lord told me to come to you for £10, Mr. Baxter.’ ‘Oh! yes, oh! yes,’ said Mr. Baxter, and moved his hand towards his pocket in which the cheques were deposited. The man dropped on his knees, and with great vehemence ejaculated: ‘Lord, make him give me £10! Lord, make him give me £10! Lord, make him give me £10!’ He continued his prayer, the while watching eagerly as a cheque was detached, and then slowly filled in. ‘Lord, let him make it £10! £10, Lord, let it be!’ cried the kneeler, while the pen travelled slowly over the paper. The cheque was completed, and handed to the kneeling mendicant. Alas, it was only for a guinea. ‘The Lord told me to ask you for £10, Mr. Baxter. He told me you would give me £10,’ said the unblushing beggar, holding fast to what he had received. In calm tones, Mr. Baxter replied: ‘He did not tell me so. He said a guinea, and there it is.’”

A damnable outrage has been perpetrated at Sheffield. It is one of these hideous attempts at assassination which disgrace the cause of the working-men, and which will do more to injure them in public estimation than all the fiery speeches of John Bright put together. I allude to the placing of a tin can, loaded with two pounds of gunpowder, and supplied with a lighted fuse, in a cellar. It exploded and nearly blew down the house, but happily did no injury to the man (Tearneyhough) whose death was of course the object of this diabolical attempt. A

<sup>1</sup> In *Michael Paget Baxter*, by Nathaniel Wiseman (Thynne and Jarvis).

reward of £1,000 has been offered and a free pardon with the usual restrictions. In justice to the trades unions, it must be added that they have in general expressed their disgust.

This morning a party of surveyors came and asked my permission to go through my grounds in order to take the levels for a new railway. I made no difficulty, but asked to see their plans, and found that their idea is to go slap through the middle of this property of mine. I quietly informed them that I should of course insist upon their buying the whole of my place, and should demand a *very long price*. I shall certainly not ask less than £30,000, but there is no chance of their getting their line. The public are not so hot about new schemes as they used to be, and the general opinion is that Parliament will discourage all new railways for some time to come. The scheme in this case emanates from the "Metropolitan Extension," a well-to-do line with plenty of money at command, and would, if carried out, enable the Kingstonians to go to London in twenty minutes—a great boon no doubt. What an infernal nuisance these new lines of railway are. I lie directly in the way between Kingston and London, and must expect every year, as the Session draws near commencement, to be assailed by these Goths and Vandals. I fear that some day I shall have to succumb, but by Jove! they shall pay me a handsome sum before I clear out.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The proposal for a direct line of railway from Kingston to London through Hardman's property never materialised. But as stated in the second volume of this work (pp. 272-273), an extension of line was made later from "the new" Kingston station; this ran north of Norbiton Hall and then made a turn south to Coombe Lane, where Norbiton Station was built, and so on to Wimbledon and Waterloo.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

I HAVE been worsted in my "Bell" case.<sup>1</sup> I did not expect to gain the day entirely, but I did think the opposite side would have had to pay their own costs. Well—but it is not well—Damn! Damn!! Damn!!! The wretched snobs celebrated their victory by a band of music accompanied by a man or men ringing bells. The police took charge of my gates, and the rascals did not venture to stop opposite to them, but went on their way to serenade the most prominent of my opponents, who, oddly enough, reside on Kingston Hill, *some distance from the church*. The following day the old humbug of a parson, Mr. Holberton, permitted a miserable abortion of a Union Jack to float proudly, I should say to flutter meanly, from one of the pinnacles of the church tower. This was pretty well for a man who professes to be an extra superfine Christian, and is supposed to be a gentleman, to allow the House of the God whose worship he is paid to perform and enforce, to become a vehicle for party spite. It was a fine bright November day, so I got out my camera, and took a very tolerable photograph of the desecrated edifice from a coign of vantage in my kitchen garden. Of this negative I shall print a few copies, one to be placed opposite to the Rev. Humbug's portrait in my album, and another to be held in reserve in case he or his churchwardens should ask me for a subscription.

<sup>1</sup> See ante, pages 150-151.



In such a case, I should enclose it with my compliments as the best answer I could give, entitling it "The House of God as it appeared on November the 17th, 1866."

On Thursday, November the 8th, I gave a select dinner-party at my club. It was composed of Hinchliff, Morison, Morley,<sup>1</sup> Shirley Brooks, Dallas (of *The Times*), Hamilton, and Verdon.<sup>2</sup> We were very jolly, and the cook turned out a noble repast. Brooks was in his best spirits, and chaff and witticisms flew about on every side. Verdon has gained the hearty good-will of all my friends, and cannot sufficiently assure me of the pleasure he has himself experienced in their society. At the dinner we had much talk about Swinburne—Brooks chaffing Dallas (who detests the youthful poet and his works) and threatening to put him in an epigram in company with the said Swinburne. It has been Brooks's great amusement lately to circulate epigrams full of wit and indecency about the poet, and to manage that they

<sup>1</sup> John Morley was at this date writing his *Edmund Burke* (1867), in which year also he became Editor of *The Fortnightly Review*. On August the 4th, 1866, there had appeared in *The Saturday Review* Morley's vitriolic attack on the *Poems and Ballads* of Swinburne, with the momentous results related on page 165 of this volume.

<sup>2</sup> George Frederic Verdon, C.B., born in 1834, was the eldest son of the Rev. Edward Verdon (who had been Hardman's tutor) of Tottington, Bury, Lancashire. At the age of seventeen he went to Australia, in 1851. Later he studied law, and was called to the Bar at Melbourne in 1863. In 1859 Verdon had entered politics as member for Williamstown. He became a Minister of the Crown in 1860, as Treasurer. Verdon was in London in 1866 as the ministerial representative of the Government of Victoria, for the purpose of explaining to the English Government the need of the adequate defence of the colony; he was very successful in his mission, for he obtained from the Imperial Exchequer a grant of £100,000 towards the cost of a Monitor for the defence of Port Philip and also the battle-ship *Nelson*. Shortly after his return to Victoria, Verdon was appointed the permanent Agent-General of that colony in England, and accordingly resumed his English residence and friendships.

should be communicated to him by kind friends. Here is one that was promulgated at my dinner. . . .<sup>1</sup>

In my 88th letter I sent you some quotations from Swinburne's Poems, and told you that his publisher, Moxon, had withdrawn the book from circulation. It seems that Dallas was the cause of this ; he had written a crushing review for *The Times*, in which both Poet and Publisher were held up to the execration of all decent people. The article was in type, when a private hint was given to Moxon, in order that he might, if so inclined, disconnect himself from the bawdry. It would have been a serious thing for a man, whose name on the title-page, and on the well known green covers, is a guarantee for the propriety of any book and ensures its admission into the most respectable families, to have such an attack in the leading journal. So he wisely threw the whole thing up, and it has been since purchased by John Camden Hotten, a publisher who is far from particular what he gives to the world.

On Saturday last (November the 17th) Verdon gave a dinner to me and my friends at the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, where the great Francatelli<sup>2</sup> is

<sup>1</sup> It is impossible to print Shirley Brooks's rhyming "epigram." Morley and Dallas are open to a charge of hypocrisy : they held aloft the banner of virtue in the Press, wherein they wrote violent articles attacking Swinburne's "immorality" and "indecency," and at the same time in their social diversions they were enjoying and applauding far worse verbal indecencies, at his expense, than the poet himself ever put into words.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Elmé Francatelli was of Italian extraction, but born in London in 1805. He studied the art of cuisine in France under the celebrated M. Carême, second only in fame to the great Ude. Francatelli was chef to the Earls of Chesterfield and Dudley and Lord Kinnaird. He was later manager of Crockford's, and next became *maitre d'hôtel* and chef to Queen Victoria, and for seven later years he was chef to the Reform Club. Francatelli was the author of *The Modern Cook* (1845), which ran into twelve editions, and *The Cook's Guide* (1861), with the chef's portrait.

chef-de-cuisine. It was a first class dinner, and did all credit to the illustrious chef as well as to the giver of the feast. The party included Brooks, Morley, Captain Palliser, and Hamilton.

On Monday the 19th Verdon went to Blackburn, a Lancashire, with John Morley, who is a native of that town, in order to address a public meeting on Australian matters. To-night, the 21st, he has been entertained at a grand public dinner (at two guineas a head) in Willis's Rooms, St. James's Street, by Australian colonists of all politics. Childers (a member of the late Government) was to take the chair, and Lord Carnarvon, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir John Pakington, and other members of the Conservative Government, were to be there. Verdon wrote to Lord Carnarvon begging him not to be present unless he really wished, as his position as Minister for the Colonies might render it awkward for him, and assuring him that he should not feel hurt by his absence. Lord Carnarvon replied that he hated public dinners as a rule, but nothing should prevent his being present to do honour to him. Verdon's mission has been entirely successful. The Government has conceded all he asked, and the tenders for the Victorian loan were to three times the amount required. I enclose articles thereon from *The Times* and *Morning Herald*. I flatter myself that the latter would not have been so favourable to Verdon personally if it had not been for myself. It pleased and surprised me much to see that the Queen had been graciously pleased to make him a Companion of the Bath. *The Herald* is right to make the remark it does about Sir Charles Darling, for in

honouring your Finance Minister, we must not forget that he had a good deal to do with the mess into which the Governor got.<sup>1</sup>

The other day an absurd rumour was circulated to the effect that the Prince of Wales, who is in St. Petersburg,<sup>2</sup> had been killed while bear hunting. It is said to have originated in the reading of a telegraphic message referring to the "Prince's skill in hunting" being much admired. Someone hearing this jumped to the conclusion that it was the "Prince is killed in hunting." The report caused some excitement, but we have learnt to distrust telegrams until regularly confirmed.

On Friday next I am engaged to dine with Bellew and stay the night. I hope to meet Frith, who is just finishing a picture which will be his masterpiece. It is "The Last Sunday at Whitehall before the death of Charles the Second."<sup>3</sup> I intend to petition for a quiet private view before it is exhibited at the next exhibition of the Academy.

Apropos of Dr. Mary Walker appearing, and lecturing to a mixed audience of scientific people, in a long frock coat and black trousers, *The Spectator* has a very peculiar article on female dress, which the writer considers ought to be faintly enticing or fascinating. What he is driving at is pretty plainly

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Darling (1809-1870), K.C.B., Governor of Victoria since 1863, had been recalled this year, 1866.

<sup>2</sup> The Prince of Wales had gone to Russia to attend the marriage of his wife's sister, the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, with the Tsarevitch, afterwards the Tsar Alexander the Third. The visit also had some diplomatic significance which, however, Sir Sidney Lee described as "more specious than real."

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Gambart, the dealer, offered Frith three thousand guineas for this picture.

evident when he goes on to remark that women's first function is to be mothers, and that the dress of the Second Empire with all its faults is preferable to the Bloomer<sup>1</sup> costume, although it passes the narrow line between enticement and allurements. The writer evidently . . . would fain see everything. . . . Nay more, he thinks that, subject to certain police principles perfectly well understood and not worth describing, the wider the licence assigned to human caprice in dress the better for civilisation. I wonder what limit he would assign to the shortness of petticoats. He further asks, why should women not ride astride? I confess I don't know, except that conventionality requires that women should, as far as lies in their power, keep their legs together.

I wonder if you of the nether world saw any of the meteors which astounded all England on the night of the 13th-14th of this month. I was coming home by the midnight train, and found the general public in a

<sup>1</sup> Arising out of the "Woman's Rights Movement" in America, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, of New York, in 1849 adopted what she considered "rational attire," and gave lectures on its alleged advantages. Her costume became known as the Bloomer; it consisted of a jacket with tight sleeves, a short skirt to the knee, and a pair of Turkish trousers. The "divided skirt" seems to have been a later development. Mrs. Bloomer had to endure much ridicule and "social martyrdom." She died in December, 1894.

Dr. Mary E. Walker was a later apostle of the "Rational Dress" movement. Born at Oswego, U.S.A., in 1830, she obtained the degree of M.D. in New York in 1855, and ten years later was appointed contract surgeon to the United States Army. She then became a public lecturer on Temperance, Dress Reform, and Equal Rights for Women. She visited England in 1866, and the article mentioned by Hardman appeared in *The Spectator* on November the 24th. The writer commenting on the lady lecturer's frock-coat and trousers stated: "Nobody took Dr. Mary Walker for a man. . . . The new variety of the Bloomer, in our judgment, is a very bad dress. It is very ugly, dwarfing the figure . . . and false to the ethical theory of woman's dress, which should be faintly enticing or fascinating."

state of great excitement, all staring up to the sky. Waterloo Bridge was covered with groups of persons calling each other's attention to the showers of celestial fireworks as they shot in every direction. One very imperfectly informed, but very decidedly screwed, individual was lecturing one of the toll-keepers<sup>1</sup> on the phenomenon in a style that would have convulsed Herschel either with horror or laughter. He was reproducing a very drunken version of the celebrated astronomer's letter to *The Times*, in which he foretold the great sight, for the benefit of the toll-keeper. I noted the difficult position of the said toll-taker, who was compelled by his duties to remain where he was, and could not possibly get away from his bore. As the train stopped at the various stations one heard nothing but exclamations from neighbouring compartments such as, "There, look, I saw three at once;" "Seven, eight, nine, ten," says some enthusiast who is vainly trying to count the meteors. It is a sight that I believe can only be seen in such splendour once in thirty-three years, and fortunately the night was perfect, there being no moon to lessen the brilliancy of the falling stars.

I find I must wind up, which I shall do with the amazing fact that a member has been returned to the Imperial Parliament without arms or legs. I allude

<sup>1</sup> It is strange to recall that up till fifty-one years ago Waterloo Bridge was barred by toll gates and the adjoining keepers' lodges. Waterloo Bridge was private property, having been erected by a joint-stock company formed in 1809 as The Strand Bridge Company. After the completion of the bridge, a toll of a halfpenny was charged for foot-passengers and twopence for vehicles. Although the income from the tolls exceeded £21,000 a year, the situation of the shareholders was not profitable. Waterloo Bridge was eventually bought by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the toll abolished in 1878.

to Kavanagh,<sup>1</sup> the man who beat Pope Hennessy for Wexford.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Kavanagh (1831-1889), despite his physical limitations, was also an expert horseman, angler, writer, painter, and yachtsman. He travelled much in Europe and Asia. He was later M.P. for county Carlow.

FIRST let me disclose a conundrum of Shirley Brooks's father. "Why is Heaven like a bald head?" "Because there is no parting and dying there."

On Monday the 3rd was the miserable farce of the Great Reform Demonstration. Two hundred thousand working-men were to have walked in procession, in order to show their desire to possess the suffrage; but somehow only about twenty-five thousand at the utmost made their appearance. The day was a beastly one, dull, leaden, and drizzling, and developed towards evening into a regular pour. The Clerk of the Weather is evidently not on the side of Reform. But the Reformers kept their tempers in spite of the rain. Still, I suspect the British Workman had a notion he was making a fool of himself. As Mr. Ayrton, Radical M.P., sarcastically remarked, "If the twenty-five thousand who were present exhibited their desire for Reform, the one hundred and seventy-five thousand who stayed away showed their preference for industry." As they passed the house of Miss Burdett-Coutts in Piccadilly, that excellent lady came on to her balcony, and was the object of a regular ovation, the whole line cheering most heartily. The Government had afforded every facility for the demonstration short of permitting them to meet in Hyde Park: they offered them



Primrose Hill, but the men preferred to accept the proposal of a Conservative nobleman, Lord Ranelagh,<sup>1</sup> and walked to his place, Beaufort House. By the time they arrived at the gate of Beaufort House, the twenty-five thousand had dwindled down to fifteen thousand, and there was not room for even this very reduced party. On a wet December afternoon, with darkness overtaking them, and up to their ankles in slush, the miserable remnant of fools entered the grounds and at once proceeded to make speeches and pass resolutions. One arch-scoundrel especially distinguished himself by argument and invective. This was a Mr. Leicester, a glass blower, who told his hearers that "Lord Derby had translated Homer, but could not blow glass," adding that there was not a stocking-weaver in Leicester or a coal-heaver in the Kingdom rendering service to the State who was not quite as useful as Lord Derby. He was most complimentary to the House of Commons, calling them "those little-minded, devil-like, humped-backed, one-eyed scoundrels who sat in the House of Commons." But the conclusion of his discourse was the grandest bit of all. He said the object of the demonstration was to "drive the Devil out of the House, and let God Almighty in!" The demonstration was a fiasco. As for me, I was in

<sup>1</sup> The seventh Viscount Ranelagh, born in 1812. He figured in the famous case of Madame Rachel (related in the first volume of this work, pp. 270-274). Beaufort House was in North End Road, Fulham, just south of Lillie Road. It was the headquarters of the South Middlesex Volunteers, since 1859, and Lord Ranelagh was their commanding officer. Beaufort House, an eighteenth century building, was demolished about twenty years ago. It was originally the property of the Gunter family (the confectioners of Berkeley Square), who owned a good deal of land in this locality: their name survives in Gunter's Grove and Gunterstone Road.

Court all day and had a most jovial dinner (Bench and Bar) at the London Tavern in the evening. Beyond meeting a band of music, followed by a great crowd of tatterdemalions, on my way to the Court, I saw nothing of the proceedings. One of the jurymen asked to be excused on the ground that he was so nervous as to what might happen that he did not like to be absent from his house (a public) during the day. The spectators, and Bench too, were moved to much laughter, but his request was granted. So much for the Reform display for the present. The demagogues, Potter,<sup>1</sup> Beales,<sup>2</sup> Odger,<sup>3</sup> Bright, etc., threatened us with a repetition of these proceedings a few days before Parliament meets, just to refresh our memories : but I doubt if they will try it on again ; the public sympathy is not with them.

It is remarkable that on this evening of December the 18th I am sitting with my window open and without a fire. It is a mild, moonlit night, with a fresh south-westerly wind blowing. The Atlantic telegraph announces the departure of three yachts

<sup>1</sup> George Potter, born in 1832 at Kenilworth, was in youth a carpenter in Coventry. He came to London in 1853 to follow the same trade, and soon took an active part as delegate and then secretary of the Progressive Society of Carpenters and Joiners. He founded the Labour journal called *The Beehive*, and was one of the principal creators of the power and influence of Trades Unionism. He was the organiser of the Trades' Reform Demonstration on December the 3rd, 1866, which caused Hardman's strictures.

<sup>2</sup> Edmond Beales (1803-1881), educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge ; a barrister of the Inner Temple and a County Court Judge in 1870, after his political agitations had become somewhat abated. He had been connected with the Polish Exiles' Friends Society, the Garibaldi Committee, and was the President of the Reform League at the time of the riots in Hyde Park in July, 1866, previously mentioned on page 161.

<sup>3</sup> George Odger (1820-1877), a shoemaker, who became secretary to the London Trades Council, 1862. He tried to combine Trades Unionism with active political propaganda, and made five unsuccessful attempts to enter Parliament.

from New York on the 11th of December, bound for Cowes. The first yacht arriving takes the whole stakes, amounting to no less than 90,000 dollars. The tonnage of the yachts is as follows: *Henrietta*, 103; *Fleetwing*, 204; *Vesta*, 201 tons. This will be a grand race, and for a stake worth contending for.

The great Libel case of *Hunter v. The Pall Mall Gazette* has formed an important topic of conversation. The trial lasted five days. Hunter is a Yankee doctor who has been working upon the fears of weak-minded individuals with slight colds, and making them believe they had incipient phthisis. He professed to have discovered the means of curing them by inhaling oxygen gas. I am sorry to say that *The Standard* allowed its columns to be the vehicle of this pseudo doctor's theories. I think I lamented over Hamber's folly in degrading his paper by permitting these verbose epistles to appear in its columns. They were headed by the word "communicated," which, although intelligible to the initiated as showing that the said letters were paid for as advertisements, would yet easily delude the majority; and make them believe the editor sanctioned the views promulgated. The Doctor got into a mess with a woman who charged him with stupefying her by inhalation and then copulating, but I am bound to say that the jury acquitted him. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, however, took occasion to make some very severe comments on the Doctor and his proceedings. Hence the action in question. Chief Justice Cockburn summed up in admirable style, dead against the plaintiff, and the Jury returned

a verdict with one farthing damages: the result must be far from satisfactory to Doctor Hunter. Unfortunately for the Doctor, he could not produce any cases of cure, except one of a *soi disant* "Countess" in Poland. The profession, represented by some of its greatest lights, gave its testimony against him and his system. The verdict has given general satisfaction, and the result altogether has done good service to *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Perhaps the great event of the day is the evacuation of Rome by the French troops. The Holy Father addressed the French officers on taking leave, and said some very bitter things about the Emperor, which the French press has been forbidden to reprint. Throwing up his arms with an awe-inspiring gesture, he said (of the Emperor): "They say his health is not very good; I pray for his health. They say his mind is not at ease; I pray for his soul. The French are a Christian nation; their Chief ought to be a Christian also." Napoleon's health is a very tender subject with him just now, therefore the Pope could not have hit upon a more ingenious method of torturing him. It is creditable for Napoleon that he has, in this instance, fulfilled his promise to the letter. He named a time for the removal of the troops, and he has kept it minutely. The aspect of affairs at present leads us to the conclusion that Pius the IX will make it up with Victor Emmanuel, for he has received his envoy with cordiality.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The French troops maintained the Temporal Power of the Pope in Rome. They were finally withdrawn in 1870, and in September of that year King Victor Emmanuel entered and took possession of the city. So ended the Temporal Power of the Pope, who henceforth was a "prisoner" in the Vatican. Events in 1929 have now made the Pope free to travel.

Spain is a country which occupies very little of our attention in England. In the minds of most folk it is associated with certain bonds which have never been paid. And yet it is in a condition just now which makes it worthy of some remarks. The Government of Queen Isabella has arrived at a pitch of insolent tyranny and injustice which renders its antagonism to the people so complete that its reconciliation seems impossible. The weakest will have to go to the wall. Either the Crown must extinguish entirely the political rights of the nation, or the dynasty must be overthrown. The Queen is fanatical and profligate, in fact, she can be fairly described as a priest-ridden w. . . . There is a strong feeling in favour of a union with Portugal, and the only question is—how is it to be brought about? One influential party would bring the House of Braganza to Madrid, while another, the supporters of Isabella, would fain conquer Portugal. The former of these seems to me the most likely to succeed. Anything would be better than the existing state of things, in which human life is held of no account, and human liberty, if possible, of less. The Army, which is only about the size of that of Belgium, is the smallest in Europe, and yet it is in a chronic state of mutiny. It is, however, the only support on which the Queen counts, and that only so long as it is paid. Whatever happens, the nation will have little sympathy in Europe.<sup>1</sup>

Another great question of the day is “Trades Unions and Strikes.” These are having a most

<sup>1</sup> Queen Isabella fled to France in 1868, and abdicated in favour of her son, Alfonso the XII.

deleterious influence on trade, and foreign competition is beginning seriously to affect our interests. Only fancy, carpenters' work is now imported by ship-loads from Sweden! Moreover, the manufacture of machinery is passing from us to France and Belgium. The English workman is doing himself infinite injury and is not by any means covering himself with glory. Yet those fellows want the franchise! A great authority on the dwellings of the labouring classes says, "The people who live in the lowest and worst houses are by no means the worst paid." Mr. Bass<sup>1</sup> lately spoke about the franchise to some of his men who were earning from 47s. to 75s. per week, and they said they really did not know anything about it. The conclusion, of course, is that they were not voters, because the rental of their houses did not amount to £10 per annum. Can it reasonably be urged that such men deserve the franchise who with incomes from £115 to £170 per annum grudge £10 for respectable dwellings for their wives and families?

*Christmas Day.*—We are spending this very quietly. I think you know that we never keep Christmas Day, but as Helen's birthday is on the 27th, we have our festive gathering then—when we are to have some twenty-five young folks in addition to our own party, and a Christmas Tree, and a general scrimmage. To-day, Mary Anne is in bed, having incautiously put herself in a position to bring on these damned rheumatics again. So I eat

<sup>1</sup> Michael Thomas Bass (1799-1884), M.P. for Derby. He was much interested in matters for the welfare of the workers in his great brewery, and for the working-classes in general.

my Christmas dinner *solus*, for even our children's governess has gone to spend the day with her friends. To add to the general mouldiness of this "merry" Xmas, our worthy vicar (Parish Church, not Norbiton), Mr. Measor, a great favourite of ours, died yesterday morning after a very short illness.<sup>1</sup> He was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge (the living being a college one), and was a scholar and a gentleman, with broad views on religious subjects. In fact, it was only on October the 23rd that I met Dr. Rowland Williams, of *Essays and Reviews*, at Measor's house at dinner. Poor fellow, his death has cast a general gloom over Kingston, the flag on the church tower is half mast high, and the dull leaden sky contributes a fitting colour to the landscape. However, my servants are exceptionally lively to-day. They are holding high feast in the Servants' Hall; supper is to be served in the Justice Room, where I have just seen covers laid for twenty. They have made up their party by asking the men residing at the different lodges, and their wives, and one or two personal friends besides. My great factotum, bailiff, head gardener, and generally invaluable servant, Gray ("Mr. Gray," as the female servants call him), will take the head of the table, and I should dearly like to hear and see what is going on, if I could do so "unbeknown." I went to see the decorations this afternoon, and was much amused by finding that they had manufactured a monogram out of holly leaves and berries—"W. & M.A.H." I believe they are determined thoroughly to enjoy themselves,

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. H. P. Measor died very suddenly of syncope, at the age of fifty-four.

and I heartily hope they will, for I flatter myself I have a lot of servants who may be equalled, but not surpassed in character, respectability, and a desire to do their best. As for myself, after my solitary dinner, I shall go to Mary Anne's room and have a game of cards with her ; she is well enough to do that.

Policeman comes to say he has work for me to-morrow. " Five boys have broken into a barn, and stolen some pease." I shall adjudicate on the poor devils at 9 a.m.

The biography of Verdon in your *Punch* is a disgrace to any publication : it is so personal, that it is only fit for a low scandalous paper like *The Satirist*.



## JANUARY, 1867.

THE weather is simply detestable. The year began with a heavy snow-storm, followed by a tremendous frost ; ice and snow had all come and gone in less than a week, but in that short time the thermometer went down on two successive nights below zero. The damage to my shrubs is serious. When the thaw came, it was sudden and violent, and the snow vanished as if by magic. From my own observation I am able to state that the thermometer rose from  $5^{\circ}$  to  $42^{\circ}$  in thirty-six hours. The warm wind from the south-west seemed by contrast, with the severe cold that had scarcely left us, to be like the blast of a furnace, and yet it was only  $10^{\circ}$  above freezing point. Unfortunately I had to go to Newington every day during this terrible cold, viz. on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. On the 6th I went and had a day's skating on the Mole, when I found that, albeit I had not been in skates for eleven or twelve years, I could work away very fairly without coming down. But, by Jove, it touched up certain muscles in my calves, which had fallen into disuse, and I was ignominiously compelled frequently to sit down.

On the 11th the frost set in again and has continued to this day (the 21st) without intermission. There has, however, been no very extreme cold, but merely a determined stopping of the thermometer at from  $20^{\circ}$  up to freezing point. We have only had a

little light snow in the neighbourhood of London, but in the North and South the railways have been blocked. Dover was cut off from London, and Paris was not in communication with Calais. Even the Marseilles portion of the French lines has been blocked. In fact, the winter is as severe in France as it is in London. The Park skating in London has resulted in the most gigantic and painful catastrophe in my experience. In the Regent's Park on Tuesday the 15th there was a general break-up of ice (although not thawing), and two hundred persons were immersed, no less than forty-one of them being drowned, so far as is known at present. There have been that number of bodies got out, though all the water has not yet been dragged.

I have had my sensibilities severely tried by the investigation of an attempted murder, in which a soldier cut his sweetheart's throat. The affair was most hideous and heartrending, and I had the ruffian before me in my justice-room here at 9 a.m., and the crime had only been committed about eight hours before. Blood was scarcely dry on the razor and some love-letters which were produced. Faugh! I had to resort to brandy to restore my nerves. The victim, by great good luck, is recovering. I am told she does not intend to utter a word to inculpate her infernal lover.

Lord Derby has been singularly lucky in the amount of patronage he has had to distribute during his short tenure. He and his colleagues received the seals of office early in July, and have consequently been in power about six months. Six peerages have been created, four in the House of Commons and two

out of it—viz. Lord Henniker,<sup>1</sup> M.P. for East Suffolk, and an Irish peer, has been created Baron Hartismere in the Peerage of England; Sir W. Jolliffe,<sup>2</sup> M.P. for Petersfield, has become Baron Hylton; Sir E. B. Lytton,<sup>3</sup> M.P. for Herts, has been made Baron Lytton; Colonel Douglas Pennant, M.P. for Carnarvon (county), has been created Lord Penrhyn. So far inside the House; outside it, Viscount Boyne, Irish Peer, has been made Lord Brancepeth; and Sir Hugh Rose, the well-known Indian general, has been made Baron Strathnairn.

On the Judicial Bench the Patronage has been singularly large: Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron; Sir W. Bovill, Chief Justice of Common Pleas; Sir Hugh Cairns, Lord Justice of Appeal; and Malins,<sup>4</sup> Vice-Chancellor. . . .

After dinner the other day, when the ladies had gone, Hinchliff, Hardy, and myself were discussing Swinburne with Meredith, whose guest he has recently been.<sup>5</sup> Hardy quoted Pliny's well-known

<sup>1</sup> The fourth Baron Henniker (1801-1870). His third son, Colonel Arthur Henniker, married, in 1882, Florence, daughter of Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, who in April, 1866, entertained both Meredith and Swinburne at Givston.

<sup>2</sup> The first Baron Hylton died in 1870. His granddaughter, Eleanor Hylton Jolliffe, married, in 1871, Colonel Frederick Custance, Grenadier Guards, and their daughter, Olive Custance, the poet, became the wife of Lord Alfred Douglas in 1902.

<sup>3</sup> The novelist.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Richard Malins (1805-1882), M.P. for Wallingford, 1852-1865.

<sup>5</sup> Although Hardman and his friends were obsessed with curiosity and ribald jest concerning Swinburne, the young poet was not, apparently, introduced to Hardman when on a visit to Meredith at Kingston Lodge, which was only a few paces from Norbiton Hall. Swinburne was there again in March, 1867. It is strange that these cultured men, Morley, Shirley Brooks, and the others of Hardman's set, could only perceive and dwell upon the sexual aspects of Swinburne's verse, and were unperceptive of the lyrical beauty of his song and his jewelled

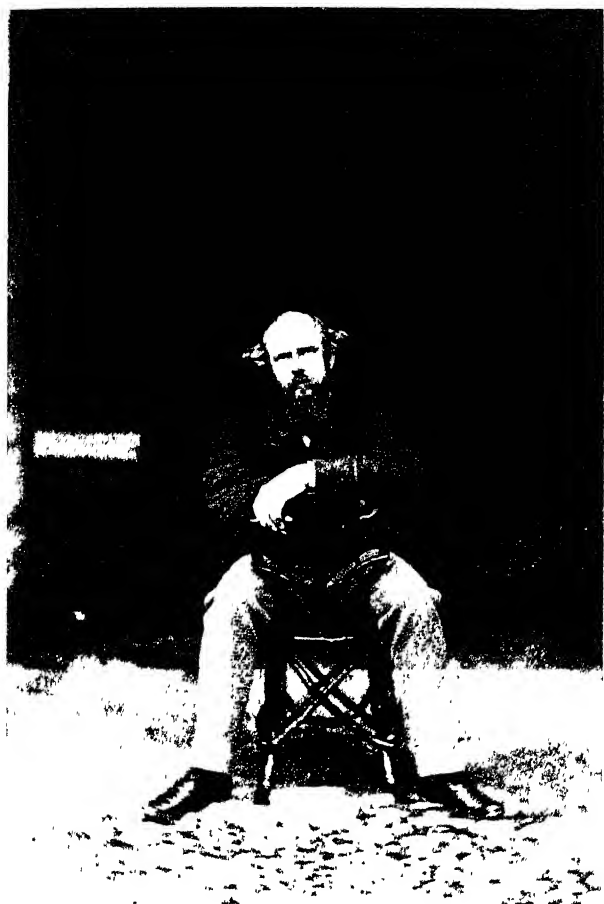
saying, "Omne animal post coitum (or "in coitu"—I forget which it is) triste est," as applying in some measure to the youthful poet. Hinchliff, who has a strange store of funny odds and ends, said: "By the bye, that reminds me of a firm that used to be in St. Paul's Churchyard, whose names translate that passage perfectly—Mann, Rogers, and Greaves." We yelled our approval in shrieks of laughter. Surely it is one of the best things of the kind I ever heard.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* reviews Meredith's new novel (published in *The Fortnightly Review*), *Vittoria*, in its issue of to-day, and some of its comments are most just.

Apropos of parliamentary matters, the Prussian Parliament has decided by a majority of 178 to 106 in favour of paying their members.

There is a rumour, not without foundation, of a desire on the part of the Liberals to throw Gladstone overboard, or at any rate to induce him to abandon his claims to be Prime Minister of the next Liberal Government. There is no doubt he has no friends; his manner is objectionable and he glares alike on partisan or opponent with an angry and excited eye. Moreover, he is not to be trusted. No person would be surprised to see Gladstone take up any view or any party. If a man wants to get followers on a plain and easy course, it behoves him to be conciliatory and pleasant. But if he expects them to accompany him cheerfully through dirt, difficulty, and

wealth of language. Even Meredith, who had been the intimate friend and house-mate of Swinburne, had to make the sexual reservation when praising the "finest poet, truest artist—of the young lot—when he refrains from pointing a hand at the genitals."



T. W. HINCHLIFF

*From a photograph taken by Haydman*



danger, it is much more necessary for him to possess and exercise winning manners. Unless circumstances should combine to render a Radical Government indispensable, and unless that Government cannot possibly dispense with Gladstone as Prime Minister, you may depend upon it he will never attain to that honour. He will never be carried to the Chief Minister's seat amid the shouts of a grateful populace, the whole nation glad to see him there. If ever he is Prime Minister he will be so as that necessary evil which is selected because it is the least.

I have sent you the two first copies of *The Imperial Review*, a new Conservative weekly (in both senses I fear) which will not live long.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Imperial Review* ran from January the 5th, 1867, to December the 26th, 1868.

You will see in *The Home News* that Shirley Brooks came to grief on the night of the thaw. He sprained his left wrist in falling on his own hospitable doorstep, and has his arm in a sling still. Brooks is imbued with some very sound ideas about the lower orders, and has become a strong Conservative. Apropos of the coming Reform Bill, he writes to me, "Pray convict as many of them as you can, by way of keeping down the register in the days that are coming, for the line is to be drawn at the unconvicted at present."

On Tuesday the 5th the Queen opened Parliament in person, wearing a coronet over her widow's cap ! She did not put on her robes, neither did she read her speech. The former were laid upon the throne, and the Lord Chancellor read the latter, I believe with good emphasis and intonation. As usual when a Tory Government has the composing of the Royal Speech, it was excellent as a piece of literary work. But more than that, it was the grandest programme of valuable measures to be introduced in due course (I hope) that we have had presented to the nation for many a long day. . . . Lord Russell's speech on the Address was a melancholy exhibition, full of petty spite, and displaying a nagging tendency to be hostile under any circumstances. His own party



blame him. Johnny Russell is decidedly getting into the sere and yellow leaf as well as into hot water. On the Monday night (the 11th) he met with a tremendous rebuff. He presented a petition to the Upper House from a man named Wason, praying the removal of Fitzroy Kelly from his post as Lord Chief Baron for an offence proved to be groundless more than thirty years ago.<sup>1</sup> The stupid Earl admitted that he did not believe the charge laid in the petition, and finding himself severely sat upon and entirely unsupported by his own party, he wished to withdraw the petition, but the Lords would not let him without their expressing their opinion, which they did in an unanimous vote not to receive the petition. Earl Russell's influence is a thing of the past. He is squashed utterly. Idiot.

On Monday the 11th those ruffians, the Reformers, had a second demonstration in the public streets for the purpose of intimidating Parliament into granting universal suffrage and all the damnations that belong thereto. Beyond a total suspension of business along the line of route, nothing of any importance happened, everything passing off quietly. The idiotic villains met in Trafalgar Square, and marched to the Agricultural Hall, Islington, by way of Pall Mall and Regent Street, Portland Place, and the New Road, with flags flying, and themselves bedizened with Chartist badges and costumes savouring of the Forester and Oddfellow. Truly things have come

<sup>1</sup> Presumably a reference to the fact that Fitzroy Kelly was unseated on petition from the constituency of Ipswich in 1835. He owned an estate near Ipswich, The Chantry, Sproughton, famed for its beautiful grounds. Following the election trouble, Fitzroy Kelly sold the property in 1836 to Charles Lillingston.

to a pretty pass with us in the old country, and it is difficult to predict what will be the upshot of all this Trades Union business.<sup>1</sup> If their proceedings would only bring about a decided breach of the peace there would be some chance of their being put down. At present they resemble an indolent ulcer, which will not get better until it is worse.

The interest in the above absurdities was weakened in the papers next day by the report of Disraeli's speech in the House, but more especially by the news of a descent of Fenians upon the quiet old city of Chester. Some 18,000 suddenly made their appearance in that city on the Monday aforesaid, but the Police had received information and were prepared. Military arrived from Manchester and Liverpool, and shortly after midnight a battalion of Guards were sent from London. This has been followed by a rising in the county of Kerry, and Ireland generally is in a very disturbed state. The Government, however, was on the alert. Lord Vaux, Secretary for Ireland, and Lord Strathnairn went over instantly, the military were soon in motion, and all is practically over, the only person injured being a mounted policeman named Duggan, who was shot at and wounded by the Fenians. Some newspapers think that the Government have suppressed details and that the affair has really been more serious than it appears. The insurgents have been constantly cutting the telegraph wires leading to Valencia as fast as they were repaired ; the workmen engaged in

<sup>1</sup> Hardman could never have guessed that Trades Unionism would engineer and support a strike in the midst of a great war, and that such an act of treason would go unpunished in England.

the work of reparation being threatened by bodies of armed men. The most carefully sifted information seems to prove that there were never more than 150 men collected together. The outbreak was only a mad Irish scheme, hopeless from its outset. Its effect has only been to continue the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and to render the condition of that unfortunate country more hopeless than ever, if possible. What can be done with a people who are such damned idiots? English capital has been attracted a little recently to Ireland, a very little, but now, of course, it flows back again, or away to other objects more steady and profitable than Irish folk and Irish surroundings.

Mr. Secretary Walpole got chaffed by the Radical papers for treating the Chester affair "*au sérieux*:" but they have since changed their tone. In the first instance they professed to believe that the unexpected assembling of these unknown strangers was simply for prize-fighting purposes, and was in fact a mere "scare," but now no sensible person has any doubt that the said strangers were Irish acting under the orders of superiors, and that their object was to seize the 9,000 stand of arms and 900,000 rounds of ammunition stored in Chester Castle with little or no protection. The good citizens of Chester are quite satisfied that they have escaped a great danger, and I see that "in compliance with the desire of the Bishop of Chester, the thanksgiving for peace and deliverance from enemies was read in all the churches of the city yesterday" (Sunday the 17th).

On a par with the imbecility of Lord Russell is a recent act of the well-known American Minister, Mr.

Seward.<sup>1</sup> You may be aware that Motley,<sup>2</sup> the distinguished historian of the Netherlands, is, or rather was, Ambassador of the United States at Vienna. An anonymous letter, purporting to be from a citizen of the U.S. residing in Paris, was addressed to the President, stating that most of the United States Ministers abroad were hostile to the Administration. Mr. Motley was specially singled out, and, as Mr. Seward informed him, "He" (the anonymous correspondent) "adds that you do not pretend to conceal your disgust, as he says you style it, at the President's<sup>3</sup> whole conduct; that you despise American democracy, loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection; that the President has deserted his pledges and principles in common with Mr. Seward, who you say is hopelessly degraded. Your denial of affirmation of these reports is requested." Mr. Motley of course resigns his post, but, while admitting that his views are hostile to the President's policy, he denies the violent expressions imputed to him. I shudder to think what democracy will bring

<sup>1</sup> William Henry Seward, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency in 1860, when Lincoln was elected.

<sup>2</sup> John Lothrop Motley (1814-1877) was a native of Massachusetts, and resembled Byron in appearance. He was the author of an historical novel, *Morton's Hope* (1839), and of another entitled *Merrymount*. Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic* was published in 1858, and the first part of *The History of the United Netherlands* in 1860, the second part following in 1868. In 1869 Motley was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James's, but he again found himself in disagreement with his home government, and only a year later he was recalled on the plea that he had not obeyed his instructions. Motley "was cut to the heart, and brooded over his unmerited disgrace to the day of his death." He died in England at the Dorsetshire residence of his daughter, who had married Sir William Vernon Harcourt in 1876.

<sup>3</sup> Andrew Johnson, the successor of Lincoln, President 1865-1869.

us to every time I read any account of the snobbish impertinences perpetrated in America. What is to be hoped from a Minister who not only listens to anonymous spies, but cross-examines an Ambassador as to his private opinions and conversation "from information received," as the Police always say when giving their evidence?

Landseer's Lions serenely fill their allotted pedestals at the base of the Nelson Column. Of course opinions differ, but I must say that I admire them very much, and think that their only weak point is in their fore-paws, which are so puffy and badly-defined that they look as if they were enveloped in bran poultices. I have often seen Landseer studying the lions during feeding-time at the Zoological Gardens, and I recognise the particular lion whose attitude and behaviour at that time have served as a model to the great artist.

The long delay in the completion and delivery of the lions sculptured by Sir Edwin Landseer for the base of the Nelson Monument was a standing joke in mid-Victorian times. Indeed, the whole memorial was belated. It was in 1837, thirty-two years after Nelson's death, that the scheme was first mooted in *The Times*. There was an alternative proposal that the statue and column should be placed inside St. Paul's Cathedral beneath the dome! However, the newly-cleared site of Trafalgar Square was rightly decided upon. The foundation stone was laid in 1840, and three years later the statue, the work of E. H. Baily, R.A., was on view, but by no means at the top of the lofty column. So the satirists commenced. *Punch*, on November the 25th, 1843, produced *The Nelson*

*Column Drama*, which pictured a man and a boy engaged on the original work growing old before the completion of the memorial :

Boy.

I remember, I remember,  
When I was a little boy,  
On the column, in November,  
I was given some employ.

I helped the man to build it,  
And we laboured hard and long,  
But the granite came up slowly,  
For we were not very strong.

I remember, I remember,  
How we raised its form on high,  
With one block in December  
And another in July,

BOTH.

We remember, we remember,  
When St. Martin's bells were rung,  
The laying of the first stone, for  
We were very young.

But many years have passed now,  
Since we our work begun,  
We fear we shall not last now,  
To see our labour done.

We remember, we remember,  
But we heard it on the sly,  
'Twon't be finished next November,  
Nor the subsequent July.

The satire was fully justified, for a quarter of a century elapsed before the work was completed with the placing of the lions, as noted by Hardman

in 1867. Contemporary opinion did not altogether agree with him in liking Landseer's excursion into sculpture, and a jest common at the time asserted that the old lion on the roof of Northumberland House (and now to be seen on Sion House, Brentford) would not recognise those curious freaks as brother lions.

There had been an earlier scheme during Nelson's lifetime to erect a pillar or monument in his honour. It was suggested by Flaxman, the sculptor, in a pamphlet published in 1799 and illustrated with three designs by William Blake. In *The Life of William Blake*, by Thomas Wright, there is an hitherto unpublished letter from William Hayley describing how Sir William Hamilton presented Flaxman to Nelson, as the latter was leaving the room :

“ ‘Pray stop a little, my Lord,’ exclaimed Sir William. ‘I must desire you to shake hands with Mr. Flaxman, because he is a man as extraordinary in his way as you are in yours. Believe me, he is the sculptor who ought to make your monument.’ ‘Is he?’ replied Nelson, seizing the hand of Flaxman with great eagerness, ‘then I heartily hope he may.’ ”

One result of Flaxman's pamphlet was that Blake painted his memorable picture entitled “The Spiritual Form of Nelson guiding Leviathan.”

## MARCH, 1867.

EAST-WIND, sleet, and general damnation. Snow, general damnation, and a North-East wind. General damnation, snow, sleet, rain, and a South-East wind. Thus are the daily changes of weather to be registered. I do not think I ever recollect a more unpleasant fortnight in the matter of weather than the one just past.

Shirley Brooks has been staying here from Saturday last to the following Monday. Of course we smoked many cigars, and had great fun. He was in his best spirits, and I never knew him in better cue for repartee and smartness. He imparted several good stories. Here are a couple in which the Bishop of Oxford<sup>1</sup> is the hero. This oily person was staying in a family where a German governess had just arrived. He read the service on the next Sunday. Afterwards, being a polite priest, he asked the German lady how she liked the English liturgy. "So much," she replied. "It is so tender, so kind, so embracing. You have even a prayer for the poor governess." "Indeed! What do you refer to?" "You pray for all the women which labour with the child." On another occasion a lady complained to the Bishop that the clergyman of her parish was rendering himself very disagreeable to his parishioners by reason of his ritualistic practices. "How so?"

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Wilberforce (1805-1873).



enquired S. Oxon, "What does he do?" "Well, for one thing, he always reads the lessons from the rectum" (the lady, as you will understand, meant lectern). "Indeed," said the Bishop, "then I am not surprised if he is offensive to his congregation." The following story of the same Bishop is true. He was staying with the Duke of Marlborough, as also were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Teck. The last named is notoriously an utterly bad sportsman and not on any account to be trusted with a gun. It had been arranged that Teck should not be taken out with the shooting party; but the Duke of Cambridge, who was not in the secret, said to Teck, "You will go with us of course." The Prince replied: "Oh yes, I should like var mosh" (with strong German accent). When the others knew this, they were in a difficulty, so they laid the case before my Lord Bishop for his advice. "Send him out," said Oxford, "by himself with a worthless keeper."

The Reform Bill. We have passed through great convulsions. On February the 4th Mr. Disraeli propounded his famous resolutions, but they were received with so much disfavour that on the 25th he was compelled to give such an explanation of his resolutions as in fact amounted to the outline of a Bill. On the following day he withdrew the said resolutions, and at the same time promised to introduce a Bill on March the 18th. Before that day arrived, however, rumours were current of great difference of opinion among the Cabinet Ministers. These rumours took a definite shape and shortly after became facts. Three of the Ministers resigned

office, viz. General Peel, Lord Cranborne,<sup>1</sup> and the Earl of Carnarvon. The game of "Puss in the Corner" was now played. The Duke of Buckingham (President of the Council) taking the Colonial Office; the Duke of Marlborough succeeding him as President; Sir John Pakington<sup>2</sup> going from the Admiralty to the War Office; Mr. Corry<sup>3</sup> going to the Admiralty; Sir Stafford Northcote going to the India Office in place of Lord Cranborne (a great loss); the Duke of Richmond taking Northcote's place at the Board of Trade; and finally my friend, Lord Robert Montagu, gets the Vice-Presidency of the Council, which makes him a Right Honourable but does not give him a seat in the Cabinet. Having thus got rid of the chief stumbling-blocks, Lord Derby announced his intention of recurring to his original policy. This "original policy" has proved very distasteful to the bulk of the Conservative party, for it is simply Household Suffrage for every man who has resided in a borough two years and pays his own rates, with permission to those who now compound to pay directly if they like. A second, or, as it is called, a dual vote being given to those who pay 20s. in direct taxes. Lodgers to have votes who are graduates or associates in any University of the United Kingdom; or who are priests or deacons of the Established Church; or who are ministers

<sup>1</sup> Later the third Marquis of Salisbury and the well-known Premier.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Somerset Pakington (1799-1880) was the son of William Russell and took the name of Pakington on succeeding to the estates of his maternal uncle, Sir John Pakington, eighth baronet, 1831. He retained his office of Secretary for War until Disraeli's resignation in December, 1868. Created Baron Hampton, 1874.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Lowry Corry (1803-1873), grandson of the second Earl of Belmore. The Admiralty was his last Ministerial office.

of any denomination, or who are serjeants-at-law or barristers or certificated pleaders or conveyancers ; or who are attorneys or solicitors ; or qualified medical practitioners, or certificated schoolmasters—in all cases a period of two years being essential. No person to vote for any of these qualifications for more than one place. The county franchise to be reduced to £15. In the proposed redistribution of seats, the only one in which I am specially interested is the division of East Surrey into two, a district of Mid Surrey being created—of which Kingston is the capital. Amongst the new boroughs is Torquay, so that the consumptive folk will have the privilege of being represented : but all is uncertain ; we have got so inured to changes that everyone feels that another week may develop some new phase.

On his re-election for Droitwich, Sir John Pakington made some interesting disclosures. It seems from his account that the Cabinet met on the 25th of February quite unexpectedly, not knowing of the resignations. It did not meet until 1.30, and Lord Derby had to address a meeting of his supporters at 2 o'clock. Sir John said he "did not think they had more than ten minutes to make up their mind," and in that ten minutes they adopted a new Reform Bill, to meet the views of the members who were going to resign. In this they made a fatal mistake. It would have been better to have thrown the three members (Peel, Cranborne, and Carnarvon) over at once, than to have shown so much vacillation. Disraeli had to make a different statement that night to the one he had prepared, and of course it was a lame one. Everyone pitied poor Dizzy, who must

have passed through an inconceivable amount of worry. He was, however, quite self-possessed, and has never failed to drop smartly down upon any one who attacked him. Notably Mr. White, M.P. for Brighton, came to grief at his hands. Mr. White said: "It was remarked by Mr. Sheridan about seventy years ago that Englishmen had no faith in the 'little Isaac' class of politicians, who were a little roguish and devilish cunning." This was taken to be a delicate reference to Mr. Disraeli's father, Isaac Disraeli. Mr. Disraeli rose to reply to Mr. Gladstone, saying, "I need not trouble the House with any remarks on the successor to Mr. Sheridan." This convulsed the House with laughter, and completely extinguished the illustrious White. This is only one out of many happy replies.

On Tuesday, the 19th, Mr. J. Stuart Mill caused great amusement, even to the ladies in the Gallery, who were heard to laugh heartily, by giving notice that whenever the Reform Bill should be considered in Committee, he would move to alter in certain clauses the word "man" into "person," so that women might be admitted to the Parliamentary franchise. The same evening there was a grand row about the appointment of Mr. Churchward, of Dover, to the Commission of the Peace, which resulted in an agreement to remove all magistrates who had been guilty of bribery at elections from the Commission.

On Wednesday the chief business of the sitting was the Abolition of Church Rates, which was carried through the second reading by a majority of seventy-six in a very full house: there being 454

members present. Wednesday is known as Ecclesiastical Wednesday from its being always devoted to religious matters.

The Fenians. These scoundrels, composed of one part knaves and three parts fools, have broken out at last, and I rejoice to add have been completely extinguished. On Tuesday, March the 5th, we were startled by the news that a civil war was raging in Ireland, and rebels were being potted by the police, as they would have been by the Military if they had had the opportunity. The outbreaks occurred at different points, according to some preconcerted plan of action. Near Dublin the point selected was Tallaght, where there is a police barrack, in the hope that the small body of police would be easily mastered. But the Fenians counted their chickens before they were hatched. Besides, in all Irish rebellions there are traitors in the camp, and the Government was fully informed beforehand, so that they were on the alert. The police at Tallaght, a small but determined and well-disciplined body of fourteen men, were attacked by some 200 or 300 Fenians, who fired a volley at them. The police fired low, killing one man, wounding four (as far as they know), and taking sixty-five prisoners. Near Limerick, at a place called Kilmallock, some 200 Fenians made an unsuccessful attack on the police barrack, being defeated with a loss of three killed, and fourteen prisoners. The police force in this case was only twenty-two men. Drogheda was the scene of another scrimmage, as also were some places near Cork. The result in each case was the total defeat of the rebels, leaving behind them large quantities of

arms and ammunition. The police behaved splendidly, and I am glad to see that the Government is going promptly to confer substantial rewards upon them. £2000 is to be distributed, and their pay is to be raised. The routed Fenians took to the mountains, but the weather fought on our side, and cutting east winds with heavy snow completed their collapse. I believe that several of these mad fools have been found dead from cold and hunger. They were assisted by Americans, some of whom have been captured, and I trust will have condign punishment. The authorities have information of an approaching Fenian Fleet, and have sent a squadron to the Irish coast to give them a fitting reception. I only hope they may land. We can afford to sneer now at the simple folly of the whole attempt, but it might have been otherwise if the executive had not been prepared. There is no longer any doubt that the excitement at Chester was a veritable Fenian affair. We may seem now to be taking too many precautions and putting a larger force in the country of Ireland than the circumstances seem to warrant, but it is important that the movement should be hopelessly unsuccessful. St. Patrick's Day was looked forward to with apprehension, but it has passed off quite peacefully. In all this, poor unfortunate Ireland is the great sufferer. Of course all introduction of English capital is "choked off," and no temptation is offered to landlords to become residents. The country is thrown back indefinitely, and it is impossible to foresee all the evil results. Naturally the promised visit of the Queen and Prince of Wales is abandoned *sine die*.

This evening's paper contains a grand "canard" from America. It is announced that a lake has been discovered in Iowa, covering 2,800 acres, from two to three feet above the level of the surrounding country, and surrounded by a carefully built wall ten or fifteen feet wide—by whom built no one can discover. The stones of the wall vary from a hundred pounds to three tons; and there are no stones within ten miles. A story for the Marines.

The Princess of Wales has caused great anxiety to all tender-hearted and loyal subjects. She was attacked by rheumatic fever, and in the midst of it was prematurely confined of a daughter.<sup>1</sup> The bulletins were far from satisfactory, and at length elicited that she was very seriously ill. The rheumatism, so the doctors said, had settled in the knee . . . and it is feared that she will have a stiff leg as long as she lives. Rumour went so far as to say that she would have to lose her leg, but we are now informed that such is not likely to be the result. I heard on very good authority that she is worn to a mere shadow, in fact, the Queen was so overcome when she first saw her after her confinement that she burst into tears. The King and Queen of Denmark have both come over to see her, and are with her at this moment. She suffered great agony, and constantly had strychnine or morphia; indeed, she showed herself quite unable to bear the pain, and her cries were inexpressibly grievous to all about her. Poor little woman, she has the heartiest sympathy of all classes.

<sup>1</sup> Louise, the present Princess Royal, born on February the 20th, 1867. She married the late Duke (then Earl) of Fife in 1889.

The Princess Christian and the Princess Mary of Cambridge (Teck) are both in an interesting condition, and will shortly present their husbands with some result.<sup>1</sup>

Apropos of our Queen, I may as well mention that she has for some time been engaged on a Life of the Prince Consort!—which is now completed; in fact, rumour says that the earliest copies are in the hands of relatives and friends at home and abroad.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps this may have had some influence on her mode of life, and she may have secluded herself during composition; at any rate, she is undoubtedly coming out a great deal more in public now.

The death of Dr. Livingstone is reported on what seems to be fair authority.<sup>3</sup> Anyhow Sir Roderick Murchison expresses very little hope of the untrustworthiness of the evidence of the men who have returned after having seen him killed, as they say, by a blow of an axe. One feels sorry, but at the same time it is the fate that any man must expect who trusts himself among the savages of the interior of Africa. The only doubtful point seems to be the fact that these men brought no token from Dr. Livingstone's corpse, which they saw buried.

<sup>1</sup> Princess Christian's son, the late Prince Christian Victor, was born on April the 14th, 1867. He died on October the 29th, 1900, of enteric fever contracted during the South African War.

The Princess of Teck's daughter, Victoria Mary (May), was born on May the 26th, 1867, and is now Queen Mary.

<sup>2</sup> The book proved to be *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands*, published in 1868.

<sup>3</sup> The report was false. Livingstone discovered Lake Bangweolo in the following year, and reached Ujiji in 1869. Later he endured great sufferings in the cannibal country, and was rescued by Stanley in 1871. But during further explorations to discover the source of the Nile, Livingstone died in the country of Ilala in 1873.



“Australian Boiled Beef” is advertised in tins of 6 lb. at 7d. per lb. It is described as not salted and free from all taint. Can you tell me anything about its origin? I shall get a tin to try it. I always run after anything produced by Australia, and introduce it to my friends. Verdon was immensely pleased to find excellent Australian Burgundy and Moselle on my table.

By far the most interesting book of the present is Hepworth Dixon's *New America*. It is most readable in both matter and type. The account of the Mormons is deeply interesting to all who care to watch the developments of the ages. Barring polygamy—which will either have to be abandoned or it will cause a grievous schism—the system seems worthy of much favour.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The sect of the Mormons, “The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,” was originally founded about a hundred years ago by Joseph Smith, of Vermont, who was eventually shot dead in 1844. The movement then came under the direction of Brigham Young, who established his followers at Great Salt Lake City in 1847.

AT our Assizes at Kingston I sat every day by the side of Mr. Baron Bramwell<sup>1</sup> in order to take lessons in criminal proceedings under such a distinguished judge—an opportunity not to be lost. I think I profited greatly thereby. We had a trial for murder. The criminal was a young man named Longhurst, and his offence was the ravishing of a little girl of seven or eight years and then stabbing her in several places so that she died. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. When the critical moment arrived, the Judge's Marshal produced from some secret recess what seemed to be a black cloth bag (square), and he placed it dexterously on Mr. Bramwell's head, so that one corner hung over his nose. Thus attired the Judge read the exact words of

<sup>1</sup> George Bramwell (1808-1892) became a Lord Justice in 1876, and was created a peer in 1882. In the *Autobiography* of Sir Edmund Hornby there is quoted a letter from Lord Bramwell respecting the pain a judge often feels when pronouncing sentence of death, and the final advice he gives may have some relation to his feelings at the occasion described by Hardman when Bramwell sentenced the murderer Longhurst. Bramwell wrote: "Dear Hornby, I have suffered as much as you appear to do, and I do not think it is possible for some men to get over the feeling of the intense responsibility, but you can do something to mitigate the actual pain which arises from misplaced sympathy, entirely undeserving as the object of it generally is. You have only the being that has done the wrong and whom you are going to deprive of life before you; let your mind revert to the scene and circumstances of the crime, as disclosed in the evidence, with its too pregnant accompaniment of damnable low cunning, cowardice, and brutal cruelty. Imagine the mental and physical agony of the victim, the wretchedness of those he leaves behind him, and you will feel few of those feelings you describe, at least they will be shorn of their intensity. I trust you will not have many such cases, but remember it is the duty of a judge to be firm and strong."

the sentence from a little card. The condemned criminal tried to throw himself down the steps in the dock, but was caught by a warder. Last week at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, the Chaplain sent to request Mr. Tilson, Mr. Phillips, and myself to visit the said criminal, as he (the Chaplain) had an opinion that Longhurst was not answerable for his actions and not fit to be hanged. We went and had a long interview with Longhurst, which resulted in our unanimously agreeing that he was quite fit to be hanged, and refusing to join in any application to the Home Secretary on his behalf. Mr. Jessop, the Chaplain, who is strongly opposed to capital punishment, did, however, apply to Mr. Walpole for a commutation of the sentence, but without any result. On Tuesday, Longhurst was put out of the world, and an awful scene it was. He had to be pinioned by main force, and held under the rope while the knot was tied. Several of the warders were severely kicked and bitten. I am satisfied that he was rightly punished: no other sentence was adequate to his crime. He did not mind imprisonment. Some of the papers have made his execution a peg whereon to hang general remarks on the unadvisability of capital punishment, but others, more wisely, have suggested that the details of his crime should be set down side by side with the horrible details of his execution, to refresh folks' memories.

I will not do more than allude to the fearful condition of the Railway Share market. The London, Chatham, and Dover has reached the climax of mismanagement and extravagance, but all

lines, more or less, have got into scrapes. Confidence has been violently shaken by the discovery that debentures are not that inviolable security they were supposed to be. All lines have issued debentures, and as the holders refuse to renew, these floating debts have to be met, and since no fresh investors can be found the difficulties of the companies are considerable. Yet money is abundant and cheap, the usual rate of discount being about 2 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The French Exhibition was "opened" on the 1st of April, but is in an awful state of incompleteness, and will not be fit to be seen for a couple of months at least. The whole place is at present given up to packing-cases, workmen, and dust. The last mentioned article is everywhere, so that most things which are ready for exhibition are obliged to be protected by coverings. The long and short of the business is, that the whole affair has been made a regular job: it is a mass of contracts, sub-contracts, and sub-sub-contracts. Everybody in Paris hoped to make their fortunes out of the show and the visitors to it. Meanwhile, war between France and Prussia about Luxembourg is imminent, and, I think, inevitable.

There is interesting news from the great Mont Cenis Tunnel, a work which all Europe looks upon with curiosity. It seems that the workmen have come to the end of the quartz stratum which has blunted their tools and damped their spirits for many long months. A formation of tufa has been reached through which they are able to pierce at the rate of two metres and a half *per diem*.

An edict of the Queen of Madagascar has excited considerable amusement. She has restricted the wearing of hats with brims to the Government officials, and has ordered all other inhabitants to wear brimless or pork-pie hats. A most absurd and preposterous command, and only to be accounted for on the principle as actuated a Sultan of former days to insist on all his Jewish subjects wearing Ramillies periwigs, viz. that some favourite of the autocrat has been speculating in a cargo of the article in question, and which has not met with a ready sale.

Although probably ten years will elapse before the first cause is heard in the Palace of Justice, yet are the preparations for building the same making visible progress. Government has got possession of all the land between Bell Yard and Clement's Inn, and has begun to clear large portions of it. It is intended to leave the outside walls standing to form an enclosure to keep out thieves and ragamuffins, and act as a general protection to the works. The plans sent in for competition have been exhibited, but none of them have been selected. I went to see them and was not particularly impressed by any one in particular. No doubt the authorities knew whom they meant to select as architect before they put the work up for competition.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As much delay took place in the erection of the new Law Courts as in the case of the Nelson Column. As far back as 1841 Sir Charles Barry designed a large building which it was proposed to erect on the open space of Lincoln's Inn Fields. There were happily many objections to this scheme, and the present site was acquired. This involved the removal of "thirty close, foul, and filthy courts, yards, lanes, and alleys," which, however, contained many picturesque old houses of the Carolean period. After many delays the foundation stone of the new building, designed by Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., was laid on April the 30th, 1874. Not until December the 11th, 1882, were the Law Courts opened by Queen Victoria, when the architect had been dead for over a year.

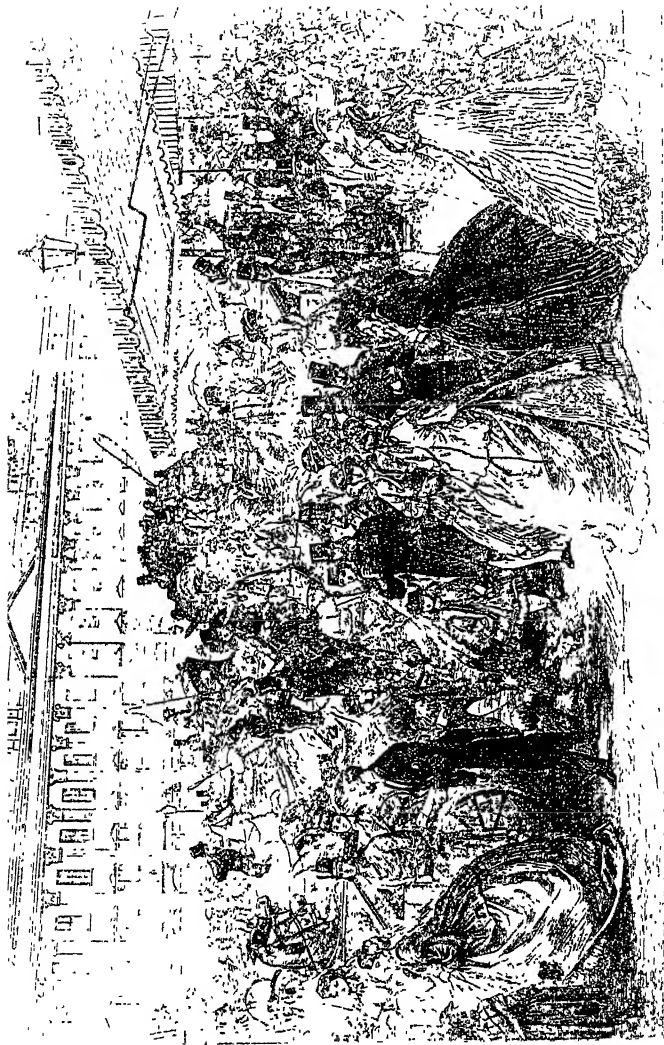
Another of the great improvements of the future is progressing rapidly ; I mean the Holborn Valley Viaduct from High Holborn to Snow Hill. The great thoroughfare is obstructed by hoardings, and the whole scene is a desert of bricks and mortar.<sup>1</sup>

Great complaints are made of the slow rate of progress of the Thames Embankment, but I confess to me it seems to get on rapidly. A good deal of the stone facing is now exposed. The new Blackfriars Bridge is also getting towards completion, that is to say the new stone piers are above water.<sup>2</sup> The site of Burlington Gardens, behind Burlington House, is covered with cranes, stones, scaffolding, etc., and the new Royal Academy is rising to light above the hoardings.<sup>3</sup> Whenever you return to Old England you will have much to see that will delight your eye. The great difficulty, which becomes apparently greater every day without any prospect of a satisfactory solution, is the regulation of street traffic. The great thoroughfares of London are, in the busy part of the day, almost impassable.

<sup>1</sup> The old approach to the City along Holborn was inconvenient and dangerous owing to the steep descent of Holborn Hill, so it was decided to construct a viaduct and high-level bridge over Farringdon Street, in lieu of Skinner Street. The work was commenced in May, 1863, and again the demolition of much interesting old property resulted. Many concealed passages and secret hiding-places for plunder were discovered in the ancient houses of Field Lane, which had been a quarter for thieves and all manner of criminals. The new Holborn Viaduct was opened by Queen Victoria on November the 6th, 1869, after performing on the same day the opening ceremony of the new Blackfriars Bridge.

<sup>2</sup> Old Blackfriars Bridge, originally called Pitt Bridge, was built during 1760-1769. The repairs were a continuous and very heavy expense, so a hundred years later a new bridge was erected, from the designs of Joseph Cubitt, at a cost of £265,000.

<sup>3</sup> Hardman alludes to the buildings of the newly created University of London erected on the gardens north of Burlington House. The Royal Academy occupies a portion of the original Burlington House, built in 1718.



REGENT STREET IN 1866

From "The Illustrated London News"

Another post worth twelve hundred a year fell vacant, and Earle went to Colonel Taylor, saying, "Mr. Disraeli is willing to give me this post, but he wishes the suggestion to be made by some one else, yourself for example." Colonel Taylor volunteered to ask for it, and went to Disraeli, who indignantly denied having expressed any such wish, and said he thought it monstrous that Earle should prefer such a request. Earle threw up his post of one thousand pounds, and cast in his lot with the Opposition, vainly imagining that they would triumph. He attacked his former patron in a virulent personal speech, which evidently annoyed Disraeli excessively, and voted against the Government. Apropos of Disraeli, here is a veritable story. The other day Mrs. Disraeli while talking to Mrs. Hamber about her children and her recent miscarriage said: "I assure you, my dear, it is a very fortunate thing I have no children, for Disraeli is more trouble to me than half a dozen babies. He would never have a decent coat to his back if I did not look after him; I order everything from his tailors."

The great reason of Lord Cranborne's retirement from the Ministry is the feud that exists between him and Dizzy; they hate each other and can never work together heartily.<sup>1</sup> The other night, in a mistake evidently made on purpose, Dizzy called him the Noble Lord the member for Cranborne (instead of Stamford), in allusion to the fact that he returns himself.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Cranborne, who became Marquis of Salisbury in 1868, had to wait eighteen years before he succeeded Disraeli as Premier, and his rival was then long dead, in 1885. See also page 289.



And now for the Reform Bill, the foremost question of the day, for no one took any interest in the Budget, although it was in every way satisfactory, and was put before the House in the most concise and lucid speech ever uttered by Chancellor of the Exchequer, contrasting most favourably with the long tirades of Gladstone. Disraeli spoke for fifty-five minutes—the shortest speech on record. As to the Reform Bill, on Friday, April the 5th, a caucus (for the hated Yankee word is now partially adopted) was held at Mr. Gladstone's house, to decide on the course to be adopted by the Liberal Party. It was agreed that, on the motion for going into Committee, Mr. Coleridge should move as an amendment that it should be an instruction to the Committee to make the rating limit £5. This struck at the very principle of the Bill, which is Household Suffrage on personal payment of rates to any amount, and Dizzy did not hesitate to avow that a defeat would result in a dissolution and an appeal to the country. It is felt generally that the opposition was merely factious, and demonstrated the strange insincerity of the so-called Liberals. The Tory Reform Bill is in fact too Liberal for their tastes. However, the scheme was destined to collapse. On the following Monday nearly fifty discontented members of the Liberal Party, who had been present at Gladstone's caucus, met in the Tea Room at the House of Commons, and determined to vote against Coleridge's "instruction." This caused the withdrawal of the important part of the amendment, and the complete collapse and demoralisation of the Liberal Party. In the confusion that ensued, Mr. Dodson was put in the

Chair and the House went "pro forma" into Committee, thus precluding the possibility of any more "instructions."

On Thursday, Mr. Gladstone brought forward his amendment for doing away with the personal payment of rates, and after a warm debate it was adjourned to the next evening, when in a very full house the Government got a majority of twenty-two. Such was the result of the great division! A result which no one, no matter how well versed in the House of Commons nor how competent to form a correct judgment of the probable turn of parties, could predict. In fact, it was admitted on all hands to be an open question up to the last moment which way the majority would vote. Naturally, therefore, the excitement was almost unprecedented. Disraeli did nothing but shake hands that were offered him in congratulation for several minutes after the result was known. Beyond doubt the most popular man in the House at the present moment is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. So practically ends all serious opposition to the progress of the Government measure. The only event of importance that has occurred since is the appearance of a letter from Gladstone in which he apparently threatens to abandon the leadership of the Liberal Party.

As you would expect, so much political excitement has struck out some violent sparks of feeling, and in one case at least a breach of the peace was possible. I allude to Lord Robert Montagu.<sup>1</sup> He was restless

<sup>1</sup> Lord Robert Montagu (1825-1902) was the second son of the sixth Duke of Manchester by his first wife, Millicent, only daughter and heir of Brigadier-General Robert Sparrow of Brampton Park, Huntingdon, by his first wife, Lady Olivia Acheson, daughter of the first Earl of Gosford.

and slightly recalcitrant when the Government made him Vice-President of the Council on Education, and of course a Right Honourable. This excited the ire of one of the members, Sandford, who came behind him, while seated on the Treasury Bench, and said in an audible voice: "You are a damned blackguard! You are an infernal sneak!" Montagu took no notice, and shortly afterwards Sandford walked up in front of him and said: "I called you just now a damned blackguard; I now say you are a damned coward." Still Montagu took no notice. The Speaker was informed of this unparliamentary language and was requested to take steps to have the foul-mouthed member called to order. He did not do so, however, and presently Lord H. Thynne,<sup>1</sup> a good-natured fool, came to Montagu and said: "My dear fellow, you must fight." "I shall do nothing of the sort; supposing I was fool enough to challenge him, I should not find another fool to be my second." "Oh, you are mistaken. I will go with you to any part of Europe you may choose, and be your friend. I am ready to start at once." Montagu, however, very properly, as I think, declined to make a fool of himself, and so the matter dropped.

The blow that has told most severely on Disraeli came from a personal friend, a young man named Earle, who was his private secretary, and whom he got into Parliament. In fact, he behaved to him as a father, and had given him a post as Secretary to the Poor Law Board worth one thousand pounds a year.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry Thynne (1832-1904), second son of the third Marquis of Bath. M.P. for South Wilts, 1859-1885. Treasurer of the Queen's Household, 1875-1880.

Another post worth twelve hundred a year fell vacant, and Earle went to Colonel Taylor, saying, "Mr. Disraeli is willing to give me this post, but he wishes the suggestion to be made by some one else, yourself for example." Colonel Taylor volunteered to ask for it, and went to Disraeli, who indignantly denied having expressed any such wish, and said he thought it monstrous that Earle should prefer such a request. Earle threw up his post of one thousand pounds, and cast in his lot with the Opposition, vainly imagining that they would triumph. He attacked his former patron in a virulent personal speech, which evidently annoyed Disraeli excessively, and voted against the Government. Apropos of Disraeli, here is a veritable story. The other day Mrs. Disraeli while talking to Mrs. Hamber about her children and her recent miscarriage said: "I assure you, my dear, it is a very fortunate thing I have no children, for Disraeli is more trouble to me than half a dozen babies. He would never have a decent coat to his back if I did not look after him; I order everything from his tailors."

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Hamber and his wife came to stay with us the other day, and of course we had a tremendous palaver. He told me that *The Standard* having now acquired a great paying position, he had determined to take an independent course. The circulation of *The Standard* now exceeds one hundred thousand per day.<sup>1</sup> He referred to an expression of yours, viz., that it is the duty of the Tories to lead the Democracy. A member of the Carlton said to Hamber the other day : “ By Jove, all our fellows have become Radicals.” And he was not far out.

The University Boat Race came off last Saturday, the 13th, amid torrents of rain, the very heavens weeping over the defeat of Cambridge. Yet was it a good race, I believe, for I did not go to see it, being influenced by three things. First, the race was advertised to take place at 8 a.m. Second, it poured, as I have said, in torrents. Third, I was informed by a competent authority that our side was safe to be beaten. This makes the seventh time in succession that we have succumbed. It is a very painful fact, and shows that our men are trained in a bad school. Would that someone could find means to hide the blot and set us right.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Some fifty years later *The Standard* failed and was discontinued.

<sup>2</sup> Oxford won the Boat Race of 1867 by half a length.

MAY, 1867.

LAST Thursday we had an interesting case of Trade Union intimidation, and I had the amusement of extracting the truth from the lips of most unwilling witnesses. Eventually we sentenced our two prisoners to three months hard labour, and an extra month to one of them for a most unprovoked assault. They were considerably astonished, I can assure you, having got a notion that they could get off by paying a fine. Let Union men unite if they choose, and "strike" if so "disposed," but they must not interfere with those who are willing to work at a lower rate of wages. This wage question is one of the most prominent of the present day, and there is a special Committee appointed by the House of Commons to enquire into it. It is known as the Committee on Trades Unions and is composed of men conversant with the subject outside the House as well as of members.

The Luxembourg Treaty has been signed more than a week ago, and all the rumours of war are dissipated.<sup>1</sup> This is a great feather in Lord Stanley's cap, this conducting of very difficult negotiations to a successful issue. Europe was within a few hours of an outbreak of war between two of its most warlike powers, when, just as everyone had given up all hope of a peaceful solution, England steps in and

<sup>1</sup> By this Treaty Luxemburg was made completely independent, and the Prussian garrison was withdrawn.

settles all difficulties, "pro tem" at any rate. The Queen and Lord Stanley<sup>1</sup> did it between them, for Her Majesty went so far as to write an autograph letter to the King of Prussia. The Whig journals tried to pick holes in Lord Stanley's coat of glory, but with poor result. The end I foretold is at hand, nay, it is here already; the great coalition of moderate men has been formed, and the Government had at the last division in Committee on Reform a majority of no less than sixty-six. Gladstone has collapsed more utterly than before. The more he has sided with John Bright, the more have his usual followers deserted him. Disraeli's power in the House is something amazing. There has been so great a change of party divisions that a rumour of Earl Grosvenor joining the Ministry as Chancellor of the Duchy was received without particular astonishment.

The Scotch Reform Bill has been met with favour, and will probably pass without much opposition. Eight new members are to be added to the House of Commons, viz., two new seats to the Universities of Edinburgh (with St. Andrew's) and Glasgow (with Aberdeen); one to Glasgow which is to be divided; one to the Falkirk boroughs and one to the Kilmarnock. One seat each is given to Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and Aberdeenshire. This addition of new members will bring the numbers of the House of Commons up to 665—next door to the awful number of the Beast of the *Revelations*. I think it may safely be predicted that the next time there is any increase it will be by more than one seat. Exeter

<sup>1</sup> Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Hall would rise in its might and the proposer of the number of the Beasts would be ridden down. Fancy Parliament turning itself into the Great Anti-Christ.

Mr. Walpole<sup>1</sup> has resigned the seals of the Home Office in favour of Mr. Gathorne Hardy,<sup>2</sup> but remains in the Cabinet without office. A good change. Walpole is good-natured and has a good deal of common sense, but he is too weak for such an important post.

In my last letter I told you how several cases of bad language had occurred in and about the House of Commons. I regret to have to add that there have been many more, but only one has been conspicuously discussed in the papers. I mean the fracas between Austen Layard and Harvey Lewis. Surely an American element is beginning to pervade our institutions. Alas, alas !

You will have one piece of news which I know will produce an effect in our loyal Australian colonies. Prince Alfred has actually started for a voyage which is to include a visit to Australia. I suspect a Prince of the Blood Royal will have a welcome indeed.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spencer Horatio Walpole (1806-1898) was a son-in-law of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister who was assassinated by Bellingham in 1812. Mr. Walpole was really driven from office by the criticism arising from his handling of the Reform Demonstrations in Hyde Park, previously mentioned on pages 161-162.

<sup>2</sup> Subsequently Secretary for War and for India. Created Earl of Cranbrook in 1892.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Edinburgh duly visited Australia in 1868, but unfortunately there was a Fenian attempt to murder the Prince. On March the 12th, 1868, at a picnic near Port Jackson, New South Wales, an Irishman named O'Farrell fired a pistol-shot which wounded the Duke of Edinburgh slightly in the back. O'Farrell was tried, and executed for the crime in the following April.

The Royal Family were in considerable danger from Fenians at this period. Prince Arthur (now the Duke of Connaught) was in Ireland the



The weather. Never in living memory has there been such a month of May. On the 6th my own thermometer in the shade registered  $84^{\circ}$ , and in some places it even reached  $90^{\circ}$ . The night was never cooler than  $55^{\circ}$ , making the mean for twenty-four hours greater than has ever been known so early in the year. This temperature lasted with slight diminution during the week. We panted in our winter dress, and thought that summer had come. Idiots that we were. This very morning (May the 24th) we have had  $7^{\circ}$  or  $8^{\circ}$  of frost, and everything is cut to pieces, damn !

On Tuesday, the 21st, Mary Anne and I went to Banstead to stop for a couple of nights with Fred Chapman (the well-known publisher, "Chapman and Hall" in his own person) and go to the Derby. It was horribly cold, and we had enough to do to keep warm in his exposed shooting-box on the bleak downs. However, we lived well, and his snug cottage is most luxuriously furnished. The owner of all the property near, Mr. Lambert, a brother beak of mine, whose shooting (over some 2,000 acres) Chapman has, came to dinner in the evening, and very jolly we were. Lambert is a capital fellow, a

following year, 1869, at the time when two prisoners were released and entertained at dinner by O'Sullivan, the Mayor of Cork, who in his speech alluded to the presence of the young Prince in Ireland, and added that O'Farrell who had shot at the royal brother in Australia was "a noble and patriotic man."

In this same year, 1869, when Queen Victoria was to open Blackfriars Bridge and the new Holborn Viaduct, the Fenians issued this placard :

"To all Fenians.

Vive La Republique.

"The Queen will visit the City on Saturday, and on that day she will be shot. She seldom gives a chance. The opportunity won't be lost.

"God save Ireland."

regular squire of the old school, Conservative to the back-bone ; his ancestors have owned the land there since the days of Edward the Second. The next day was the Derby Day, and a splendid morning led us to hope for a fine afternoon. It was, however, too fine to last, and we had a succession of heavy snow-storms throughout the day. I had never seen the great race and my wife was in the same position, so we determined, come what might, to go. We started at about 25 minutes to three, and got a capital position at Tattenham Corner about five minutes before the hour when the starting commenced. There were no less than twenty-three false starts, so the race was not run until four o'clock. The delay was all caused by an infernal horse called "D'Estournel," a most vicious brute, who when they got away at last was left sitting on his haunches and eventually turned and bolted in the wrong direction. The others came close by us, so near that we could have touched them. The most remarkable feature of the race was the silence at its termination. The fact was, an outsider, "Hermit," had won, and hundreds of thousands had gone where they were least expected. Before the race "Hermit" was scarcely in the betting—100 to 1 being offered with few takers. They say that the owner, Mr. Chaplin, after doing his utmost to hedge when his horse broke down some weeks back, wins in spite of himself £140,000. The Marquis of Hastings, his rival on the turf, as well as in love, loses £80,000. Thank goodness, I neither won nor lost a penny on the event, for the simple reason that I never bet. So as soon as the race was over, we hurried to our carriage,

and so home in another snow-storm. The Derby was not actually run in a snow-storm, but one came off during the false starts.

Hardman’s detail that the Derby of 1867 was not run actually in a snow-storm is of interest, for it is commonly stated that “Hermit’s” Derby is memorable for taking place during a snow-storm, one imaginative writer relating, “The snow was falling in a blinding shower as the horses struggled gamely over the heavy course.” As to the heavy betting on that historic day, the Marquis of Hastings lost more than Hardman mentions—the amount being nearer £120,000. The Earl of Glasgow lost £180,000. On the other hand, Captain Machell won £180,000—£40,000 more than the owner, Mr. Chaplin.

The story of Mr. Chaplin and “Hermit” is a very tangled one. A fortnight before the race, the horse broke a blood-vessel in the nose, and the owner then considered the advisability of scratching “Hermit” for the great event. News of the accident caused the odds on the betting to veer to 100 to 1. But on the Tuesday before the Derby, “Hermit” had completely recovered, and made a bolting gallop over the full course in fine style. Many years later, in 1922, Lord Chaplin (as he had become) gave an interesting account of how he decided to let the horse run after hearing his trainer’s report that “Hermit” was certain to win :

“The price of the horse had gone to 100 to 1, but I told my commissioner, ‘Take all the long odds you can get for me, but don’t bring him down lower than 40 to 1.’ After the start my commissioner came back and said, ‘I had a very bad time to get on to win £7,000.’ That had

brought the horse up to 66 to 1. The horse, of course, won, but not by more than a neck. The trainer had been confident, but I was afraid of the tremendous hill at the start, and thought 'Hermit' might break another blood-vessel. 'No,' said the trainer, 'because I took the opportunity of starting them last Monday at the very bottom of the hill.' There had been a cabal at that time against certain favourites for the Derby, and it was only after the race that I found that for three months the trainer had slept every night in the horse's box. It was this fidelity alone that enabled them to win the race, and immediately on my return to London I sent my trainer a cheque for £5,000."

The trainer was Bloss, and the winning jockey Daley. Although Mr. Chaplin had suffered a grievous wrong at the hands of Lord Hastings, it is not true, as generally believed, that he lured his rival to financial ruin in revenge for his own defeat in love. On the contrary, Mr. Moreton Frewen relates in his *Melton Mowbray* that Lord Berkeley Paget (the brother-in-law of Lord Hastings) stated:

"Harry Chaplin came to me two months before the race and said, 'Hastings has got a shocking book against my horse, and is now stating "Marksman"; tell him to cover all those bets. Merry thinks "Marksman" can win—it is either "Marksman" or my horse.' I went off and told Hastings, but he said, 'Too late; I have a cracker on "Vauban" and another against "Hermit." I never could get out of all that money. If "Hermit" can win I am done, but tell Harry Chaplin I am at least grateful for his warning.'"

The story of how Harry Chaplin was engaged to be married to Lady Florence Paget (daughter of the second Marquis of Anglesey), known as

“The Pocket Venus,” has often been told, and how she jilted him in favour of his turf rival, “the Mad Marquis of Hastings”—mad in a reckless sense. The popular version of the romantic story relates that a few days before the date fixed for her marriage to Mr. Chaplin, Lady Florence drove with him to either Swan and Edgar’s in Piccadilly, or Marshall and Snelgrove’s in Oxford Street—for both these famous drapery shops claim to have been the scene of the remarkable elopement—entered the front entrance alone (Chaplin remaining in the carriage), walked through the shop and passed out by a side door, where she was met by her lover, Hastings, and so eloped with him. But in the Marchioness of Londonderry’s Life of her father, Lord Chaplin, it is stated that Lady Florence Paget drove *alone* in her brougham to Marshall and Snelgrove’s, where, as arranged, she met Lord Hastings. They proceeded to Euston station, took train, and were duly married on July the 16th, 1864, both being under the age of twenty-two. Mr. Chaplin received the news of the treachery in a letter from the lady :

“Harry,—To you, whom I have injured more deeply than anyone, I hardly know how to address myself. . . . Nothing in the world can ever excuse my conduct. I have treated you too infamously, but I sincerely trust the knowledge of my unworthiness will help you to bear the bitter blow I am about to inflict on you. I know I never ought to have accepted you at all. . . . You must have seen ever since the beginning of our engagement how very little I returned all your devotion to me. . . . There is no man in the world I have a greater regard and respect for than yourself, but I do not love you in the way a woman ought to love her husband. . . . And now we are eternally separated

for by the time you receive this, I shall be the wife of Lord Hastings. I dare not ask for your forgiveness. I feel I have injured you far too deeply for that. All I can do now is to implore you to go and forget me. . . . May God bless you, and may you soon find someone far more worthy of becoming your wife than I should ever have been.

“Yours, FLORENCE.”

Lady Hastings soon discovered that she had acted worse than foolishly, and regretted the choice she had made. She sent surreptitious notes to Mr. Chaplin and succeeded in getting a kind reply from him. Then she wrote :

“I could not help crying over your letter, tears of joy at first at the kindness of its tone, and then bitter, bitter tears of remorse at the thought of all I had caused you to suffer, and of the happiness that I now know was once so nearly in my grasp, and which I so recklessly threw away for a mere shadow. If what I am suffering now is a punishment for the way I treated you, it is indeed a hard one, and I feel at times it is more than I can bear. You don't know, you have no idea how miserable my life is, and for the future it will be nothing but one long regret.”

Finally Lady Hastings asked for an interview, when she disclosed the ruined state of her husband's finances, and the inference is that she actually accepted monetary aid from the man she had so exceptionally injured. Chaplin's character was indeed one of singular magnanimity. Although Lord Hastings was not completely ruined by “Hermit's” victory, it hastened that state. He sold his ancestral Loudoun estates to pay his losses, and a few hours before his death he said, “‘Hermit’ fairly broke my heart, but I didn't show it, did I?”—for when he drove off the course

after that fatal race in a barouche with four horses, he was the gayest of the party he took with him to dine at the *Star and Garter*, Richmond. But the final blow came a few months later when he heavily backed his filly, "Lady Elizabeth," at Newmarket. When she came in fifth instead of first, Lord Hastings turned pale and reeled, his anguished expression being noted by all those near him. This was the gambler's last fling, and he was a ruined man. His great fortune and vast estates were all gone, and, bitterest humiliation of all, he was unable to settle his debts of honour: the vast sum he owed Mr. Chaplin had not been paid as late as the September following the race; he owed £40,000 to the Ring. His meteoric career on the Turf had lasted five years. His health now gave way rapidly, and he was last seen in public at Newmarket early in October, 1868, a wreck of a man seated in a small carriage and covered with rugs: he died a month later, at the age of twenty-six, a complete exemplar of *The Rake's Progress* in the nineteenth century. Mr. Chaplin was still a bachelor, but he did not, apparently, propose to marry the widowed Lady Hastings, now that she was once more free and now fully appreciative of his merits. Instead, he married, in 1876, another Lady Florence, a Leveson-Gower and daughter of the third Duke of Sutherland. Lady Hastings married, in 1870, Sir George Chetwynd, fourth baronet, and the elder daughter of this marriage, Lilian Chetwynd, married, in 1898, her cousin, the fifth Marquis of Anglesey; two years later she obtained a nullity of marriage, but Lady Anglesey soon after applied for the decree to be rescinded, and the curious application was granted. Lord Anglesey had a passion for jewels and resplendent clothes, and many of these he wore in public as a

female impersonator and dancer at his productions of pantomime and other plays in the theatre he built at his ancestral seat, Plas Newydd. His collections when sold at Christie's in 1904-1905 created a sensation, the jewels realising about £32,000. Lord Anglesey died shortly after, in March, 1905, from premature decay, at the age of twenty-nine.

I have posted you a copy of *The Day*,<sup>1</sup> a journal which appeared for a little time and then vanished away, as the scriptures have it. It was an excellent paper, and represented principles which were called "Constitutionalist"—i.e. it supported the present Government and loathed Gladstone and Bright. We are promised that *The Day* will be resuscitated one of these days, for it was decidedly a success when alive, and its memory when dead is carefully preserved in hearts of similar mould to that of your esteemed correspondent: Damn you!

<sup>1</sup> *The Day* only ran from March the 19th to May the 4th, 1867. It was a full-sized daily newspaper, something like *The Times* in "make-up," and gave very long reports of speeches in Parliament, as was the custom in journalism of that date. There were excellent literary and dramatic criticisms. *The Day* ceased suddenly without any announcement in the last number that the end had come.



JUNE, 1867.

THE Sultan is coming to England. There in a few words is one of the most amazing facts of modern days. The Padishah, the Sheik al Islam, the Father of the Faithful located at Buckingham Palace ! It is incredible. The Sublime Porte never quits his own soil. According to *The Koran*, he claims every territory on which he sets his foot. This difficulty is to be overcome by a quibble. Malta, France, and England are to be his for the time being, with the understanding that they are to be reconveyed to their respective owners immediately on his return. Abdul Aziz is to have quarters at Buckingham Palace, and the British Public, prurient as usual, wonders how many wives and concubines he will require during his stay. They say he will bring no females, but a boy or two, so as not to offend popular prejudice. There is to be a grand review at Spithead, and the Queen will receive him on board her yacht, and show him her Navy. This visit is a remarkable event in many ways. Queen Victoria is a greater Mohammedan sovereign than Abdul himself ; I mean she rules over more followers of the Prophet than the Padishah himself. Then again, for the Sultan to visit a female sovereign is a novelty. He is to be entertained by the City of London at a banquet of surpassing magnificence : but how can he sit at meat with the Giaour ? It is said that he

will observe the custom of his country by giving presents of the most costly kind to all with whom he comes in contact. This is an expensive proceeding, for he will naturally expect to be "tipped" in return. Altogether the Sultan's visit gives rise to the wildest expectations as to what will happen. I have no doubt that Exeter Hall is busy considering how best to effect his conversion by the judicious administering of tracts in handsomely bound copies of Holy Writ.

The Horticultural Exhibition came off in my garden. The principal tent was 180 feet in length, and it was filled with a grand collection of flowers and plants, to which my gardener contributed some of the finest specimens. There was another tent 50 feet long for the ladies' table decorations, and a smaller one for fruit and vegetables. Nuthall and Sons had a tent for ices and refreshments. This mass of canvas made me feel like an Ishmaelite, a regular dweller in tents. The band of the 3rd Hussars played admirably in spite of the rain. There were forty-two performers. When the shilling visitors came the weather was very fine, and we had about 1,000 persons during the day. They wandered all over the place, it was quite strange to see people I had never beheld before peering about in every direction. I have not far short of two miles of gravel walks, besides at least an acre and a half of lawn, so there was plenty of room for them. I number amongst my friends certain hot Radicals of the kind called philosophical,<sup>1</sup> and these were loud and vigorous in their croakings about the injury I

<sup>1</sup> An allusion, no doubt, to John Morley and Cotter Morison.

should sustain by thus throwing my place open. It is always so with your Radical, he fears the people at heart. It is your Conservative who trusts them. It is unnecessary for me to say that nothing was injured—the public respected what was intended for their enjoyment. The grass of the lawn was slightly worn by the many feet, but the rain and cool weather since have entirely made the damage good. Everybody was delighted, especially the shilling folks ; and my praises and laudations of my grounds and liberality are in everybody's mouth. A great many people had no idea there were such beautiful grounds in Kingston. I have since presided at the meeting for the distribution of prizes, and delivered myself of a neat speech with much applause.

Altogether we have been immensely busy. We have an amazingly pleasant circle of friends here, and there is no end to the parties and visiting. Last Saturday, June the 15th, we had a lawn party of Croquet, three sets playing at once. At seven o'clock we all sat down to a cold dinner, no less than forty-three were comfortably seated in my dining-room. There was dancing afterwards till eleven o'clock. Next week our children are to have their hay-making party, and I suppose their guests will muster at least thirty.

I have been greatly amused this afternoon at the opening of a perfectly novel vista of magisterial duty. A little Swiss barber, residing close by, called to ask me to give his wife a passport to enable her to visit her friends in Saxony. I pointed out to him that I had no power to grant anything of the kind. I found, however, that he simply wanted a certificate of

identity, which he assured me would answer all purposes. This I find I can do, but whether it will have any salutary effects on the minds of the Prussian policemen remains to be seen. The little barber, who spoke tolerable English, but invariably addressed me in the third person, said: "If M. Hardman will be sure to put His Lordship's seal to the paper it will be enough." They think much of seals on the Continent.

So Jefferson Davis is released on bail, his old enemy, Horace Greeley, and others joining in recognisances to the amount of £20,000 for his appearance before the United States district court of Virginia on the fourth Monday in November. A farce, for this is only preparatory to letting him go free entirely. There is no intention to try him. It was like those infernal Yankees to cook up the accessories of Judge and Grand Jury before whom the writ of Habeas Corpus was sued out, so that newspapers might be able to moralise on poor Davis's downfall by saying this sort of thing: "It is a remarkable fact that the judge who ordered Mr. Davis's release had been a Yankee schoolmaster who was more than once, it is said, tarred and feathered by Virginian slave-owners, and the Grand Jury contained five Negroes."<sup>1</sup>

Of course the Government would not have any of those damned (condemned, I mean) Fenians executed;

<sup>1</sup> Jefferson Davis (1808-1889), the former President of the Confederate States, was captured, after the downfall of his government, in May, 1865, by a detachment of the Northern cavalry. He was imprisoned for two years in Fort Munroe. As Hardman rightly predicted, Davis was never brought to trial, a *nolle prosequi* being entered in the case against him, for high treason, in 1868. In 1879, he was meanly deprived of his right to a pension as a veteran of the Mexican War.

it would have served them, what school-boys call, "jolly well right": but it would have sown seeds of political capital to be garnered centuries hence. Lord Derby pretended to be stern and determined, but there is no doubt he had quite made up his mind to commute the sentences to penal servitude for life—a punishment totally bereft of the heroic element. They are by no means quiet in Ireland yet. Only the other day the mob assailed a party of police conveying some prisoners apprehended on landing from a boat, and there was a fierce fight; the police charged with bayonets, and one man of the mob was killed outright while many more were wounded. One or two of the police were also severely handled. Poor Ireland! There is no peace for her yet.

The Reform Bill makes rapid progress through Committee. Mr. Laing has carried by a majority of 127 a motion for taking one seat from every borough returning two members with a population under 10,000. The Government proposition was to mulct only those boroughs under 7,000. The result of this is that thirty-eight seats are placed at the disposal of the House. The boroughs of Totnes, Reigate, Lancaster, and Great Yarmouth are disfranchised in consequence of the gross bribery proved against them. Considerable amusement was caused by Disraeli's proposal to make a borough of Hackney, and a hardly fought battle resulting in a defeat met his attempt to club together the Universities of London and Durham.

The Czar of Russia has been shot at in Paris. His would-be assassin is of course a Pole, one Beregowski, a young fool of about twenty. He fired at him

while returning, with Napoleon and his (the Czar's) two sons, in a carriage from a grand review in the Bois de Boulogne. Happily he missed, and the pistol, being over-charged, burst and blew off his own hand. He was instantly seized by the bystanders, and will justly suffer death. Truly the Autocrat of all the Russias is not a pleasant visitor to have enjoying your hospitality. The police precautions were of the strictest, but this young lunatic seems to have entirely escaped their surveillance, possibly from his having no accomplices.<sup>1</sup>

The Emperor of Austria has been crowned King of Hungary with barbaric splendour and with ceremonies which seemed to belong to the Middle Ages. The Iron Crown and the faded Mantle of St. Stephen must have given the Emperor a very quaint appearance on horseback. During the very prolonged ceremony his horse became unmanageable and sprung straight up into the air. It was a terrible moment. The Iron Crown was too large and sat loosely on the Imperial Sconce, so that there was great apprehension that it might fall off. If it had, what a fearful omen it would have been ! There was some luck left to the Hapsburgs after all, in spite of the misfortunes that surround the House. I allude to the position of the Emperor (or Archduke) Maximilian now a prisoner in Mexico in the hands of Juarez, while his wife is hopelessly insane ; and to the recent death of the poor young Archduchess Mathilde, who succumbed to the effects of burns

<sup>1</sup> The Tsar, Alexander the Second, was eventually murdered by Nihilists. On March the 13th, 1881, as he was returning to the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg from a military review, a bomb was flung at him, and he was literally blown to pieces.

caused by her treading on a lucifer match which ignited her dress.

The Emperor Maximilian was murdered this same year, 1867, by his Mexican subjects. The later tragedies of the House of Hapsburg are indeed remarkable for their relentless persistency. The Emperor Francis Joseph (1830-1916) succeeded to the throne of Austria as a youth of eighteen, and he survived to see the approaching downfall of his dynasty during the great war of our time after experiencing personal sorrows of an horrific nature. His younger brother, the Archduke Johann (who renounced his rank and privileges, and took the name of "John Orth"), was drowned mysteriously at sea. The Emperor's only son and heir, the Crown Prince Rudolph, met with a violent death on the night of January the 29th-30th, 1889, and by the side of his dead body was found that of his mistress, Marie Vetsera. There have been many conflicting accounts of the tragedy, the more generally accepted one relating that the woman poisoned herself with strychnine and that the Crown Prince then shot himself through the head. The Empress Eugénie's version was that Rudolph first shot Marie Vetsera and then turned the pistol upon himself. Even more dramatic reports of the Tragedy of Mayerling assert that the woman was shot by her lover during a quarrel at dinner when other guests were present, and that one of the latter slew the murderer by a blow with a heavy candle-stick. A member of the Imperial Family, the Archduke Leopold (who in 1920 renounced all his titles and privileges and became a civilian under the name of Leopold Woelfling), related a somewhat similar story, though he alleged that Marie Vetsera was

killed by one of the guests: "We may never learn how the quarrel suddenly degenerated into unbridled violence . . . suddenly, with sinister force, a bottle of champagne flies across the table. The Crown Prince collapses as if struck by lightning. At this moment, Marie Vetsera enters the room. One of the raging men sees her standing as if petrified. A shot rings out and Marie Vetsera falls dead, not far from Rudolph." With so many varying stories it is improbable that the real facts of the tragedy will ever be elucidated. Nine years later the Crown Prince's mother, the Empress Elizabeth, was stabbed and murdered by an anarchist as she was about to board a lake steamer at Geneva—the most senseless crime in history.<sup>1</sup> The aged Emperor of Austria was now bereft of wife and only son. His next heir, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, was assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914, the tragedy which precipitated the great European war of 1914-1918. On hearing the dire news, the Emperor said, "I am spared nothing." He died two years later. The next Emperor, the unhappy Karl, brother of the murdered Archduke, lost his thrones in a short time, and died in exile in 1922, at the age of thirty-four: his heir, Otto, now a boy of sixteen, is in exile and poverty together with his mother and brothers and sisters.

Greatly have the laity been arrided and consoled by a censure passed by Convocation on the Bishop of Oxford for presenting a heretical book to their library. The book in question which they have placed in their "Index Expurgatorius" is—*Debrett's*

<sup>1</sup> The Empress's sister, the Duchess of Alençon, was burnt to death, in the previous year, May, 1897, in the fire at the Bazaar in the Rue Jean Goujon, Paris,



*Peerage* ! ! ! 'The cause of the Bishops' dislike of the work would seem to be simply that it includes certain Scotch Bishops among the list of dignitaries, such Scotch Episcops not being recognised by the State. It has been humorously suggested that they would probably object equally to *Bradshaw* because he gives information about Sunday trains. What fools these parsons are.

The Reform League has been behaving as usual in a disgraceful fashion. The Working-men's Conservative Association was going to have a meeting in St. James's Hall. The Reformers got possession of the Hall, voted one of their own body into the chair, and kicked up a devil of a row. The reporters fled in dismay, their ink was spilt, their note-books scattered, and a general punching of heads commenced. The Reformers would not listen to anybody who had aught to say against their own peculiar views, and as they were in the majority they had their own way. Police were called in, the organ played "God save the Queen," and in answer to this musical effort was the hoisting of a red cap of Liberty on a pole. The Hall was cleared and several ringleaders captured, but, no prosecutors appearing at the Police Court the next day, nothing was done to them. The Reform League has only furnished an additional reason for not giving the franchises to the working-man (so called). The most startling event of the month is the discovery of the authors of all the terrible doings at Sheffield. The Commission appointed by Parliament to investigate the doings of the Trades Unionists in that town dragged on its weary road for some time without eliciting anything of particular note, when

all at once, last week, they tapped a hogshead of horror, they struck "ile" as the Yankees have it, and our boasted civilisation was convulsed by the stories divulged under promise of immunity from punishment.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The report of this matter can be found in an appendix of *The Annual Register* for 1867. The intimidating outrages were similar to those which have often occurred in Ireland, shootings, explosions, and the maiming of horses.

JULY, 1867.

THE event at present uppermost in our thoughts is a melancholy one. In my letter for May in last year you will find an account of our friend Speer,<sup>1</sup> a brother magistrate who lived at Thames Ditton, a man who rejoiced in wild sports in the Himalayas, and in fighting where the opportunity offered. He went out to America last autumn to shoot buffalo and grizzly bear. He wintered in Canada, went South in the spring to Havana by way of the Eastern States, and returned to Canada by the Western ditto. About the end of May he started for Utah, intending to go on to California. Poor fellow, we shall never see him again. He was a passenger on board the *Octoroon*, an American river-steamer on the Missouri, conveying troops and stores to Fort Benton, a military station in the Far West. Sentinels had been posted on the roof of the steamer (which, as you know, is a sort of floating hotel) to watch the banks at night, so as to give warning of the approach of Indians. Captain Speer started to go to his room, which was in the texas, about twelve o'clock at night, and when about to enter was fired at by a sentinel stationed aft of the texas and killed instantly. In the testimony taken by the committee appointed by the passengers, it appeared that the sentinel fired without challenging Speer. He was handed over to the military authorities at Fort Buford. The Captain of

<sup>1</sup> See ante, pages 142-144.

the boat states that sentinels were not at all necessary for the safety of the boat or passengers, and were placed on the roof by the Lieutenant commanding with express orders not to interfere with the passengers. Speer was quite a young man, only about thirty-three, and a great favourite with us all. He was at Trinity after our time. He was very fond of children, and used to behave in the maddest spirit of fun in order to amuse them. Our children regarded him as one of their prime favourites, and used always to enclose little notes in my letters to him. Poor fellow ! To be shot down like a dog, and without a chance of striking a blow in his own defence. His untimely death makes me hate Yankees more than ever, if that were possible.

We had a box on the Grand Tier at Covent Garden Opera given to us, so we dined early and went up to Town. The Opera was *Il Barbiere* with Mario and Patti. We returned by the midnight train. As we were looking for seats, John Parry (the celebrated) called us into the compartment which he always has reserved for him every night on returning from his performance at the Gallery of Illustration. We always look out for him as it ensures a pleasant journey. He lives at Surbiton, and his compartment is sure to have some friends from the neighbourhood in it. He is a great favourite at Surbiton.

Yesterday afternoon, William Virtue sent us a box for Her Majesty's Theatre—*Fidelio* with Titiens, and a very good cast. We immediately posted up to Surbiton to ask Colonel and Mrs. Cochrane to join us. They came to dinner and we all four went up to Town, enjoyed ourselves in rather wild fashion as

regards laughter, not at the Opera of course, but at anything that afforded fun. At Waterloo we looked out for John Parry again, and found him as usual in a compartment to himself. While the two ladies were talking at one end of the carriage, Parry told Cochrane and me some rich jokes sotto voce . . . .

John Orlando Parry (1810-1879) commenced his career as a vocalist in 1830, and became an actor at the St. James's Theatre six years later. He returned to the Concert Room in 1842, and soon adopted the rôle of a comic singer at the piano. Special entertainments of this kind were written for him by Albert Smith during 1849-1852. His health broke down from over-work, and he had to retire for a time from his profession. For some portion of this period, Parry acted as organist at St. Jude's Church, Southsea. Restored to health, he joined the famous combination of German Reed (1817-1888) and his wife, Priscilla Horton (1818-1895) in 1860. The German Reeds began their "Entertainment to provide Dramatic Amusement for persons reluctant to visit the theatres" in 1855 at St. Martin's Hall, in Long Acre, which was situated opposite Bow Street and at the corner of Endell Street on the site now occupied by Odham's premises. It was first used by John Hullah, the founder of the celebrated School of Harmony; Dickens gave his first public reading here in 1858. In 1860 St. Martin's Hall was burned to the ground, and the new Concert Room lasted until 1867, when it was converted into the Queen's Theatre, under the management of Alfred Wigan; J. L. Toole and Henrietta Hodson (who in 1868 married Henry Labouchere) were associated with this theatre, which, however, only lasted until 1875. In 1856

the German Reeds had moved their entertainment to The Gallery of Illustration, which was on the eastern side of Lower Regent Street (No. 14), and had been designed by John Nash (1752-1835), the architect of Regent Street, as a dwelling-house for himself. In 1874, the German Reed company made its final migration to St. George's Hall in Langham Place, where in later years the entertainment was continued by the founders' son, Alfred German Reed (1847-1895) in conjunction with Corney Grain (1844-1895).

John Parry retired from the company in 1869. His method as an entertainer was burlesque, and entirely free from any coarse suggestion, so when at the piano he did not tell such tales as he related to his friends going back in the train to his home, Combe Lodge, in Victoria Road, Surbiton. His songs made fun of the topics and manners of the day, interspersed with humorous talk and marvellous changes of facial expression. He wore ordinary evening dress, and did not "make-up." His most famous songs were, "Why don't the Men Propose?" "Wanted a Wife," "Wanted a Governess," "Blue Beard," and "Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party." Mrs. Panton, in her *Leaves from a Life*, preserves an excellent impression of John Parry at one of those delightful Christmas parties given by her father, W. P. Frith, R.A., at No. 7, Pembridge Villas,<sup>1</sup> Notting Hill, when, after the consumption of the turkey and goose and the creams and jellies and custards, there was an entertainment provided by both professional and amateur friends of the family :

"One year we had John Parry as Master of the Ceremonies, and a splendid one he made ; he was attired in a loose belted tunic of some white stuff,

<sup>1</sup> The house has been demolished this year, 1929.

I think it was merely a couple of sheets, and thrown over his shoulder was a cloak composed of one of the red damask drawing-room curtains. He bore in his hands a staff crowned with holly and mistletoe, and he pranced about giving out the events, and finally coming in as an ordinary person in his own turn, he sat down to the piano and gave us one of his never-to-be-forgotten sketches, which were unique. 'This special one was 'Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party,' and from the first moment—when he sat down on the music-stool, arranged his imaginary skirts with both hands, looked coyly round the room, and went through the pantomime of removing his gloves and bracelets, pulling out each finger of the former, and then laying all on the piano, before he arranged his curls and sighed and began—to the end, one never saw John Parry; but in some mysterious way he brought before our eyes Mrs. Roseleaf and her guests as one by one he went through the events of the evening, and finally, after shaking hands with the last imaginary guest, sank back exhausted on what was supposed to be Mr. Roseleaf's shoulder, and gave way to the hysterics of mingled fatigue and joy that the whole thing was over."

Parry delighted in being recognised by his admirers in the street or other public places. He told Frith about an amusing experience of the kind at an exhibition of one of Holman Hunt's Scriptural pictures in Bond Street. The gallery was in semi-darkness, the dim religious light falling on the sacred scene represented. People spoke in whispers, as if in church. Parry was short-sighted, and he stood for a moment in the light which was thrown upon the picture, before he made his way with some difficulty to

a vacant place immediately behind two ladies, who conversed in audible whispers thus: "Surely the old masters never equalled this wonderful . . . *did you see the gentleman who just came in?* How natural is the expression of weariness, and how . . ." "Yes, *who is he?*" interrupted her friend. "Look at the eyes . . . life itself. JOHN PARRY." "No! *Where?*" "Just *behind us*. And the figure of the Blessed Virgin . . . what a grand conception." "He is a *very plain man*," again interrupted the friend. "Yes, *he is very ugly, but so wonderfully clever. You must go and see 'Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party.'* Oh! do look at the shavings and the dress of the Virgin . . . so real." And so on.

With the memory of the last Newington Sessions still fresh in my mind, I am disgusted with the whole system of trial by jury. The Grand Jury ignored a Bill that was as clear as daylight. It was an indecent assault, there was a dissenting parson amongst the Jury, and this misbegotten tub-thumper persuaded the others to find "No Bill" because the evidence in the case was so grossly indecent that it was not fit for any respectable person to listen to. Good Heavens! The petty Jurymen were no better. I had a case before me in which three London roughs were charged with assaulting two respectable youths. It was really an assault with intent to rob. If the Jury had found them guilty of this assault, we could have then learnt the previous character of these three ruffians, and we should have found that they had lots of previous convictions and were the regular associates of thieves, making "rough larking" in the public streets a means of picking pockets. In



gorgeous and striking to the eye ; but they are, many of them, magnificent. On the Tuesday we drove over to Dangstein (old name Danes' Stone), where Lady Dorothy Nevill<sup>1</sup> has a garden that is only second in comprehensiveness to Kew. There we revelled in rare tropical plants, and saw all the varieties of silk-worms which she cultivates. Notably we paid special attention to the new *Ailanthus* worm, and also one which feeds on the oak leaves. These latter suffer from a disease which apparently cannot be prevented or cured. Of course Lady Dorothy has a vast number of more plants than I have, but I had the satisfaction of remarking, when I saw any of which I had specimens, mine were far healthier and more beautiful. You can imagine how Hawker and I talked gardening.

On Saturday, the 13th, we went as usual to the Dramatic College Fête at the Crystal Palace, taking the children with us. Whether it is we are growing more ancient, staid, and respectable, I cannot say, but I think we have had enough of the actresses and their wiles. The fact is that all the celebrities, all the leading actresses, have ceased to take any part, and it is left to second or third raters, who are—well, we will not cast stones at those wicked syrens—ghastly by daylight, but still deuced pretty sometimes. You should have heard the great actress, Miss Glyn (Mrs. Dallas),<sup>2</sup> who is a friend of ours, treat the whole

<sup>1</sup> Lady Dorothy Walpole, born 1826, daughter of the third Earl of Orford, married in 1847 Reginald Henry Nevill. In old age she was remarkable for her vigorous comments on the changing social world and for her picturesque style of dress. She died in 1913.

<sup>2</sup> Isabella Glyn (1823-1889), made her début as Constance in *King John* at Manchester in 1847. Her greatest successes were achieved with Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells in 1848-1851, when "her Beatrice in *Much Ado*

thing with a scorn almost tragic. The Viceroy of Egypt was there when we were, and in true Eastern style gave "backsheesh," viz. £500 to the Palace Restoration Fund, £500 to the Dramatic College, and finished by paying for an eighteen-penny smelling-bottle with a *rouleau* of fifty new sovereigns without requiring change. People do say that the said Viceroy is the richest man in the World, since he took to growing cotton and developing the resources of his country.<sup>1</sup>

Never was such a fortnight known in this country as the last has been. All London has been turned topsy-turvy by the illustrious visitors—the Sultan, the Viceroy, and three thousand Belgian volunteers. Entertainments everywhere on the most sumptuous and gigantic scale, in spite of Saint Swithin, who has poured down torrents of rain on the slightest pretext and at the most awkward moments. On Saturday, the last day of the Camp at Wimbledon, everybody from the Sultan downwards was drenched. In spite of the weather so many people went to the Camp that the receipts on that day exceeded £3,000. Experienced witnesses state that so many people were never collected together before. Of course the roughs (damn them) had a fine time of it, and broke through all barriers, playing havoc with the

*about Nothing* was a remarkably fine performance, and her *Cleopatra* in *Antony and Cleopatra* was simply magnificent." She reappeared as *Cleopatra* in 1867 at the Princess's. She was first married to Mr. Wills, and then to Eneas Sweetland Dallas (1828-1879), author and journalist, whom she divorced in 1874. For Dallas, see also pages 191-192.

<sup>1</sup> He became more wealthy still eight years later when he sold 177,000 shares in the Suez Canal to the British Government for £4,000,000. Ismail had succeeded his uncle in 1863 as Pasha, and this year, 1867, he was granted the title of Khedive by his suzerain, the Sultan.

respectables. Although we live so near the Camp we refrained from going to the Review, hating, as we do, all crowds. I should like to have gone to all the great entertainments, but only as a Prince, or Ambassador, or Cabinet Minister : I would never go to struggle among the πολλοί, and be put into violent friction with the great unwashed. Gorm !

The Tsar Alexander the Second of Russia, the Sultan Abdul Aziz, and the Khedive of Egypt were in Paris at the invitation of Napoleon the Third to see the Exhibition. As rulers of friendly nations and recent hosts of the Prince of Wales, they all desired to visit England when so near. But the reluctance of Queen Victoria to receive the potentates created great difficulties. The Tsar took the hint, and decided not to come over : the Order of the Garter was sent to him in Paris by way of apology for the hospitality that was lacking. The less perceptive Orientals were resolved to visit England in state, though the Queen had minuted the Sultan's letter of "acceptance" with the words, "No invitation, but *acquiescence* in a proposal of his to come here." The Egyptian fared worse, for as Sir Sidney Lee puts it in his *King Edward VII* : "When the Khedive Ismail of Egypt, nephew of Sa'id Pasha, the Prince's host at Cairo in earlier days, arrived in London from Paris on his own initiative, the Queen paid no heed to her son's remonstrances that the new ruler of Egypt was lodging like an ordinary tourist at Claridge's Hotel." The matter was raised in the House of Commons, and Lord Dudley "interposed to protect the nation from the reproach which would have been cast upon it," by placing his house in Park Lane at the disposal of the Khedive, and Ministers were only too

glad to accept this substitute for Crown hospitality. The Queen relented so far as to invite the Egyptian Prince to Windsor for one night.

The Sultan was met at Dover on July the 12th by the Prince of Wales, who for the next eleven days did everything in his power to pay honour to the illustrious guest, whose visit had political importance, to cover the Queen's indifference to her duty. She, however, had the Sultan to lunch, and bestowed the Garter upon him in person, on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, after the Turkish ruler had witnessed a grand review of the British Fleet. The investiture took place amid the roaring of cannon and a howling storm. The great reception to the Sultan at the India Office was marred by the fatal seizure of Madame Musurus, wife of the Turkish Ambassador, while at supper ; she died a few hours later. The Sultan visited the Crystal Palace, where there was a fine display of fireworks, and an illuminated fête at the Horticultural Gardens. He dined with the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, and with the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House, Piccadilly. The Sultan also attended a State Ball at the Guildhall, when he received the Freedom of the City. He stayed at Buckingham Palace during his visit to this country : unfortunately the weather was almost continuously wet. Abdul Aziz departed from Dover on July the 23rd, and was seen off by the Duke of Cambridge, to whom he sent a truly royal gift of four splendid Arab horses. Abdul Aziz was deposed in 1875, and later assassinated.

OUR visit to the French Exhibition has come off, and we have not been disappointed. Unfortunately these are very bad times. Railway Companies pay diminished dividends and money is generally scarce. Diminished dividends caused us to be economical, so we selected the Dieppe route: return tickets £2. 10s. each. On Thursday, the 5th of this month, at 8 a.m., we started from Norbiton amid a pouring rain, left the Victoria Station at 9 a.m., and reached Newhaven at 11.20, by which time the weather had cleared. The steamer sailed at noon, and no sooner were we outside the harbour than we found ourselves in a heavy ground-swell, which made us ship a little water, and brought the steward and his basins into instant employment. Out of some two hundred passengers I and about three other gentlemen were all who kept their breakfasts in their proper places. Mary Anne behaved very well, and I believe would have come out of the trial with success if I had not ill-advisedly administered some brandy as a preventative. It had the opposite effect. However, we made a very good passage, reaching Dieppe at 5.18. Left Dieppe at 6.50, arrived in Paris at 10.20. We had taken the precaution to write for rooms at our old hotel, the *Choiseul*, in the Rue St. Honoré, and had ascertained what they were going to charge us, *viz.*, 10 francs a day, and very reasonable you will say.

Our first business on the Friday morning was to

go to the Exhibition, where we spent eight hours. On the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday we did much the same, spending from six to eight hours there each day. In fact, we had gone with the intention of thoroughly seeing the great sight, and we saw it. The Exhibition has been aptly and obviously compared to a gigantic cake of which each nation has taken a three-cornered slice. France of course has the lion's share, England coming next. In the centre is an oval garden, and in the centre of that is a little building in which are specimens of the current coinage of each nation, and of each one's weights and measures. The first circle round the garden is devoted to the antiquities and art of each nation that has any to show. Here are priceless examples of gold and silver plate and enamel of past times. Relics of the old lake inhabitants are there, and there you may see the coat of mail worn by the Cid Campeador. The next circle is a vast gallery of the paintings of all nations, all modern. Our share of those is most creditable; Henry Cole, C.B.,<sup>1</sup> deserves great kudos for the care with which he has fitted it up. Ours is the only nation which has any matting on the floor, or decoration on the walls, or comfortable seats scattered about from which you can survey at your

<sup>1</sup> Later Sir Henry Cole (1808-1882). He was a versatile official and both artist and author. He was originally at the Record Office, and played a prominent part in the organisation of that institution as well of the South Kensington Museum, of which he was appointed Superintendent in 1860. He had much to do with the management of the Exhibitions in London of 1851, 1862, and 1871-1874, and was secretary to the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition of 1867. As "Felix Summerly" he was the author of Guide Books to Hampton Court, the National Gallery, etc. At other times he was editor of *The Guide* newspaper and of *The Historical Register*. Cole was a skilful etcher and painter in water-colour.

ease the paintings. On our walls are oil-paintings, and on screens in the middle are the water-colours. It was pleasant to see so many paintings which, after their day at the Academy, have passed into private galleries, or back to their artists' studios. The next circle is set apart for the liberal arts, and there you may see the most splendid specimens of china from Sèvres and from our own galleries; tapestry from the Gobelins; photography of all sorts; musical instruments; jewellery, clocks, bronzes. Then comes a circle for furniture and all things pertaining thereto. Then clothing and material for clothing of all nations. Then raw material of every kind. The great outside circle is devoted to machinery in work, and carriages. You will easily perceive that the coins in the centre naturally occupy the smallest space, and the machinery requires the largest space, the intermediate objects requiring less space in proportion as they are near or far from the centre. The arrangement is perfect, and it is possible by following the circles round to see the products of each nation in turn, and by working steadily through the "slice of cake" to see all the products of any particular nation from coins to machinery. Finally, outside the building all round are cafés and restaurants of all nations corresponding with their respective "slices of cake." Here you may dine in French, English (Spiers and Pond, etc.), Turkish, Austrian, Bavarian, Swedish, American, Spanish, Russian, or Tunisian style. And, I may as well add, this cosmopolitan feeding is very unsatisfactory and expensive. We tried our digestions fearfully. Perhaps the best things are the American drinks. By Jove! sir, the Yankee under-

stands drink. On Sunday, Mary Anne incautiously took a sherry-cobbler on an empty stomach, and was giddy, shall we say, or slightly screwed. It caused me great amusement, for she evidently fancied she was worse than she really was, becoming alarmed at a swimming of the eye-sight and a giving-way at the knee-joints. In about half an hour she was herself again. I tried sherry-cobbler, champagne cocktail; and I took an amusing nigger into my confidence, and asked for a "corpse-reviver," but he said it was too late in the day, so I contented myself with an "eye-opener." From what Sambo said, it would seem that a "corpse-reviver" is only taken in the morning "when you feel bad." The American Bar also furnished delicious iced beverages not of an intoxicating character, to wit, iced soda creams flavoured in twenty different ways according to the taste of the applicant. I tried rashly, and I paid the penalty by a severe indigestion. There was lots to eat, but it was coarse and heavy—fish-balls, beef à la mode, pumpkin-pie, and New York beer. Oh Lord!—what a horrid country America must be. I wanted to try the Russian dinner (a very different thing to *Dîner à la Russe*), but a friend whom I met threw so much horror into his visage while describing his sensations at a Russian dinner, that we abstained.

In the machinery department we had some amusing talk with work-people from Lancashire and Yorkshire. They are all fearfully wearied by their prolonged residence in Paris. One young woman told us how kind Lady Cowper<sup>1</sup> (Lord Palmerston's

<sup>1</sup> Anne, elder daughter and co-heir of Earl de Grey; and Baroness Lucas in her own right. She married in 1833 the sixth Earl Cowper, and died in 1880.



daughter-in-law) was to the English work-people ; having them to her house one evening in each week, and paying the kindest attention to their wants, especially the spiritual. There is service every Sunday in what the young woman called the Sally Vangique—she meant the Salle Evangelique—and there is usually some great gun to officiate. These conversations gave me an opportunity to air my North Country dialect, and were an evident consolation to the lonely foreigners from our manufacturing districts.

But we are forgetting the part of the Exhibition which pleased us the most—I mean the Park. You know the Champs de Mars of course. You recollect the great flat parallelogram, with avenues of stunted trees on each side, and with the École Militaire at one end and the Seine at the other. Well, sir, one gigantic lake is placed in the middle of this—its oval form adapted to the parallelogram. Naturally this leaves a large triangular space at each corner, besides a narrow strip down each side. These spaces have been laid out with turf, trees, shrubs, parterres, ponds, water-falls, and gravel walks. And interspersed among them are pretty buildings of all kinds and of all nationalities. Here are the Russian Stables, the Japanese Tea-house, the Egyptian Bazaar, the Mexican Temple, the American farmer's country house from the Western States, model houses and cottages of various kinds, a splendid tent or pavilion for the Emperor, and a very pretty little kiosk for the Empress ; besides annexes for machinery, great bells, ice manufacturing, munitions of war, gigantic statues, agricultural implements from America, fish

hatching, railway carriages, and a host of things which I cannot enumerate except one—Water-closets in working order to be looked at and tried, but not used : you comprehend the distinction. We were infinitely amused to see the amazed foreigner (who has all his life been accustomed to water-closets where the water is supplied from a can)—letting the water in and out with a rush which startled him. I may remark, *par parenthèse*, that the Exhibition at Paris has accomplished two objects, *viz.*, The introduction of Pale Ale as a constant French drink and the convincing of Frenchmen that we understand water-closets and they do not, to be followed, as a matter of course, by their introduction into general use. These are not such insignificant mice for the great parturient mountain to have produced after all ; at least, they do not seem so to my philosophic eye.

It is quite evident that the Russians are the fellows for stables. Theirs are the perfection of horse comfort. As to railway carriages, we are beaten into a cocked hat by all foreign nations. As to American agricultural implements, they far surpass ours. But in munitions of war, cannons, and such like, we are A 1. Spiers and Pond have decidedly the best restaurant, and, by the bye, they are Australian. Our beer has triumphed over every other, and all the restaurants of every nationality sell it in preference to their own peculiar drink. Our machinery is palpably more highly finished than that of France or Belgium, which is very massive but coarse.

During our stay in Paris we went one night to the Théâtre du Châtelet, where we were infinitely amused by *Cinderella*, or as our lively neighbours call

it, *Cendrillon*. They certainly know how to act burlesque. The curious part of the whole affair was that this *Cendrillon* was the only piece. It began at 7¼, and when we left at 11½ it was not over. Only fancy, a burlesque in five acts. However, it was capitally acted and splendidly mounted.

As to French dinners, after our painful experiences at the Great Exhibition, we refreshed ourselves with a couple of superb feasts at Phillippe's in the Rue Mont Orgueil. Surely it is a treat to dine at a first class restaurant. And there we had experience of a new dish, originally from America, but now etherealised by French cooks ; Bellew recommended it to us. It was hot lobster with a gravy of which the basis was a bottle of white burgundy.

We have had great excitement. The Fenians attacked the police at Manchester and rescued two of their principal ruffians from the van in which they were being conveyed to gaol. One policeman was shot through the head, and, I need hardly say, killed. This is serious, and everyone fervently hopes that there will be some hanging done, and no more leniency shown.

The great event of to-day is the apprehension of Garibaldi by the Italian Government while on his way to attack Rome. I am heartily glad that this has been done. Garibaldi is neither more nor less than a damned fool. He has just been making an infernal gaby of himself at the Peace Congress (save the mark !) at Geneva. He is sublime when he marches sabre in hand at the head of his army, but he is profoundly ridiculous when he opens his mouth at a public meeting or takes up his pen to write a letter.

He has been very busy lately, agitating everywhere. On ne peut plus en Europe prononcer le mot de liberté sans que Garibaldi passe sa tête à travers la fenêtre et vous demande : " Est-ce que vous n'avez pas cause de moi ? " Quand Garibaldi agite, il est tout à son art et oublie complètement qu'il n'est pas l'absolu maître du monde. Il se croit obligé maintenant d'agiter du premier janvier au trente-et-un décembre, de peur de perdre sa clientèle. However, I bless the Italian Government for having had the courage to check him in his mad career, especially as it has been effected without any injury to his person as in the case of the Battle of Aspromonte. It remains to be seen what will be the result. Will the Italians take this interference on the part of a Government which is confessedly weak without rebelling ? Nous verrons.<sup>1</sup>

It is reported that the Duke of Edinburgh, when he visits you antipodeans, will scatter about knight-hoods and baronetcies to the prominent men. I suppose our friend Verdon will come in for something.<sup>2</sup> My eye ! what discontent there will be. I look forward to some fun.

<sup>1</sup> A few weeks later Garibaldi escaped from Caprera, and placing himself at the head of his volunteers, he defeated the Papal Troops at Monterotondo ; but on November the 3rd he was entirely defeated by the Zouaves, aided by other troops, at Mentana, after which disaster he was again allowed to retire to Caprera, where he occupied himself with literary work until 1870.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, pages 191-193.

THE other day Bernal Osborne,<sup>1</sup> who as you know is a tolerated buffoon and joker of jokes in the best society, said a neat thing. A lady, very much *décolletée*, entered the drawing-room of the house (where he was stopping) before dinner. She wore a rose in the centre between certain hills of snow which were naked to the visible eye—I mean visible to the naked eye, and the said rose was encircled by many leaves. Bernal Osborne advanced, and made his compliments to the lady, who was not a stranger, and looking at the rose and its leaves, said, “Pardon me, Madam, but don’t you think you wear your fig-leaf rather high?”

We have a young French visitor, Monsieur le Baron René de Galembert, grandson of the Marquise de Belloy, a young man anxious to make acquaintance with “le haut commerce” in England. He could not speak a word of English when he came, but is getting on rapidly. His father, the Vicomte de Galembert, has what the French call “une famille Anglaise,” that is to say he has fourteen children living (he has had eighteen, but four have died). Our friend is the second son and wants to go into business. He is a quiet pleasant little fellow. One day as he wished to see the Tamise, les Docks, le Greenwich and other sights of the river, I started him on his own basis not being able to accompany him. The result was amusing, but happily not disastrous.

<sup>1</sup> See ante, page 155.

He arrived safely at Greenwich, but having got into his head that the parks and fashionable parts of London lay between Greenwich and London Bridge, he started to walk back, hoping to reap thereby great enjoyment. His impressions were not pleasing. That vile Bermondsey, and all the abominations of the East Docks, appalled and confused him. He reached Norbiton in a very distressed and exhausted condition. We shrieked with laughter at his misfortune. He came to England with the notion that the English were a very sad and morose people, much given to suicide and the "happy despatch." I flatter myself that we modified his views considerably. He was also very much struck with the fact that everybody he met at our house could speak French with more or less facility. In France it is quite the exception for anyone to speak English. I took him through our House of Correction at Wandsworth, and surprised him greatly thereby. It is not usual to see the interiors of French prisons except under painful conditions. He was specially impressed with the silent system and the masks worn by the prisoners, and most specially by the apparatus where prisoners were lashed fast to be flogged. He would not be satisfied unless he saw the birch rods and cat o' nine tails, for in France they do not inflict corporal punishment. He left us early on Monday morning, the 1st. Hinchliff was staying with us, and we four sat up playing whist until a cab came and carried him off to catch the morning mail at 3.40, in time for the 5.15 train to Newhaven.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> René de Galemberg died a few years later at the time of the Franco-Prussian War.

On Monday morning at 9 o'clock I had the most comical incident in my Hall of Justice, which ought to have been seen to be appreciated. I entered the room with my accustomed dignity and solemnity, with a very fat volume under my arm. At the end of the green covered table sits the clerk (Mr. Weaver), who is busy taking down the evidence of a policeman in order to save time. Unfortunately poor Weaver has deposited his stern in my seat while his more humble chair has been moved to the place of honour. The ever watchful eye of Sergeant Baker has observed this misplacement, and he has decided to seize the earliest opportunity of rectifying it. Baker is a born policeman, precise, formal, stout, erect, tall, and most respectable ; his hair well brushed, his face clean-shaven, except a small well-defined patch of whisker on each cheek. Baker never made a mistake in his life, never relaxed his features beyond the feeblest smile, never found himself in a painful and ridiculous position before this occasion. However, I enter, everybody bows or touches hat, Weaver raises his stern from the sacred magisterial chair and ducks forward to me, who bow and say as usual, "Good morning, Mr. Weaver." All this has been repeated over and over again on many mornings : but now came the novelty. Baker had got it into his head, somehow, that the rising of Weaver was a favourable moment for changing the chairs. He rapidly whisked the seat from under my unfortunate clerk, but alas ! he did not put another in its place in sufficient time, and down went Weaver on his back, grasping his pen in his hand, and with a strange mixture of wonder, alarm, and a sense of the

ridiculous, combined in his eyes with an appealing look to me, as if the whole affair had been cunningly devised by me for his discomfiture. The clerk on his back, Sergeant Baker gravely standing with a chair in each hand, the attendant policemen in fits, and the magistrate—in a state better to be imagined than described. Such was the scene. It was fortunate the prisoners were not present. I got composed in a short time, but I had to blow my nose violently at intervals in order to conceal my feelings, whenever the incident rose up in my mind during the morning's work.

Lord Derby and the chief members of his Cabinet, except Mr. Disraeli who is at Edinburgh, have received an ovation at Manchester in the Free Trade Hall. It was in the form of a banquet, covers being laid for seven hundred guests. Lord Derby made a right good speech, being especially happy in his remarks on Trade Unions, and the degradation which they imposed on workmen. He wound up with the announcement that there was not a particle of truth in the statement that had gone abroad that he intended to resign.<sup>1</sup> On the contrary, he should stick to his post so long as his health permitted him. Lord Stanley also made a straightforward manly speech on foreign affairs, which has gained him much praise. It must have been a proud moment for the

<sup>1</sup> The fourteenth Earl of Derby resigned five months later, and he died in 1869. He married Emma, daughter of the first Baron Skelmersdale, in 1825. She died in 1876. Their son, Lord Stanley, who became the fifteenth Earl of Derby (1826-1893), was a distinguished statesman, but he did not reach the Premiership. He left the Conservative Party in 1880, and was Colonial Secretary in Gladstone's administration of 1882-1885, as he was opposed to the Imperialistic policy of Disraeli in the East. He joined the Liberal Unionists later on and was their leader in the House of Lords, 1886-1891.



Countess of Derby to be present at the banquet where her husband and son were held in such high honour, and so worthily applauded as two of the foremost men in England.

THE Metropolitan Streets Act has come into operation and the betting men were the first to feel effects. Within a few hours after it was in force several of these nuisances, who carry on their trade on the pavements, were apprehended and fined £5 each. The costermongers also are abolished, or only carry on their business by permission of the police, or rather on sufferance. The consequence of this is a great outcry both from the hoarse-voiced wretches themselves and from the small folk who are in the habit of purchasing their questionable greens and water-cresses. I think, however, there really may be something to be said on the point that the costermongers, who number, I believe, nearly 15,000 in the metropolis, who earn a livelihood, such as it is, will become a burden on the ratepayers. Cabby also is in a high state of indignation for two reasons. First, he is compelled to carry a light at night, and secondly, he does not have legal right to the shilling for the first mile unless called off a stand. Cabby and coster are both going to petition Parliament which meets next week, and it is not improbable that both parties may receive some redress, except, I should imagine, in the matter of the lamps.

There seems to have been a tremendous hurricane in the West Indies on October the 29th resulting in heavy damage to the steamers of the Royal Mail Company. The *Rhone*, a splendid vessel commanded

by Captain Woolley, an officer very highly thought of, has been totally lost with all hands. The *Wye* also has been lost, a part of the crew are saved. The *Solent* and *Tyne* were dismasted, and the *Comway* and *Derwent* were driven on shore.

There has been a short but sharp fight in the Papal States, and Garibaldi, I rejoice to say, has been well licked. The French Emperor, much against his will, found it necessary to send an army to Civita Vecchia to aid the Pope and enforce the Convention, for the Italians were trifling with the matter, being either unable or unwilling to prevent Garibaldi from continuing his insane attempt. The unfortunate idiots, dupes of Garibaldi, had to contend against the new Chasse-pot rifle, and the slaughter was fearful. The Garibaldians lost 500 killed and left some 900 prisoners in the hands of the Papalini. Every effort had been made to induce Garibaldi to abandon his attempt, and when defeat was certain, an officer or two collected a small body of the Red-Shirts, and surrounding the General bore him off his feet, and in spite of his ravings carried him off by force to Terni, where he was arrested by command of Victor Emmanuel and sent to Spezzia. So he did not fall into the hands of the enemy. This Roman question has brought us to the edge of a precipice, and at one time I thought we were over it. We must not shout yet, for we are not out of the woods. The rumours of European war are in every mouth, and it can not long be averted. France and Prussia must fight it out sooner or later, and I suspect it will be the former.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hardman proved eventually to be right : there was war in three years time between Prussia and France.

*Le Figaro* (Paris) has a letter from Rome conveying very strange intelligence, so strange, indeed, that we can only hope that, like other things which *Le Figaro* publishes now and then, it is not to be relied upon. Here is the statement :

“There is an Englishman amongst the Garibaldini who is armed with a rifle of excessively long range. To this weapon is fitted a small telescope, and a reflecting mirror<sup>1</sup> permits our Englishman to sweep the country to a distance of eighteen hundred yards. Comfortably installed on a height out of reach of the enemy's shot, he picks off men in an artistic manner, just as a sportsman shoots down larks. This sanguinary eccentric keeps a sporting book in which he jots down the exact circumstances of every homicide which he commits. He has no political opinions ; he is a simple slayer of men ; but as no regular army would permit such ‘sporting,’ he attaches himself to the irregular Garibaldian bands.”

If there be such a murderer, I hope he will receive the reward he so richly merits.

By this time the greater portion of our army will have landed in Abyssinia ; the force consists of 12,000 men exclusive of camp followers.<sup>2</sup> It is this

<sup>1</sup> Apparently an early form of the telescopic sight.

<sup>2</sup> Theodore, the self-appointed ruler or Negus of Abyssinia, having for long ill-treated European consuls and missionaries in his country, finally arrested and put in irons the envoys from England who had been sent to negotiate for the release of the other prisoners. The Military Expedition mentioned by Hardman was then despatched. It reached Magdala in April, 1868, and Theodore's forces were soon defeated. He himself declined to surrender, and perished by his own hand in the fort wherein he had taken refuge. The general in command of the British Forces was created Baron Napier of Magdala. The expedition cost this country close on £9,000,000.

affair which is one of the main reasons for calling Parliament together, although they will have other subjects to discuss. For example, The Fenians, five of whom have been sentenced to death for the murder of Brett at Manchester. One of these, Maguire, has already received an unconditional pardon, it being tolerably clear that there was a mistake in his identity. The day for the execution of the others has been fixed for Saturday the 23rd, that is four days after the meeting of Parliament.

On November the 2nd there was a farewell banquet to Dickens, before his departure to America on a reading tour. Lord Lytton presided, but I must say that we, and those who are behind the scenes, did not think much of the list of guests. We were amused to see next day a paragraph stating that his eldest son Charley Dickens's name had been omitted from the list by oversight. Their anxiety to add this, the most respectable of the lot, was amusing. I thought it would have been a good joke if someone had written setting forth the names of those who did *not* accompany him and shed the halo of their respectability over his departure, commencing with Dickens's much injured wife, whose name was conspicuous by its absence. William Virtue was at the dinner, and gave an amusing account of how George Augustus Sala got very drunk as usual and conducted himself with great indecorum. He also gave us an imitation of Lord Lytton's manner: Lytton was almost inaudible.

*The Quarterly Review* of last month contains a lot of articles of the best class, especially one on *The Talmud* which is being translated into several foreign

languages. The *Review* itself has already reached a fourth edition. *The Talmud* has not been so entirely unknown to me as it seems to have been to the mass of readers, therefore I am not so surprised at the discovery of so much that is interesting and valuable among its hidden leaves. The article on what *The Quarterly* calls "The Conservative Surrender" is very good and has annoyed Disraeli greatly. It is written by his sworn enemy, Lord Cranborne.<sup>1</sup>

The Lord Mayor's Show is a thing of the past. This year the Pageantry was abolished, and the City swells drove to Westminster at a rapid pace in modern carriages, and, I believe, without interfering, as had hitherto been the custom, with the ordinary traffic on the route. Common sense compels me to admit that this salutary change was much needed, but my Conservative proclivities caused me to feel a pang, for it is becoming too much a custom to wipe out all relics of the good old days. I have said for many years that the mob of roughs which this annual spectacle brought into our streets was a sight hideous and most terrible. I have often wished that it were possible to catch them all, on such an occasion, in a vast net, and sink them into the bottom of the sea.

*November the 23rd.*—The week which ends to-day has been one of considerable excitement, but it has ended satisfactorily, for justice has been done in the case of those deluded young men who murdered Police Constable Brett at Manchester. Five of these Fenians were condemned to death, *viz.*, Allen, Larkin, Gould, Shore, and Maguire. Maguire has

<sup>1</sup> Later Marquis of Salisbury and Prime Minister. See page 238.

received a free pardon, it being abundantly clear that his was a case of mistaken identity. Shore's sentence has been respited, as he was not proved to have had arms in his hands, and moreover he was not apprehended at the time of the outrage. Of the guilt of the remaining three there was not a shadow of doubt. They were all taken within a short distance of the railway arch where the attack on the police-van took place, and had never been lost sight of either by the police or the bystanders who came to their assistance. The shot that took poor Brett's life was fired by Allen, who, although a youth under twenty, was the ringleader in the affray. Every effort has been made by the few who sympathised with them, and would insist upon regarding them as political offenders, to obtain a remission of their sentence ; I am happy to say that the Home Secretary and the authorities have stood firm in spite of much hectoring and pressure, and they have been supported by the general feeling of the public. Everyone felt pity for the misguided men whose rash enthusiasm had led them into this melancholy position, but at the same time stern justice demanded that an example should be made. Well-timed severity was indeed the truest mercy, as otherwise society would not have been safe, and leniency would only have paved the way to fresh outrages. The conduct of the deputation to the Home Secretary, headed by a low ruffian named Finlan, was abominable, and would never have been tolerated by any other country in Europe. They actually took possession of a room at the Home Office and, because Mr. Gathorne Hardy very properly refused to see them, they made loud speeches

of a most violent and abusive character. Failing in this, certain of these rascals went to Windsor to lay their case before the Queen herself. Of course they were refused, but with all courtesy. The good people of Windsor were in a state of high indignation, and it was only through the intervention of the police that the deputation were saved from being ducked in the Thames and otherwise maltreated.

Hardman being both a Lancashire man and inordinately interested in the vagaries of Swinburne, it is curious that he does not seem to have heard of the poet's verses which appeared in *The Morning Star* of Manchester on November the 22nd, 1867, the day on which the Fenian murderers were executed. It transpires that the verses were circulated the previous day in Manchester as a broadside, price one penny, but more often given away gratuitously. *The Manchester Weekly Times* of November the 23rd, 1867, when describing the execution of the Fenians, relates: "During the day a considerable quantity of literature of the Newgate type found purchasers at street corners. Algernon Swinburne's poem, published in yesterday's *Star*, appeared to be a favourite fly-sheet, and fairly divided the custom with the photographic portraits of the convicts. But when night closed in the market was at an end, and all the custom had departed." Swinburne's "Newgate" verses were reprinted as a pamphlet, and in their original form were headed:

THE CONDEMNED FENIAN PRISONERS.

"AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND,"

by the distinguished poet,

ALGERNON SWINBURNE,



Of the twelve verses, the following are the first and last :

“ Art thou indeed among these,  
Thou of the tyrannous crew,  
The kingdoms fed upon blood,  
O Queen from of old of the seas ;  
England, art thou of them too  
That drink of the poisonous flood,  
That hide under poisonous trees ?

“ Be not as tyrant or slave,  
England : be not as these,  
Thou that wert other than they,  
Stretch out thine hand but to save ;  
Pour forth thy strength, and release ;  
Lest there arise, if thou slay,  
Thy shame, as a ghost from the grave.”<sup>1</sup>

Hardman's comments on this effusion would indeed have been forcible, and it is sad they are not available for our delectation.

I will relieve myself by extracting some passages from a letter just received from Shirley Brooks. He writes :

“ I am finishing my book, which will be published as a whole early in December. I have writ Xmas Stories (nonsense) for *Once a Week*, for Tinsley, for *The Illustrated News*. I have writ for *Punch's Pocket-book*. Also for the Almanac. The which added to one's regular work, Indian and Australian, etc., wastes a good deal of ink. You would gather that I went to Paris—we went (it was my

<sup>1</sup> Full details of this literary curiosity will be found in *A Swinburne Library*, by T. J. Wise, who possesses the original manuscript of the verses and the only known copy of them in the broadside form. I quote the lines above by Mr. Wise's kind permission.

wife's doing). We started at night on the last Friday, got to the Hotel Windsor in the morning, did the show (I had Dallas to guide me, so lost no time) Saturday and Sunday, and I came away on the Wednesday, after seeing the *Biche au Bois* and dining at the Café Riche. Mrs. S. B. stayed a few days with a friend, and valiantly returned by herself on Tuesday last, and has sneezed ever since.

"Dickens sent me a good story, but it is for the wise only. The moral is that in describing anything you should keep yourself well in hand, and not travel out of the record. A Methodist preacher was expatiating on the goodness of the Almighty in sending His only begotten Son to save us, and he went on, 'Think, my brethren, of this great, this unspeakable goodness—His loved Son, His only Son, His dear Son, to whom he had looked as the prop of his declining years.'

"I don't know whether you know Gambart, the picture man ; he is a sort of power, and gave a huge fancy-ball last year. He hath other fancies which not delighting Madame Gambart have sundered them, and she wipes her eyes on a settlement of £500 a year : there are worse pocket-handkerchiefs."

The Fancy Dress Ball which Ernest Gambart, the French art dealer, gave at his house, Avenue Road, was the cause of a terrible explosion of gas. In preparation for the festivities, temporary gas pipes had been laid to a large tent in the garden to be used for dancing. The plumbers did their work very botchingly ; and the Gambarts' cook, detecting a smell of gas, went to explore in the usual careless fashion with a lighted candle. She

was killed in the explosion that followed. "The house was shattered from top to bottom, the staircase destroyed, pictures sent flying through the air into neighbouring gardens, the grand piano shot into the road, and even guests flung out of bed and on to the tops of wardrobes," as G. A. Storey, R.A., relates in his *Sketches from Memory*; while Mrs. E. M. Ward gives further details in her *Memories of Ninety Years* :

"The strangest sight was to be seen. First of all, the remnants of some priceless antique tables with twisted legs, and behind a whole aviary of over fifty birds, rich in plumage, were singing as gaily and joyously as if nothing had happened. Two of Creswick's valuable pictures were afterwards found impaled on the railings of a neighbouring house."

Gambart subsequently gave the postponed ball at Willis's Rooms, but there was gloom over the proceedings cast by the previous tragedy; and his matrimonial troubles seem to have dated from the same period, for until then, as Mrs. Panton records, though "Mr. Gambart was a very irritable man, Mrs. Gambart ruled him with a silken thread; she was very dainty and pretty, and he worshipped her, and her 'Dear Airnest' (as she pronounced his name) quelled the rising storm, and he became an angel in a moment."

## DECEMBER, 1867.

IN the first place, on Friday the 6th, Her Majesty's Theatre was totally destroyed by fire in about an hour's time. The fire broke out a little before eleven p.m., and roused London by its marvellous brilliancy; it was visible here, and seemed as if only about a mile away.

There had been an Opera House on this site—the south-west end of the Haymarket where it joins Pall Mall—since the first introduction of the form of music drama known as Italian Opera into England about the commencement of the eighteenth century. The first theatre was opened in 1705 by Sir John Vanbrugh and Congreve. In those days London was more interested in Opera than it is now; at any rate, £50,000 was raised by public subscription for its support, King George the First contributing £1,000 a year, for which reason the house became known as “The King's Theatre.” It was burned down in 1789, and in the succeeding building was heard in England for the first time the music of Mozart, and here Braham and Catalani made their débuts. The King's Theatre was reconstructed in 1818, and attained to its greatest fame under the management of John Ebers (whose daughter married Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist) in the reign of George the Fourth. During those glorious operatic years appeared Pasta, Veluti (the marvellous male soprano), Sontag, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Mario, and Lablache, with Noblet, Albert, and

Mercandotti as the bright stars of the Ballet. On the accession of Queen Victoria, the name of the house was changed to Her Majesty's Theatre. The O.P. Riots occurred here in 1841, arising from the supersession of Tamburini by Coletti. Then came the second great period of the Opera, when Jenny Lind appeared at this theatre, and £30 were often paid for a stall on a "Lind Night." Next came Sims Reeves, Titiens, Piccolomini, and Christine Nilsson—whose exquisite rendering of Marguerite in *Faust* in 1867 was the last event before fire destroyed the famous scene of so many memorable musical triumphs. Mapleson was the lessee at the time, and his losses amounted to over £10,000. Everything was destroyed, including the invaluable manuscript scores of Rossini. The best contemporary account by an eye-witness of the fire is that by Alfred Rosling Bennett in *London and Londoners in the Eighteen Fifties and Sixties*, for he adds some characteristic details of the manners of the time :

"Shortly before midnight an immense crowd had assembled, and any approach from the Cockspur Street side was impracticable ; but Suffolk Street and Suffolk Place, its short cross-connection with Haymarket, were not so densely occupied, and we managed with some trouble to get very near the burning pile. It was a royal blaze, and it was evident that the firemen and their engines might go home for any extinguishing they could hope to do. Fortunately there had been no performance that evening, and life was not in peril.

"After a time the pressure behind us became very great and the front ranks of the crowd were impelled willy-nilly against a line of policemen drawn across the Haymarket end of Suffolk Place. Their formation bulged and they endeavoured to

push the people back with more force than ceremony, and got soundly hissed and hooted for their trouble. But they could not restore the line, and with some amazement we saw them replaced by Guardsmen in bearskins and overcoats, with bayonets fixed. At first the crowd cheered and called out "Bravo, Guards!" but the big soldiers advanced and shoved with even more persistence than the police. The cheers turned to hisses, but the Tommies were impassable and simply went on doing it until, somehow or other, Suffolk Place received all its own again.

"Not being in the first dozen or so ranks, we escaped contact with the military and endeavoured to help matters by ourselves backing against those behind and calling upon others to do the same. Whilst so engaged a man roared out that he had lost his watch; and at the same instant several young fellows knocked my friends' tall hats over their eyes and tried to pull open their overcoats. Seldom have thieves, I imagine, made a worse miscalculation. In a moment two of them were holding their jaws and trying to get away, while two others put up their hands and dodged to avoid punishment. I did not sport a topper myself that night and had not been molested, but I fell in alongside my friends and together we sparred in the circular space that, in spite of the tremendous crush, was immediately cleared and which the blazing theatre rendered as light as day. The resistance put up by the four thieves was quite ineffective against my comrades' boxing—I had some slight knowledge of the art myself—and they did not get away without good and solid reasons, well and fairly imprinted, to remember the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre."

This catastrophe was, of course, the great topic of

conversation for a week, when it sank into obscurity before a Fenian outrage of unparalleled atrocity. On Friday the 13th, about 4 p.m., a thirty-six gallon cask of gunpowder (and paraffin?) was placed against the wall of the House of Detention at Clerkenwell, and exploded. Sixty feet of the wall and several houses on the opposite side of the street were blown down, and fifty or sixty persons (mostly women and children) were more or less injured,<sup>1</sup> five being killed. The Fenian "Colonel" Burke and his companion, Casey, were detained in the prison pending their examination at Bow Street, and the intention was to effect their escape. Happily this plan failed in its object, and happily also the chief conspirators, two men and a woman, were captured. The excitement was tremendous, and the indignation of the mob was such that the perpetrators would inevitably have been lynched if they had fallen into their hands. It was a terrible catastrophe, but will not be without great good, for it puts an end to all doubt as to the meaning of Fenianism, and makes all parties unanimous as to the course to be adopted; I mean as to the use of decisive and severe measures. If the Government had spent half a million in secret service money, they could not have produced a more satisfactory result, barring fearful injuries inflicted on unoffending persons. Various Fenian Funeral Processions in honour of the miscreants who were executed at Manchester, and who are loathsomely styled "the Manchester Martyrs," were to have come

<sup>1</sup> In 1928 there appeared in the Press a portrait of Arthur Abbott, who as a boy lost his sight as a result of the Fenian outrage at Clerkenwell on December the 13th, 1867. It was stated that he might receive a pension from the Free State Government.

off on Sunday the 15th at Liverpool, Glasgow, and Dublin. They were, however, suppressed ; in fact, at Glasgow, for example, the populace turned out in such force as Special Constables, that any Irishman would have had to run for his life if he had expressed any sympathy with the vile cause or attempted to form a procession. The explosion at Clerkenwell was heard for many miles. Our excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer did what those damned Liberals would never have done, he immediately sent an ample supply of money to relieve the more pressing necessities of the poor people who had suffered either in person or property by the vile dastardly outrage. It was just one of those things for which there was no precedent, Governments usually leaving everything to private benevolence, but Dizzy is the only man of our time, the only Minister I should say, who is equal to creating a precedent. Since this Clerkenwell outrage, several attempts have been made to set fire to warehouses in the City, and to a house in Grosvenor Square, by means of what is called "Greek Fire." I still hold to my opinion that we shall do no good until we have some modification of the Habeas Corpus Act, some power of suspending it within certain limitations. At present we have to wait until a catastrophe has occurred before we apprehend anybody. In France, scores of these Fenian ruffians would be swept up and taken out of the way of doing mischief *before* it was too late

Shirley Brooks was my guest the other night at the dinner of our Surrey Magistrates' Club at the London Tavern, I being in the Vice-Chair. Over our cigars after dinner he told us various good



stories, which, albeit slightly improper, were warmly appreciated by the grave Beaks. Here is one; Thackeray was present at the Garrick one night when a man was speaking in contemptuous terms of Deer-stalking . . . .

I mentioned in my last letter how a ruffian named Finlan had taken a leading part in the meetings convened to obtain a remission of sentence for the Manchester murderers, and had behaved with gross impropriety at the Home Office. This Finlan was originally a "Counsel" at the Judge and Jury<sup>1</sup> at the Cider Cellars, but had been degraded from that distinguished post to the very inferior one of "Obscene witness" in the same establishment. I may remark, by the way, that it is scarcely possible for any man to descend lower in the social scale. However, when the proprietor of the Cider Cellars, who was away in the country, saw the account of the disgraceful proceedings at the Home Office in the papers, he wrote to his manager as follows: "Is that our Finlan who has been to the Home Office? If it is, sack the b. . . ."

Of such stuff are the demagogues made. Alas, we need a strong hand to weed out the noxious abominations which infect society. England is in sad plight just now, and the horizon looks dismally black, but I have hope in our good star, and a strong confidence in Englishmen as a body, after all.

<sup>1</sup> An account of the salacious "Judge and Jury" entertainment will be found in the first volume of this work, pp. 156-157. The mock trials rehearsed the notorious cases of the day with much indecent humour. The "Cider Cellars" was in Maiden Lane, adjoining the stage door of the Adelphi Theatre. "Judge and Jury" was now in its last phase, and, after its removal to a house on the east side of Leicester Square, came to a disorderly end about 1869.

Shirley Brooks, and Hinchliff, and I had a portentous laugh the other day over certain Rabelaisian reminiscences, and we refreshed our memories and our souls generally by some readings in our Great Master's works.

The French are surpassing themselves in indelicacy in their theatrical exhibitions, and to do so they are applying to English classical literature for plots. The Théâtre du Châtelet (which Mary Anne and I visited when last in Paris) is now the scene of a marvellous spectacle founded on *Gulliver's Travels*. The Fairies are the great attraction, and the amount of clothing they wear is ridiculously small. The Houyhnhnms, or inhabitants of the “ pays des chevaux,” are impersonated by large-limbed women who wear a horse's head, a huge tail, a corsage fitting as tight as possible to the figure and—nothing else. I am told that they all look as if they could not say “ neigh.” To crown all, when the palace of the Queen of the Lilliputians is on fire, Gulliver rushes off to extinguish it, and a drop-scene exhibits him standing over the blazing pile. By Jove, it is worth while to make an excuse for visiting Paris, in order to get a look at this strange exhibition. When at the Châtelet in September, I remarked from my place in the stalls that the ballet, instead of having undergarments of muslin and gauze, were clad in flesh tights right up to the waist, with only a sort of wisp of muslin between the legs.

*Christmas Day.*—We are quite alone, and as usual are spending this festive day very quietly. Our servants have a party, and they and their friends are enjoying themselves to the number of a dozen or

sixteen—the fact being we don't know exactly how many there may be in the Servants' Hall. We have shivered through a dismally dull, foggy, cold, and slightly rainy day.

I have lately been reading the Apocryphal Gospels to my great edification. In them you find the origin of the latest Popish dogma, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. But you also find some valuable bits that throw much light upon many things. For instance, when the attention of the chief priests and elders was called to the fact of the darkness that accompanied the Crucifixion, they replied, "It is only an eclipse of the sun that has happened in the usual way." Upon further examination I find that there *was* an eclipse of the sun (total) about that time.

I have also been reading Sir Samuel Baker's book on Abyssinia, and I most strongly recommend it as a most readable book of travels interspersed with comical stories, some of which can scarcely be discussed freely in general society, and full of rattling accounts of hunting, fishing, and shooting.<sup>1</sup>

The Merediths have gone to live at Mickleham, but we must manage to get George Meredith over here before your wife returns.<sup>2</sup>

George Meredith wrote to Hardman at this date :

"BOX HILL.

"DEAREST TUCK,

"Here ends my store of note-paper, to say I wish I could have come on Monday, but will come

<sup>1</sup> *The Albert N'Yanza*, by Sir Samuel Baker, was published in 1866.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Holroyd (Anna Maria Compton) was at this date visiting friends and relatives of her husband in England.

to-morrow Friday night at ten for Saturday and Sunday. If you can't take me in, I must go to Jones<sup>1</sup> all night. Adieu, we meet soon, so hang the quill—which has in fact ever begoosed me. I am bothered by a concatenation of circumstances.

“Your loving (with love to you all)

“GEORGE MEREDITH.”

“BOX HILL,

“January 31st, 1868.

“DEAREST TUCK,

“I have been, so please your Worship, hard at work, old boy, or I should have written to your honourable Bench. Confound this reminiscence of your greatness, under which I lived three whole years. May it please—no, it doesn't please you nor me neither. Sooner or later, as Shirley Brooks says, I was going to write, but I had to manage *The Fortnightly* for Morley during his absence in America, and that with incessant composition and pot-boilers kept my hands tied. But I am training my toes (first and second of right foot) to indite epistles and *Ipswich Journal*, while I pursue my course complacently above. So no one will be complaining, unless it be Her Majesty; for there's a chance that in a fit of desperation I may stick a corn-plaster on the envelope instead of a Queen's Head—a horrible thought and an abominable.

“Right so, Tuck, and have you read England's Book?<sup>2</sup> It sent me up Box Hill dancing a

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Jones, who took over the lease of Meredith's house, Kingston Lodge, Norbiton, and became a very valued friend. Jones finds mention in a later (rhyming) epistle of Meredith's to Hardman:

“Sweet Justice of Norbiton, neighbour of Jones,  
Have you paid in the £15 cheque?  
The account at my bankers has recently grown's  
Fat as the Princess of Teck.”

<sup>2</sup> *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, 1868.

Tupper-jig. I swear by gosh, the God of the Loyal, it is a Book ! And I like the Book better than the people who go retching in praise of it. Yet they also are interesting to the studious, and well-trained in the matter of belching might let off their loyalty in regiments with applause. I asked Woodward,<sup>1</sup> Queen's Librarian, to write a critical notice for *The Fortnightly*. He began : ' At this moment Europe is threatened with convulsion. Turkey, we see ! ' etc. (6 lines), Austria, etc. (7 lines), Russia, etc., Prussia, etc., France, etc., then England, Fenianism, of course, ending his paragraph : ' It is at such a moment as this that the Queen of England publishes her book.' Real honest anti-climax. I've never seen the like. Yet I believe that if I had printed it, the retchers and belchers, the lechers and welchers, the big-wigs and piggiwigs—none of them would have perceived but that the writer had expressed one way or another, with more or less of ventral energy, their emotions. Shall such a people live ? And Holroyd has been at it over in Australia ! 'Tis well. We are only putting human nature back another million years or so. May thine and mine live in the Age of the final Eradication of Humbug. But then wilt thou and I be flying particles on the breath of the South-West. Ah, Tuck ! What is mortal splendour after all ? There may be Purgatory for thee after thou hast ceased to plant a fore-foot on the necks of criminals, sniffing the incense of Kingstonian praise. Well, pass we to lighter themes. Thine ideas are those of the Crowned. I am, I was, I always shall be, a vaga-

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Bolingbroke Woodward (1816-1869), son of Samuel Woodward, the Norwich antiquary. He was pastor of the Independent Church at Wortwell-with-Harleston, 1843-1848. Appointed librarian at Windsor Castle, 1860.

bond. And Heaven must love such to take me in. This is veritably as I state it.

“Willie-Maxse has, months back, had you once pointed out to him (cap on, cigar in mouth, cock in th’ eye, generally likerous expression) in our book of photographs. He was looking at it yesterday, and coming to you, cried, ‘That’s dear Godpapa.’ He flourishes. Who could help doing so here? I am every morning on the top of Box Hill—as its flower, its bird, its prophet. I drop down the moon on one side, I draw up the sun on t’other. I breathe fine air. I shout ha ha to the gates of the world. Then I descend and know myself a donkey for doing it. Forsooth, Tuck, I have to remain in harness an unconscionable time. (See poems in *Macmillan*, *Fortnightly*, *Cornhill* [to come], and articles in *M. Post*, etc., etc., and my desk bursting with MMS.).

“Now as to your invitation. I’ll come if I can, and I think I can. I have to put off a pre-engagement if possible. You will see me (an I do come, as I hope) about 3 p.m. Sunday. I can’t sleep away from home, as it appears to upset Marie, and we have not yet a dog, and do on the left side lean on the wilds, where there are rabbits, and maybe weasels. So to soften a wife’s uneasiness, I leave Surbiton 9.10 that night; catch Wimbledon 10.1; home about 11.5 p.m.

“Norbiton, I salute thee. Tuck, I love thee. To thy wife my amiablest salutation, and as affable a bow as Briton on his guard dare be guilty of to thy fair guest.<sup>1</sup>

“Thine,

“R. OF BOX HILL.”

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Holroyd. The R of the signature stands for Robin, Hardman’s old nickname for Meredith, when he himself was Friar Tuck, originating in the days of their early intimacy before Meredith married again. As far as meetings were concerned, their friendship relaxed after Meredith removed to Box Hill, though the old affection remained to the end.

WE are struggling under a sunless sky with the treasonable doings of an insane conspiracy. Up to this time, nearly 47,000 men, good and true, have been sworn in as Special Constables, and, what is more, they are not allowed to lay idle, but are called out on active duty in one district or another almost every day. I have just seen in the evening paper that the Specials of Pancras and Marylebone districts have been out all last night paying especial attention to the churches and places of worship. It is not known why, but I presume the authorities have secret information that something is likely to happen. No outrage has been perpetrated by the infernal Fenians in London since the great Clerkenwell explosion. But in Ireland some very daring exploits have been carried to a successful issue. A Martello, named Foaty Tower, near the entrance of Cork Harbour, occupied by two gunners and their families, has been entered by five Fenians, who surprised the small garrison, and took away a quantity of cartridges, etc., in a very free and easy fashion, after chatting calmly with the gunners about the American war; these rascals have not yet been traced. A few days after this, eight Fenians entered the shop of Mr. Allport, gunmaker, in the largest street in Cork about nine in the morning, and held pistols to the heads of the assistants, threatening them with death

if they resisted. Then, searching the shop, they selected some sixty revolvers and a large quantity of ammunition, and putting their booty in bags, they carried it all away without molestation, and have not yet been traced. A diabolical invention called "Greek Fire" has also been met with in various places. It is carried about in bottles, and occasionally escapes therefrom, setting fire to the individuals who bear it : a just retribution. The only thing that will extinguish it is sand, for water is powerless, rather assisting it than otherwise. All our public buildings are supplied with bags of sand in readiness at vulnerable points, and are carefully guarded day and night. You must admit, I think, this is a cheerful state of things. In the provinces, also, alarms are frequent. Windsor is most carefully watched. Hampton Court has been in grievous alarm. At Merthyr Tydvil eight arrests have been made among the Irish mining population. And so on.

Here is a good joke from the Continent. The Prussian Parliament has forms and standing orders like other similar assemblies, and one of these is that a member shall be appointed whenever a petition is presented, no matter what be its subject, to report upon it. A cheesemonger in Königsberg has taken advantage of this to obtain a puff for his wares. He has sent in a petition requesting the House to submit his cheese to an examination, and declare its opinion whether the said cheese is not able to compete with all other cheeses in the World. It is probably unsurpassed in the annals of puffing. In England, as you know, a large amount of puffing is devoted to Patent Medicines : only fancy if Members were



required to report upon Holloway's or Morison's Pills, or Page Woodcock's Wind Pills, or Maw's Feeding Bottles for infants, or Duffy's Elixir, or Dalby's Carminative, or the Nerve-Arterial Essence for making impotency potent—and report to the House their experiences.

A good deal of excitement has been caused by the appointment of Mr. Thornton<sup>1</sup> as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, on the ground that he has had no experience of Home politics, having been devoted to such important questions as may arise with States like Brazil, Spain, etc. Folks say, "Why is not some man of title and position, such as Lord Kimberley (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the late Government), appointed to Washington?" Doubtlessly for a very good reason. Lord Kimberley or any other nobleman of wealth and position would be very unwilling to accept an appointment involving most difficult and unpleasant questions between his Government and a set of damned Republican Ruffians like the Yankees. However, Thornton is a great friend of Hinchliff's, and I hope he will be able to bring some influence to bear in bringing poor Speer's murderer to justice.<sup>2</sup> I have endeavoured to work upon him through Hinchliff.

I see from this morning's paper (January the 18th) that your father has made some very proper remarks on the removal of the case of Peto and Betts's

<sup>1</sup> Later Sir Edward Thornton (1817-1906), and British Ambassador at St. Petersburg (1881-1884) after leaving Washington. He was Count de Cassilhas in the kingdom of Portugal.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, page 261.

Bankruptcy<sup>1</sup> from his Court to Winslow's. The application for the removal of the case to another Court was made on the ground that your brother George<sup>2</sup> was interested on the side of the bankrupt as opposed to the claim set up by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company (arising from the reckless dealing with shares), and therefore your father might be supposed to be an interested party, looking with a partial eye on Peto's delinquencies and screening misdeeds of the officials from exposure. Your father, however, states, as I was sure he would, that he is not in any way interested, that if he has any bias at all it is in favour of Mr. Linklater's clients, the Railway Company.

I regret to see that the Government has made four most ridiculous appointments. Four comparatively unknown men have been made Field Marshals, chiefly as it seems on the ground of advanced age. The united ages of the four is at least 350 years. Not one of them ever commanded in any great battle. Not one of them has connected his name with English History. All are simple fogies of the most ancient kind. Their names are Woodford, Gomm, Ross, and Burgoyne.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The firm of Peto and Betts failed for liabilities exceeding £7,000,000 in 1866. Sir Samuel Morton Peto (1809-1889) in consequence resigned his seat as M.P. for Bristol. His firm had constructed many of the English and Continental railways, and in 1854 he built at his own expense the Balaclava railway.

<sup>2</sup> George Holroyd had been Secretary to the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

<sup>3</sup> Hardman did less than justice to the veterans. Sir Alexander Woodford (1782-1870) served in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, was Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar, 1836-1843, and Governor of Chelsea Hospital, 1868-1870. Sir William Gomm (1784-1875) was also a Peninsular and Waterloo hero, having greatly distinguished himself at Salamanca; he was Commander-in-Chief in India, 1850-1855, and Constable of the

I have posted to you a portion of our local almanac and directory. It contains a good deal of interesting matter connected with the antiquities of this place. Phillipson, the publisher of the work, told me a strange fact the other day about a present selected at his shop by a wealthy young officer, son of one of our oldest Beaks, for a married lady with whom he eloped and on whose account he had been mulcted in heavy damages to the extent, including costs, of £10,000. What book, do you suppose, he gave her? Why, Sir, a splendidly bound and illustrated copy of the Bible, which cost ten guineas. With the Seventh Commandment erased, I suppose.

The Conservative Government, through Sir Stafford Northcote, has offered the Indian Lixchequer to Childers, now member for Pontefract, but formerly of Australia. He is a Radical, but a very clever fellow, and quite able to cope with the many difficulties of this most important post, which he has, I regret to say, declined.<sup>1</sup>

Apart from Fenianism and such like, the great causes of excitement arise from the Church and the strange doings of the Clergy. The great suit of *Martin v. Mackonochie* <sup>2</sup> arising from the Objection

Tower, 1872-1875. Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross (1779-1868), also in the Peninsular and at Waterloo, organised the artillery for the Crimean War. Sir John Fox Burgoyne (1782-1871)—illegitimate son of John Burgoyne (1722-1792), the famous soldier and dramatist—fought in the Peninsular, America, and the Crimea.

<sup>1</sup> Hugh Childers (1827-1896) held many ministerial offices subsequently, and as War Secretary effected a scheme of Army Reform in 1881.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Heriot Mackonochie (1825-1887) owing to his Ritualistic practices was the defendant in a long series of law suits instituted by the Church Association. He was vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, the church which was the crowded scene of Father Stanton's remarkable preaching when he was Mackonochie's curate and in later years during the vicariate of Father Suckling.

of the Low to the extreme Ritualists progresses very slowly. The Low Church party has raised a fund of £50,000 in cash and guaranteed to persecute the High, and poor Mackonochie is the first victim. Whatever the decision<sup>1</sup> of the Court of Arches, the losing side is determined to appeal to the Privy Council.

Another Clerical excitement arises from the proceedings of Dr. Gray, Bishop of Cape Town, who, defeated by Colenso legally, is still pelting him ecclesiastically. He has at last succeeded in inducing a clergyman to accept the post of Bishop of Natal, and is about to consecrate him in Colenso's place, who nevertheless is the only Bishop of Natal recognised by English law.<sup>2</sup> This infatuated parson, who is to be the future schismatic Bishop, is a Dr. Macrorie, brother (I believe) of the David Macrorie who is or was in Melbourne, and whose wife, an old friend of ours, died on the passage out to join him.

*January 25th*—Your wife is staying with us, and now that she knows us better, we have immense fun. Verily you have married the merriest person I ever had the happiness to know. Having discovered the sternly practical tendency of my mind, she delights in deluging me with strange stories of superstition, table-turning, unaccountable fulfilments of dreams, and such like, watching the disgusted and incredulous expression of my countenance, and then shrieking with laughter, which she makes no attempt to extinguish, at me. We then all join in roars and

<sup>1</sup> See later, page 343.

<sup>2</sup> The final result was that Colenso remained Bishop of Natal and the Rev. William Macrorie was appointed Bishop of Maritzburg, thus presenting the unedifying spectacle of two hostile rulers in the ecclesiastical affairs of South Africa.

howls. This very evening we have behaved more like a party of lunatics than reasoning beings. Sir, I am chaffed most unmercifully. Two events to-day have covered me with ridicule. She asserts that this morning I sent an old woman to prison for fourteen days for no other reason that she can discover except that the ancient crone was very little and squinted fearfully with both eyes. And she goes further and vows that this afternoon I consigned another woman to a lunatic asylum because she declined to look at me and tell me how she was. I am threatened with exposure in the newspapers as a gross instance of "Justice's justice." After our rubber of whist this evening she spread out certain cards before her and proceeded to tell my fortune. I leave you to imagine what it would be like. Perceiving that, like Sam Weller, I am an "Inkred'lous Turnip," she professes the grossest credulity, and is delighted beyond measure if I take the trouble to contest any of her dicta. All this causes infinite amusement, and I think she is heartily enjoying her visit here. Oh! if you could only be here too. To-day was very fine, and I set my photographic den in order and took various negatives of your wife. She is very difficult to take, for she either looks as solemn as fifty judges rolled into one, or just the opposite, whatever that may be. By the bye, there is another grand joke against me to-day. Whilst we were busy with our photography, enter policeman with prisoner, to my great disgust. I dealt *very* summarily with the case, discharging said prisoner and making plaintiff pay the costs. Your wife will tell you that I convicted the plaintiff for being such a

nuisance as to give the prisoner in charge and to come bothering me at an unusual hour.

You will be sorry to hear that Charles Kean<sup>1</sup> is dead. Poor fellow, his trip to Australia, although doubtless very profitable pecuniarily, was too much for him. It must have involved immense labour and anxiety, and the result was a paralytic stroke, after which he lingered for a time, but has now succumbed. He never really rallied from it.

The Johnians have got the Senior Wrangler this year, Trinity being second with Darwin, son of the celebrated author of *The Origin of Species*.

There is some talk of a Grand Fancy Dress Ball here, and I have consented to make an ass of myself and go as somebody or other. It is to be held in the Drill Hall belonging to the Volunteers, and is in aid of their funds. I have made one stipulation, and that is that no one in volunteer uniform is to be admitted. The reason is obvious. If I and other non-combatants rig ourselves up in strange and expensive costumes, the Volunteers must not be permitted to dress simply in their uniform, which, by the bye, is hideous, and be put thereby to no expense save the cost of their tickets of admission.

The other night in charades I made a fool of myself by acting the part of a preposterous and impossible Irish coroner at an inquest on an assassinated Fenian approver.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Kean (1811-1868), son of the celebrated Edmund Kean, after leaving Eton, appeared as Young Norval at Drury Lane at the age of sixteen. He was very successful later in Shakspearean parts, and his management of the Princess's Theatre during 1850-1859 was marked by the splendour of the scenic and archæological details. Kean was touring in America and Australia, 1863-1866, and his last appearance was at Liverpool in May, 1867.

THE event of the month which has caused most stir has been the disappearance of a clergyman named Speke, brother of the Nile explorer<sup>1</sup> of that name. He came up to town to be present at a wedding, bought a hat at a shop, and has not been heard of since. £500 reward has failed to produce any information. The Police are utterly non-plussed. He disappeared on January the 8th, but it was not until more than three weeks had passed that the general public began to take a vast interest in the matter. The excitement aroused by this event has brought to light the fact that more people pass suddenly away in London, and are no more seen, than one would easily have believed. If Mr. Speke were alive and in voluntary concealment, he could scarcely contend against the temptation of those privy to his whereabouts to grasp the £500. He must therefore, in my opinion, either be involuntarily detained *alive*, or be *dead* and obliterated. The latter alternative seems to me the most probable, in fact I cannot bring myself to believe in any other. The latest of the many wild and improbable suggestions offered by newspaper correspondents is that he was polished off in a Hansom cab through the hole in the roof by means of a life-preserver or air-gun, or something quick in its action, silent and deadly. This

<sup>1</sup> See the second volume of this work, pp. 42-44.

is a diabolical notion, and will assuredly have the effect of injuring the trade of the Hansom cabs after dark. If one comes to think of it, one is terribly in the power of the driver of such a cab, and of course it is quite possible for such driver to be a reckless ticket-of-leave or other ruffian in disguise. Surely London is a city of many mysteries.

Hardman added later :

You will see that Mr. Speke has been found in Cornwall, and seems to be out of his mind. Confound him, he has upset his own relatives and every one else.

Lord Derby has had another terrible attack of gout, in fact he is only just getting better. His life was despaired of for some days, and *The Times* had the execrably bad taste to publish a leader in which he was treated of as politically if not actually dead. In fact, the article had evidently been written for his death, and was probably in type, with the almost certainty that the event was inevitable, when, "the engagement not coming off" as the sporting papers say, the tenses were slightly altered and the article published. I fear he will have to abandon the premiership, for his health is now so much broken that Lady Derby's persuasions will most likely prevail: it is known that she has tried hard for some time to induce him to do so. The question then will be "What next?" Disraeli is talked of for a peerage, and this would undoubtedly please his wife, but I doubt if he would care for it: it would add nothing to his greatness, and he could not well be spared in the Lower House. In such a case Lord Stanley would be leader of the Commons. But in his father's



precarious condition, that would most likely soon be put an end to. It is more probable that he will be summoned to the Peers during his father's life-time, and Dizzy left in the Commons. It is said that the Queen objects to Dizzy as Premier, but that is a mere "on dit," and if true, which is not improbable, Her Majesty has too much good sense to allow her personal feelings to become needlessly obstructive.<sup>1</sup>

The Government has just made a wretchedly bad appointment. I allude to Selwyn<sup>2</sup> being raised to be a Lord Justice. He is too young for such an important post, and, besides, who ever cared a button for Selwyn's opinion? He is quite unfit to review the judgements of older and more experienced men.

*Punch* for February the 22nd has a joke about a passage in your last letter, where you describe Prince Alfred as driving as if the *Devil was at his tail*. They quote the passage, and call you the *lively correspondent* of *The Standard*. While I think of it, I will set down an awkward misprint in the Court Circular of *The Standard* the other day. The "s" was omitted in one of the words, and you will see the result: "The Queen drove out accompanied by Princess Christian, Lord Alfred Paget being in attendance on horeback."

The Fancy Dress Ball. I enclose you our portraits in Fancy Dress. Henry the Eighth: Black silk-velvet robe, jerkin and trunks, white shirt embroidered with black, velvet hat and plume of

<sup>1</sup> As already related, p. 283, Lord Derby resigned this month, February, 1868, and died on October the 3rd, 1869. Disraeli succeeded him as Prime Minister, but the Government only remained in office eleven months.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Selwyn (1813-1869) died the following year at the age of fifty-six.

three ostrich feathers, gold cord and tassel, dagger and gypaire, scarlet silk tights and black velvet shoes ; Order of the Golden Fleece, and the Garter on the left leg. Lady Jane Grey : black velvet surcoat trimmed with miniver, open in front and displaying a robe of mauve satin, white satin sleeves, with mauve bands edged with gold, head-dress of black velvet lined with mauve satin, and with an inner cap of crimson, white satin, and gold cord close to the face ; necklace of pearls with jewelled star pendant. Our gloves both had a gold ornament on the back.

We entered the Drill Hall in due state, advancing the whole length to the dais, hand in hand (not arm in arm), that is, I was on the right, as due to my superior rank and age, and I held Lady Jane's right hand, or rather the tips of her fingers, with my left hand, and thus in the most correct manner advanced with dignity and elegance to the dais, from which descended Colonel and Mrs. Cochrane to meet us.<sup>1</sup> It was a great success for us, especially for me, and I

<sup>1</sup> Shirley Brooks subsequently supplied Hardman with the following lines to send with photographs of himself and Mrs. Hardman in their Fancy Dress :

TO COLONEL AND MRS. COCHRANE.

Accept memorial of a night  
 When saucy Fancy wove a spell,  
 And Kingston "saw another sight"  
 Than aught her sober annals tell.  
 In many a garb that Fancy lent  
 We held high revel, till the chime  
 Told us the rapid hours were spent :  
 How Mirth put on the steam for Time.  
 Disguised, as then they met your eyes,  
 Again your friends confront your view—  
 But there's one thing they can't disguise,  
 They owe that brilliant night to You.

have been tremendously complimented by all our friends. Everybody agrees that I was the most striking figure in the room. This was mainly owing to my great likeness to Bluff King Hal.<sup>1</sup> We remained until past 4 in the morning, but the company did not separate till after 5. The next night Cochrane and I went to the Lyceum to see the Can-can danced,<sup>2</sup> and were not home till 1 a.m. On

<sup>1</sup> Hardman sat as Henry the Eighth for his friend W. P. Frith's picture of the King, with Ann Boleyn, deer-shooting in Windsor Forest. Frith relates in his *Autobiography*: "My friend Sir William Hardman played the part of the King, for that occasion only. The learned Chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions wore a beard at the time I speak of, which disfigured him into a strong resemblance to Henry VIII. I took advantage of the beard, and then endeavoured to induce the wearer to remove it. . . . I am told the hirsute deformity has disappeared. Lady Hardman's head is still in its natural place, and her husband is very amiable in private life, so the resemblance to the blood-thirsty King ceases with the beard."

Hardman's resemblance to Henry the Eighth is also recorded in George Meredith's *Beauchamp's Career*, wherein Hardman is depicted as Blackburn Tuckham: "Mr. Tuckham had a round head, square flat forehead, and ruddy face; he stood as if his feet claimed the earth under them for his own, with a certain shortness of leg that detracted from the majesty of his resemblance to our Eighth Harry, but increased his air of solidity; and he was authoritative in speaking."

When Mrs. Shirley Brooks received Hardman's photograph as Henry the Eighth she said it was so like that she would be afraid to venture to Norbiton, and her husband added, "I have suggested a possible repartee about Anne of Cleves, but this does not terrify her."

<sup>2</sup> On February the 17th, 1868, there was produced at the Lyceum Theatre a play entitled *Narcisse*, adapted from *Rameau's Neffe*, which Goethe had translated from the French of Diderot. Bandmann, a German actor, made a great success in the title rôle, with Miss Herbert as Madame Pompadour. The play being of the period of Louis XV, there was a long ballet at the commencement of the second act, and it was here that the Can-can was danced, thereby shocking John Oxenford, the dramatic critic of *The Times*, who observed: "The dresses in which the white powdered hair of Louis XV is added to a form of nudity . . . are offensive to good taste, and the dances are grotesque without being effective." Mr. H. G. Hibbert stated that Clodoché originated the Can-can, and "the indecency of the dance, which had been first performed in London, began when women, or men dressed as women, addressed themselves to an increase of its antics." Two years later, in 1870, when the Can-can was again danced in a ballet entitled *Les Nations*, at the Alhambra, there was great trouble: "Mademoiselle Colonna was engaged to head a Parisian quadrille, in fact the Can-can, a performance of which the Prince and Princess of Wales had previously contemplated at the Lyceum without



WILLIAM HARDMAN

*As "Henry VIII"*



Monday night we went to the Public Volunteer Ball, where Cochrane was supported by seventy of his personal friends and ninety of the *smaller* trades-folks : all the *upper* trades-people were too proud to come, as they thought themselves aggrieved by not having been invited to the Fancy Ball. Oh ! the conflicting elements in a small town, where people are struggling to get a footing amongst what they most unwillingly admit to be the upper classes. Last night, Shrove Tuesday, the last night of what we call our Kingston Carnival, we finished up at the Drill Hall with a Musical Soirée and a dance for the children, and we are very glad at last to settle down to the rigours of Lent.

Lord Derby has resigned, and Benjamin Disraeli is Prime Minister of this country. A very great fact. All honour to Dizzy, the greatest man of his times.

I tried hard to get Shirley Brooks to come to our Fancy Ball, but failed, although I drew a glowing picture of the prospective appearance of myself as the original "Fidei Defensor," Bluff Hal. In reply, I received one of the maddest letters he ever wrote to me. He writes :

"I am the only true and genuine Defender of the Faith—read 'Sooner or Later' passim, especially about the orthodoxy that takes the Lowther Arcade view of Noah's Ark. But I shall not come to a ball in a locality where your claims will probably be dominant, owing to your reign of terror as a Beak.

complaint or hurt. Colonna and her friends footed it merrily for five weeks at the Alhambra. . . . At the end of that time the Alhambra had to apply for a renewal of its licence, which, without a word of warning, and after very little discussion, was withheld." Colonna and the Can-can passed on to the Globe Theatre and appeared in *The White Cat* burlesque without further difficulties.

If I did come, however, it would be as Griffith. 'Who's Griffith?' says you, stooping to quote chalk on walls. Why, gentleman usher to Queen Katharine. But fancy ball me no fancy balls. Things have changed with me. Mrs. Sothern took me to see Ada Menken, and I am my own no longer, *nor my wife's neither*. Will you be the latter's trustee? I have offered her 18s. a week, coals, candles, and pickles, but she stands out for a pound. She shall have it. I am Ada's.

"Ada, sole partner of my house and heart.

"She has written a poem, and she calls it *The Two Hemispheres*: I do not know why. She lives at No. 26, Norfolk Street, W.C. Swinburne is the only rival I dread—he knew her first. But I shall sit upon his corpse. He boasts—but he lies.

"When I have a lucid interval, I will do my possible in re Patmore.<sup>1</sup> Have you sent him to

<sup>1</sup> This was a son of Peter George Patmore (1786-1855), author and journalist, and a brother of Coventry Patmore (1823-1896), whose *The Angel in the House* had been completed in 1862, and who was thrice married. He had apparently been engaged in journalism in Australia, and coming to England in rather an impecunious condition, Hardman endeavoured to find some newspaper work for him, but later in this year, 1868, had to admit:

"I am afraid Patmore is in a bad way. He cannot get employment, and I cannot procure anything for him. I could have got him the sub-editorship of *The Morning Post*, if he had only known accurately the English Peerage and people in Society. But they would not even try a man whose knowledge in that particular must simply be 'nil.' The terrible truth has fairly dawned upon him that he has made a great mistake in returning to so crowded a place as the old country. . . . I had a letter from Patmore the other day from his brother's place, where he had gone to recruit, for he has been very seriously ill, a threatening of paralysis. Poor fellow, he is sadly worried about his affairs. I don't see any prospect of his getting any literary employment—the labour market in that particular is woefully overstocked. I believe his brother allows him a pound a week, which is all he has to live upon. They occupy a small second floor in the Hornsey Road (over a toy shop, I believe), for which they pay 6s. 6d. a week. But your wife, who has seen Mrs. Patmore, will doubtless give you details."

Eventually Hardman obtained for Patmore a temporary job as editor of *The Bury Guardian* at a fee of £100.

Coventry? Gratia fratrum rara est, however, and he may be too much occupied with his saints, and his 'angel in the house' (his *second*), to attend to his brother. A man who could edit *The Argus* for six years ought to command an engagement. I will notify sundry of his capabilities. Six months ago, I could have placed him in a good thing, but I got it for another good fellow. But I will bear him in what mind is left to me.

"Alack and alas, those Oxford codgers  
Have rejected erudite Thorold Rogers,  
Because in zeal with error to grapple,  
He dared to speak in a Baptist chapel:  
They'd rather live in total eclipse,  
Than be led to truth by the light of dips.

"Are you going to the Ball with Six Spiritual Wives?

"Three Kates, two Nans, and one dear Jane I  
wedded,  
One Dutch, one Spanish, and four English  
wives,  
From two I was divorced, two I beheaded,  
One died in an unfortunate accouchement,  
and one me survives.

"I don't know where I learned these mnemonics, but they have been very useful to me.

"Speke is not found.<sup>1</sup> I think he went to look at Ada Menken, and seeing her look at me drowned himself in despair. Apropos, I heard a story of a man (a Manchester stock-jobber of very bad reputation) who dreamed that he went—where he certainly ought to go—and the door was immediately

<sup>1</sup> See ante, pages 314-315.



banged in his face, and the devil, from a window, indignantly informed him that they *must* draw the line somewhere.

"My (late) wife went to see the boys on Saturday. Reginald <sup>1</sup> is awfully proud of his *first black eye*. He licked the other fellow.

"Is not Ada a pretty name? I don't say much for Isaacs—Rebecca were sweeter—also tobacco, of which she is very fond. You have loved—excuse these tears."

This was Menken's second or third appearance in London, for she had originally been the talk of the town as *Maxeppa*, in a version of Byron's poem, produced at Astley's, in 1864. Adah Isaacs Menken was of Irish descent, though generally believed to be an American, for her father was James McCord, an assistant to a second-hand clothes dealer in Newcastle Street, Strand. He emigrated to Louisiana, to a village near New Orleans, where he married a Creole, and their elder daughter—the future Menken—Dolores Adios, was born on June the 15th, 1835. The girl commenced her theatrical career as a ballet dancer in New Orleans, and at the age of seventeen became a circus rider of the *haut-école* in a travelling show. During an interlude in Texas for buffalo hunting she was captured by a band of Red Indians, but was released with, at any rate, her scalp intact.

At the age of twenty, she published her first poems, and in the following year, 1856, married the first of her four husbands, Alexander Isaac Menken, a Jewish musician. Though she left him two years later, because he reproved her for

<sup>1</sup> Reginald Brooks was the elder son, now aged eleven. See the second volume of this work, pages 111 and 256-259.

smoking cigarettes (she was one of the earliest practitioners of the habit in England), she retained his ugly name to the end of her life, dropping at the same time her own romantic names of Dolores Adios. She made her début as an actress on the regular stage in 1858, as Bianca in *Fazio*, and later impersonated male characters such as Rob Roy, Macaire, and Jack Sheppard. She then essayed Lady Macbeth, which she made a passable success by means of impudence and the prompt-book combined, and soon after found the play which brought her fame, *Mazeppa*, wherein, in the guise of a scantily-clothed boy and strapped to the back of the “fiery, untamed steed,” she galloped up the wood and canvas mountain Steppes, though “The Wild Horse of Tartary” made but slow progress, as the main object, of course, was to display the shapely limbs of his rider “in the terrific Scene of Cataracts of Water and Fearful Precipices :”

“ Wild was her look, wild was her air,  
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair,  
Her locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
Started erectly from her head ;  
Her figure seemed to rise more high—  
From her pale lips a frantic cry  
Rang sharply through the moon’s pale light,  
And life to her was endless night.”

After playing in this drama for three years in America, it was produced in London at Astley’s on October the 3rd, 1864 ; in the cast Kate Santley had a small part, and also James Fernandez, for it was he, inspired by youthful curiosity as to whether Menken padded her limbs for the equestrian feat, who grasped one of her legs as she was mounting her fiery steed, and in return

received a severe box on the ears. Sir Francis Burnand stated in his *Records and Reminiscences* :

"She was not a handsome woman, for though she had very fine eyes, her nose was well-nigh as shapeless as that of a rather damaged prize-fighter. . . . But her figure was superbly proportioned. In her closely fitting 'fleshings,' which were perfect as a 'tight fit,' she looked in this character a marvellously fine female acrobat, but no more a male Mazeppa than was Hamlet a Hercules. . . . She was certainly magnificent, but there was too much of her; her accent was, it struck me, somewhat American, with a tinge of cockney twang slightly obscured by an affectation of speaking broken English."

Burnand goes on to tell a long but amusing story of Menken's jealous revengeful nature, and how in the interval of *Mazeppa*, he found her in his box terrorising a man who had slighted her in America :

"She had closed the door with a bang, and was standing in front of it barring the way with a shining dagger in her hand. . . . Her eyes flashed more brilliantly than her dagger, they gleamed murderously. . . . Then she resumed the vituperation which my entrance had temporarily interrupted. Menken was a fine natural tragedian, and never had I seen her do anything on the stage half or a quarter as powerful as her performance at this moment in private life.

"Tommy, behind the chair, with his eye fixed warily on Menken's dagger, interrupted, protested; but all to no purpose. . . . Losing all control of herself she raised her dagger, took one step back, in order to spring forward like an angry tigress, when the door was pushed open, and, between the victim and the avenger appeared the

red shock-head of the hump-backed Quasimodo-like call-boy, who in a husky tone said, 'Oh, I thay, Mith Menken, thttageth waitt.' . . . At this moment E. T. Smith (the manager) himself burst into the box, knocking aside 'shock-headed Peter,' the call-boy, and saying in a tone that admitted of no sort of question, 'Here, I say, Menken, get out.'

"So without more ado and without a remonstrance on the part of the raging Adah, he gripped her wrist, and, as the dangerous weapon fell harmlessly to the floor, he swung her round out of the door, pushing her down the staircase as he kept close at her heels. I followed to see the end of it. In another second, she had cast aside her mantle, and was on the stage kissing both hands apologetically to the impatient audience, who now generously and enthusiastically testified their forgiveness of her on the spot."

Menken was four times married, Her second husband was John Heenan, the notorious prize-fighter known as "The Benicia Boy." He knocked her about, so she obtained a divorce on the grounds of ill-treatment in 1862, but, in the mode of modern film stars, she "married" again some five months before the decree was granted. This time it was a literary man, the humorist, Robert Henry Newell, known as "Orpheus C. Kerr." He divorced her in 1865. Menken's fourth husband was James Paul Barclay, a broker of New York. He left her after two months, during which time he had spent £30,000 on her, and a little while later he was found dead in the street in a penniless condition.

After a visit to Paris, where she acted at the Gaieté Theatre and resumed her intimacy with Dumas, Fils (a photograph, widely circulated, showed her bestowing an affectionate embrace on

her portly lover), Menken again appeared in England. A revival of *Mazeppa* at Astley's in October, 1867, was not very successful. In January, 1868, she took the part of William in Douglas Jerrold's *Black-Eyed Susan*, and on February the 1st she appeared in the triple rôle of a spy, an Arab boy, and the heroine, Mathilde, in *The French Spy, or the Siege of Constantia*, an old drama by J. T. Haines. This was the time Shirley Brooks writes so amusingly about her to Hardman and the date when her connection with Swinburne was the laugh of London. Swinburne wrote to a friend on January the 26th, 1868 :

"... I have been so worried of late with influenza, love-making, rather unwholesome things such as business, money, etc. . . . I must send you in a day or two a photograph of my present possessor—known to Britannia as Miss Menken and to me as Dolores (her real Christian name)—and myself taken together. We both come out very well."

In Paris there was an absurd rumour that Menken would appear as Psyche to the Cupid of Swinburne in a ballet or opera buffa, which as Swinburne remarked in later years was "complimentary to my appearance of youth at the time, if not to the discretion of my age."

Mr. T. J. Wise possesses eleven cartoons by Burne Jones burlesquing the love affair of Swinburne and Menken. They are entitled *Ye Treue and Pitifulle Historie of ye Poet and ye Ancient Dame* (though, to be accurate, Menken was but thirty-two), and the drawings were suggested, Mr. Wise thinks, by a letter from Thomas Purnell, dated December the 4th, 1867, wherein he told Swinburne : "To-day I had a letter from Dolores—such a letter. She fears you are ill ; she is



SWINBURNE AND MENKEN

*From a photograph in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise,  
and reproduced by his kind permission*



unable to think of anything but you ; she wishes me to telegraph to her if you are in danger, and she will fly on the wings of the wind to nurse you. She has become a soft-throated serpent, strangling prayers on her white lips to kiss the poet, whose absence leaves her with ghosts and shadows. She concludes : ‘ Tell him all—say out my despairing nature to him—take care of his precious life. Write at once, believe in me and my holy love for him. Let him write one word in your letter. He will, for he is so good.’ ”

It is to be feared that Swinburne found Menken rather an embarrassing Cleopatra, for he was not one of the Great Lovers of the World, and the erotic details in his poems were mainly the fruits of his fertile imagination and not memories of actual experiences. Consequently, he was overwhelmed when Menken arrived at his rooms one night, and announced that she was going to sleep with him. However, brandy helped him through the ordeal, and in the morning when Mazeppa wished to talk about poetry, Swinburne said : “ My darling, a woman with such beautiful legs should not bother herself about poetry.”

But Menken *did* bother about poetry, and at this date was arranging for the publication of a volume of her verse, of which Dickens had accepted the inscription. He wrote :

“ Dear Miss Menken, I shall have great pleasure in accepting your Dedication, and I thank you for your portrait as a highly remarkable specimen of photography. I also thank you for the verses enclosed in your note. Many such enclosures come to me, but few so pathetically written, and fewer still so modestly sent.

“ Faithfully yours,

“ CHARLES DICKENS.”



Poor Menken was dead before the book was published in the autumn of 1868. It was entitled *Infelicia*, and, as W. M. Rossetti truly observed, is characterised by the intense melancholy which permeated her nature despite her "gay" life and promiscuous amatory relationships. She seems to have foreseen her early death. Thus in one of her "vers libre" (evidently based on the style of Walt Whitman) poems she wrote :

"In from the night.

The Storm is lifting his black arms up to the sky.  
Friend of my heart, who so gently marks out the  
    life-track for me, draw near to-night ;  
Forget the wailing of the low-voiced wind :  
Shut out the meanings of the freezing, and the  
    starving, and the dying, and bend your head  
low to me :

Clasp my cold, cold hands in yours. . . .

And when I am lying in my silent shroud, will  
    you love me ?

When I am buried down in the cold wet earth,  
    will you grieve that you did not save me ?

Will your tears reach my pale face through all  
    the withered leaves that will heap them-  
    selves upon my grave ?

Will you repent that you loosened your arms to  
    let me fall so deep, and so far out of sight ?

Will you come and tell me so when the coffin  
    has shut out the Storm ?

Answer me——

Oh, answer me."

There is no truth in the statement that Swinburne wrote any of Menken's poems, but he assisted her in the revision of the proofs of the book she did not live to see. Her end was very sudden. She made her last appearance on the

stage at Astley's on May the 30th, 1868, in her old success of *Maxeppa*. She then left for Paris, with the intention of fulfilling an engagement at the Châtelet Theatre, but after two rehearsals she was prostrated by severe pain, which, it transpired later, was caused by an abscess in the side. H. B. Farnie, who saw much of her in these last days, related :

"I can bear witness to the exquisite suffering she endured for these three months, and of the resignation and patience she invariably showed. Food she scarcely tasted, and she drank nothing but iced water. Miss Menken died in possession of the Jewish faith, and was attended by ministers of religion. This I will say, without violating the sanctity of death, that however stormy her life may have been, the end was peaceful and serene. She was a woman of excellent heart, somewhat careless and prodigal, it is true, but ever unselfish. As Dumas, the great author, said to me in Havre, when I told him of her death, 'Poor girl, why was she not her own friend.'"<sup>1</sup>

Menken died in lodgings in the Rue Caumartin, Paris, on August the 10th, 1868, at the age of thirty-three. She was buried at Père-la-Chaise, but the following year her body was removed, by arrangement of the Rothschild family, to the Mont Parnasse Cemetery, where the grey marble stone in addition to name and date bears the words "Thou Knowest."

When Swinburne heard of his friend's death he wrote : "Poor dear Menken. It was a great shock to me and a real grief. I was ill for some days. She was most lovable." It does not redound to his credit that in later years he tried to repudiate

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in Mr. Richard Northcott's illustrated biography, *Adah Isaacs Menken*, 1921.

the fact that he had written certain verses entitled *Dolorida* in Menken's album :

“ Combien de temps, dis, la belle,  
Dis, veux-tu m'être fidèle ?  
Pour une nuit, pour un jour,  
Mon amour !

L'Amour nous flatte et nous touche  
Du doigt, de l'œil, de la bouche,  
Pour un jour, pour une nuit,  
Et s'enfuit ! ”

A more faithful friend was John Thomson, that mysterious young man who wrote the dramatic criticisms in *The Weekly Dispatch*, described as “ Swinburne's Secretary ” (which he was not) by G. R. Sims, and who, according to the same genial chronicler, met his death by walking bare-foot from his bed to his library, when he had a severe cold, in order to verify a quotation from Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. Thomson said of Menken : “ I worshipped the very ground she trod on, for she was the noblest as well as the most gifted woman I have ever known.”

Poor Menken expressed the sadness of her life in her best poem, *Infelix* :

“ Where is the promise of my years  
Once written on my brow ?  
Ere errors, agonies, and fears  
Brought with them all that speaks in tears,  
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers :  
Where sleeps that promise now ?

. . . . .

I can but own my life is vain,  
A desert void of peace.  
I missed the goal I sought to gain ;

I missed the measure of the strain  
That lulls Fame's fever in the brain  
And bids Earth's tumult cease.

Myself! alas for theme so poor—  
A theme but rich in fear;  
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,  
A spectre not within the door,  
A houseless shadow evermore,  
An exile lingering here."

MARCH, 1868.

I POSTED you a lot of papers, and among them are two *Surrey Comets* with full accounts of our Fancy Ball, letters commenting on the preaching of a damned young curate who excommunicated us all, and an article published thereupon in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. This miserable curate (Cornford of Norbiton) went so far as to call it "that iniquitous Ball," and I believe said in so many words that it was "a lewd assembly." I am not sure whether the word "lascivious" was not used. Anyhow, direful offence was given by this discourse, and all those of his congregation who were present have given up their seats and left the church. As they were the wealthiest members of the said congregation, I need scarcely add that the loss is likely to be a serious one to the old incumbent, Mr. Holberton, our former adversary in the great Bell dispute.<sup>1</sup> This squabble is great "unto" Mary Anne and me. You will see that our local festivities have attracted a large amount of attention and the fame of our doings has gone forth unto all lands. Kingston will get the well-deserved reputation of being one of the gayest places in the suburbs of London. Need I add that no one cares a curse for the curate and his denunciations, and that we have fully made up our minds to have another Ball of the same sort at the earliest possible

<sup>1</sup> See ante, pages 151 and 190.

date. This is another proof, if one were wanting, of the folly of parsons.

This Kingston of ours must appear in an extraordinary light to the rest of the kingdom. As you know, we had a Fancy Dress Ball, and one of our parsons preached upon it, and denounced the dancers in the pulpit, warning them of their unfitness to receive the Holy Communion. Since then, only a few days since, our vicar refused two girls, daughters of one of our borough magistrates, tickets for confirmation because they very properly declined to promise that they would abstain from dancing for the rest of their lives. Their father applied to the Bishop, who said the vicar had no right to require any such promise, and forthwith confirmed them.

The Post Office authorities have made a fresh arrangement for despatch of the Australian mails; from this date the mail will be dispatched every four weeks on Friday. This of course gives us thirteen mails a year, which is all very well, but great complaint is made.

Disraeli is firmly settled in his post as Premier, and he has succeeded in forming what seems to be a strong Ministry. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer is only forty-three years of age, quite a youth for so important a post, but he is a clever fellow<sup>1</sup>; he distinguished himself in his treatment of the Cattle Plague, and when Disraeli was unavoidably absent made a Financial Statement at a short notice as his substitute in a manner that gained him

<sup>1</sup> George Ward Hunt (1825-1877), M.P. for North Northamptonshire. He was Squire of Wadenhoe, near Oundle; and a burly, bearded man, over six feet, four inches in height. First Lord of the Admiralty, 1874-1877.

the respect of the House. Lord Chelmsford is not well pleased at having to resign the Lord Chancellorship in favour of Lord Cairns, mainly I imagine because he can ill afford to give up so large a salary, Lady Chelmsford being a very expensive wife.<sup>1</sup> Among the judicial appointments, most important is Page Wood's<sup>2</sup> elevation to the Lord Justiceship, accompanied as it was by a courteous act of Selwyn's, who wrote begging him to take his seat as Senior Lord Justice instead of taking that post himself, as he was entitled on Lord Cairns's elevation.

In filling up the Vice-Chancellorship, vacant by Page Wood's elevation, the Government has passed over my friend and former tutor or "equity coach," Baggallay, M.P. for Hereford. I am sorry for this, but I fancy the main reason was that if Baggallay had been appointed his seat at Hereford would have been lost to the party,<sup>3</sup> and moreover he has never spoken since he took his seat, or at any rate only once or twice on trivial questions. This is small encouragement to any man to spend money in wresting a seat from the Liberals. Mr. Markham Giffard<sup>4</sup> has

<sup>1</sup> Frederic Thesiger, the first Lord Chelmsford (1794-1878) was originally a midshipman in the Royal Navy. He, however, transferred to the Legal Profession, and was called to the Bar in 1818. He was Lord Chancellor, 1858-1859 and 1866-1868. Lady Chelmsford, whom he married in 1822, was Anna Maria, younger daughter and co-heir of William Tinling of Southampton. Mr. Ernest Thesiger, the actor, is their grandson: likewise the late Viceroy of India.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Page Wood (1801-1881), second son of Sir Matthew Wood, the alderman and friend of Queen Caroline, this same year was appointed Lord Chancellor and created Baron Hatherley, 1868.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Richard Baggallay (1816-1888) was appointed Solicitor General and knighted this year, 1868, and ceased to be member for Hereford. He was M.P. for Mid-Surrey, 1870-1875. He became Attorney-General, 1874, and later a Lord Justice of Appeal. Mr. Ernest Baggallay, the magistrate, was his son.

<sup>4</sup> Sir George Markham Giffard (1813-1870) was Lord Justice of Appeal, 1868-1870.

been appointed instead: a very good appointment, but Giffard is a Liberal. The Puisne Judgeship vacant by Shee's death has also been given to a Liberal, Hannen, who has long been Junior Counsel to the Crown or "Attorney General's devil"—a very able man, and in fact the very best man that could have been selected, as the profession unanimously agree.<sup>1</sup> Hannen had the house next to us at Ramsgate last year.<sup>2</sup>

I like to hear of the reforming of abuses anywhere, and I am particularly pleased with the first annual report of the New St. Pancras Board of Guardians. This is the first attempt on a large scale, under Government influence, to effect an improved management and inspection of workhouses. The result announced is, that in that workhouse alone, while profligacy, mismanagement, cruelty, and vice have been placed in check, while clothing is better and the dietary improved, the saving has amounted to no less than £11,000 a year. This is indeed rare news both for the pauper and the rate-payer. I have a very vivid recollection of the heavy rates when I did the parish of St. Pancras the honour to reside in it.

Last night (Monday the 23rd of March) Mr. Gladstone laid before the House the resolutions concerning the Irish Church with which he hopes to oust Disraeli and his party and assume the reins of Government himself. *Nous verrons*. The resolu-

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Hannen (1821-1894). President of Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Courts, 1875-1891. President of the Parnell Commission, 1888. Created Baron for life, 1891.

<sup>2</sup> The Hardmans spent August, 1867, at Ramsgate. The Friths and Shirley Brookses also had their holiday there that year.



tions are three in number, and are to the effect that the Protestant Church in Ireland should cease to exist as a State Establishment. I fancy the House will think twice before it supports Gladstone unreservedly.

A most amusing difficulty is reported from Orleans in France. The municipal authorities want to remove a Jewish burial ground, but the Rabbi positively refuses to permit any disturbance of Israelitish dust contrary to the law of Moses. He points out to the authorities the possible confusion that they may cause *au jour du jugement*. They in reply promised to take the greatest care and place the bones in the new ground in their proper order. The Rabbi says it is impossible: whatever care they may take they cannot avoid causing *des disputes au jour suprême*. How, he asks, if any bones are wanting, will it be possible *compléter la résurrection*? The authorities say that there can be no difficulty if care is taken that none of the large bones are wanting. If one or two smaller bones are missing, no great inconvenience could result. Do not men when alive sometimes, nay frequently, use false teeth? This is delicious. The notion of having to attend the resurrection with a false hand or foot, or even a wooden leg! The dispute is still unsettled.

At the Epsom Spring meeting yesterday the Duke of Newcastle won £26,000 by "Speculum."

Plans are prepared for the new House of Commons, to cost £100,000, to be ready in two years, and, I hope, to hold all the members comfortably and enable everyone to be heard.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This rumour was curious, as the new House of Commons, erected after the fire of 1834, had only been in use since 1850.

Last night an important clause, greatly affecting us  
livers on the Thames, was introduced into the Coal-  
duties Bill. It provides that as we who live outside  
the boundary of the Metropolitan Board of Works  
district (which extends for a radius of twenty miles  
or more round London) have to pay the tax on coal,  
and as the money raised therefrom is spent in the  
metropolis proper, *we* shall be benefited by having  
our bridges made free of toll. Kingston, Hampton,  
Walton, and other bridges will therefore be free.

A very good suggestion has been made for roofing  
in the open space of Somerset House with glass and  
using it as a museum for ancient statuary at present  
hidden away in crowded confusion in the British  
Museum. As this is an age when great improve-  
ments are not only suggested but commenced, nay  
even carried to completion, I do not despair of seeing  
this effected.

Deasy has been captured, the Fenian leader whose  
rescue caused the death of Sergeant Brett and  
eventuated in the hanging of those Manchester  
ruffians, Allen, Larkin, and Gould.

I have been very busy with the Assizes, where I  
consented to serve on the Grand Jury, and managed  
all the examination of witnesses and explained those  
indictments that were complicated to the assembled  
Beaks. One indictment was at least four yards long.

Popular excitement has been fed by a season of  
fearful crimes, chief among which is that known as  
the Todmorden murder. The facts are these. Miles  
Wetherill courted a young nurse girl in the service  
of the Rev. Mr. Plow, vicar of Todmorden. The  
vicar objected to this on the ground that the girl was

too young, only sixteen. She left his service and went some miles away. This offended the lover so deeply that he determined to have his revenge; so, arming himself with several loaded pistols stuck in a belt, and with a hatchet in his hand, he went one night to the Vicarage. He injured Mr. Plow so severely with the hatchet that he has since died, shot the housemaid (who had told tales of him) dead, and went into the bedroom of Mrs. Plow, who had just been confined, firing into the bed but missing her, and beating her fearfully about the head with the kitchen poker. The infant child has died, but Mrs. Plow<sup>1</sup> has survived. The crime was committed so close to the Assizes time that the murder, trial, and sentence of death all came off in three weeks, and the ruffian is to be hanged on Saturday week, April the 4th, the same day as the University Boat Race.

This reminds me of the speculations as to the result of the coming struggle between the rival crews. Cambridge is going sternly and seriously to work under the coaching of Egan, an old University oar, and, it is thought, will stand a very good chance of victory. They intend to avoid the evil of over-training this time. One of the Oxford crew, Ross, has shut up and his place will have to be supplied by an inferior man. You have no idea what excitement this race causes, even among non-University folk.

Your letter, full of abuse of the Royal Duke<sup>2</sup> who has conferred upon you the questionable honour of a

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Plow was the daughter of John Thomas Bridges and sister of Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate. Their mother (a daughter of Sir R. Affleck, Bart.) married again, in 1854, the Rev. J. E. N. Molesworth, Vicar of Rochdale.

<sup>2</sup> The Duke of Edinburgh.

visit, has arrived, but its contents for the most part being entirely unsuited to *The Standard*, I have not furnished that paper with a Correspondent's Letter this month. Poor Hamber, he has recently lost three of his children, the two eldest and the fourth, of suppressed scarlet fever, after an illness of only a few hours.

Shirley Brooks wrote to Hardman at this date :

"This last announcement about the poor Hambers is simply awful. Do you hear anything of them, directly, or indirectly? Enquiry, calling, writing, would be the merest mockery, but we should be glad to know that all life was not crushed out of them. I have no recollection of such a series of blows in the house of a friend.

"Politics apart, I thought Gladstone's speech singularly below the subject, what do you say? When a man announces a revolution, it should be *ore rotundo*, and not like a vestry-man. Stanley had to dance a hornpipe in fetters. Cranborne best, but then he was free.

"Weather permitting, we intend to see the University Boat Race from March Nelson's house<sup>1</sup> at Mortlake. I wish it were two hours later, as lunch is inevitable, and we don't want lunch at noon. I suppose the 7 to 4 on Oxford answers all questions of fate.

"Cardigan died in an access of noble and aristocratic fury that anyone should have taken the DAMNABLE LIBERTY to murder HIS gamekeeper. I like proper spirit.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The Limes."

<sup>2</sup> The seventh Earl of Cardigan (1797-1868), the distinguished cavalry officer who commanded the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Some aspects of his life and second marriage are depicted in Meredith's *Lord Ormont and his Aminta* (1894). The remarkable *Recollections* of his widow, Adeline

"The Yateses give up their large house in Oxford Terrace, and take a small one in the country, Putney perhaps.

"I was dining last week with some friends who wished me to eat with them the last dinner in the house before moving. I said I supposed they called it a house-cooling. Ha!

"Will you tell Mrs. Hardman, with my kindest regards, that I have heard from Annie Thomas at last, and she has been very ill, also has nearly caught the small-pox by vaccination, has been worried by a pig and habit torn to pieces, has been attacked by a wild horse, her dog has been killing lambs, and she has been sat upon by the Bishopess of Cape Town<sup>1</sup> in a red gown. Altogether rather discouraged.

"I think—unless I misunderstood—that I am going to meet the Bishop of Oxford. If I do, do not be surprised, when next you see me, to observe an entire change in my life and conversation.

"I think I hinted the fact that certain friends of ours, whose initial is very nearly the last in the alphabet, had found it necessary to retrench upon the severe scale. A cottage in a suburb. I am very sorry, but when people will light the candle

Countess of Cardigan, were published in 1909. Lord Cardigan was the beau ideal soldier of his time, tall, handsome, and of a fiery disposition. He fought one of the last duels that took place in England, in 1840, when he wounded his opponent, Harvey Tuckett, on Wimbledon Common. The gamekeeper alluded to by Shirley Brooks was not murdered: he had an accident with his own gun and was found dead. Lord Cardigan rode over to see the body, and on returning home, within a quarter of a mile of Deene Park, his horse reared and plunged violently and threw his rider. Lord Cardigan was discovered unconscious after his horse had galloped back alone to the stables. He died three days later without recovering consciousness. It was a curious thing that one of the finest horsemen of his time, and the leader of the most gallant cavalry charge in history, should come by his death in a riding accident witnessed only by two little children.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Gray was Bishop of Cape Town.

at both ends, and in the middle, and also hold it over the fire, why, etc. But as I told him, there's no such thing as misfortune at 36.<sup>1</sup>

"I went to see *No Thoroughfare* by myself, and went home howling at myself for sitting out such unmitigated wroth."<sup>2</sup>

"Frith's daughter is engaged to a gentleman called Panton. I asked when it was to be, and told her that the sooner she took a walk from Frith Street to Panton Square the better. She agreed."<sup>3</sup>

"As for Ireland, *certainly*. The worst thing England ever did was not letting Oliver the First carry out *his* views.

"I believe I am going to Stoke Park on Saturday, and go to church on Sunday to the church of the *Country Churchyard*, which I shall like. That *Elegy* would be the finest thing in the language,

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Yates (1831-1894), author and playwright. At this date he had just lost the editorship of *Temple Bar*. He found success again with *The World*, which he founded in 1874.

<sup>2</sup> By Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. It was dramatised for Fechter; also in the cast at this Adelphi production were Mrs. Billington, Carlotta Leclercq, Henry Neville, and Ben Webster.

<sup>3</sup> Frith's second daughter married J. A. Panton, of Watford, and later of Loudoun Road, St. John's Wood. Mrs. Panton has much to say about Shirley Brooks in her *Leaves from a Life*, perhaps the best picture extant of the social life of the Sixties as it was lived by the artistic and literary set well-known to Hardman, those jolly, comfortable people, full of good food and sound wine, who enjoyed life to the uttermost and were the best of friends and the fiercest of enemies. She writes:

"I do not believe people laugh, or know how to laugh, nowadays as we used to laugh; but oh! how we did enjoy life. . . . Mr. Brooks used to write us endless letters, and carried on a long and ridiculous correspondence with Papa on the model of some mad letters which were sent about broadcast in those days by a religious maniac who called herself Cattle [see also p. 119]. Mr. Brooks had a most hilarious laugh, which he varied by a veritable snort—there is no other word for it—when he was annoyed. . . . Shirley Brooks was the best of friends, but he was also the most excellent hater I think I ever met; and if we wanted to obtain a rise out of him, we had nothing to do but mention 'The Claimant,' and he would go off wildly at a tangent and hit out all round. . . . Anything like pretence or sham roused the lion in Mr. Brooks in a moment."

but for the concluding verses, and they are fine in their way.

"The enclosed was written for young Dickens, who got up the Thames Regatta. I am told it was vilely delivered.<sup>1</sup>

"And damn this pen.

"I will propose Mr. Morison with the utmost pleasure. As to my not knowing him, we can supply that defect *interim*, as you can bring him to dine with me, and I'll ask *Emilia in England*,<sup>2</sup> in the Strangers' Room.

"*Vide ici*. Come up, if Mrs. Hardman will escort you, on Sunday; let us go to the Zoological, and eat the plainest dinner after. I have had a lovely bit of Scots salmon sent me. Nobody else, except a cigar. Now, do this, and we can have a good talk."

<sup>1</sup> The lines by Brooks were in this style :

"Would that these pleadings had the loving force  
Of those that sped us on our earlier course,  
When one whose words are never lost in air  
Came to our feast and filled our honoured chair.  
'Tis a *Bleak House* where none his friendship claims,  
It holds *No Thoroughfare* for kindly aims ;  
That *Uncommercial Traveller's* afar,  
With folks who act like—Britons as they are ;  
But when he comes we'll tell him, and with pride,  
The echoes of his language have not died."

<sup>2</sup> George Meredith : *Emilia in England* was the original title of the novel now known as *Sandra Belloni*. It appeared in 1864.

THE University Boat Race has once more terminated in favour of Oxford. It came off on Saturday, April the 4th, about noon. I went to see it, and was amazed at the vast assemblage, more people being present than at any Derby that ever was run. Competent judges estimate that not less than half a million of people were there. The banks and bridges were densely crowded along the whole line of route. The day was still and brown-foggy, and the river like a duck-pond. The Thames Conservancy kept the course clear. There was no foul or other mishap. *And* Cambridge was beaten easily by four lengths.

Sir R. Phillimore has given judgment in the *St. Alban's Case*,<sup>1</sup> deciding the four questions at issue as follows. The elevation of the consecrated elements is unlawful. The use of incense during the communion is unlawful. The mixing of water with the wine is unlawful, at least if done *during* the service. The practice of having two lighted candles on the altar in broad daylight during the celebration of the communion service is *not* unlawful. Shirley Brooks, writing to me, says : " Phillimore says that we must not make negus, and also that we must not elevate the host. I have seen many a host elevated on negus." Mackonochie and the Ritualists were

<sup>1</sup> See ante, page 310.



satisfied and determined not to appeal, but the opposite party has given notice of appeal, on the candle question, and also on the question of costs, for Phillimore ordered each party to pay his own costs. This has unsettled the matter again, and the Ritualists, taking advantage of it, have set to work to have Easter Sunday a great jubilee of incense, elevation, mixed chalice, and every absurdity that they can dig up for the occasion.

The debate on Gladstone's resolutions for the Disestablishing of the Irish Church terminated on Friday the 3rd, the result being, as everyone anticipated, a large majority against the Government. Disraeli's speech was very long, rambling, and, on the whole, feeble. The fact being that he began well, but drank brandy and water or some other stimulant during his discourse, so that he became considerably muddled. Dizzy is by no means a drunkard, but very abstemious, and it was the novelty of the drink to an unaccustomed brain, combined with the excitement, that overcame him. This was unfortunate, for the House was bored, and cries of "divide" were frequent. He has, however, struck one note which will be long 'ere it is silent again. I mean the "No Popery" note. He charged Gladstone with being in league with Ritualism and Popery to upset the Church not only of Ireland but of England. It is certainly remarkable that when Gladstone junior<sup>1</sup> spoke, Archbishop Manning was underneath the gallery, and when young Gladstone had finished he immediately went to him to receive

<sup>1</sup> Gladstone's eldest son, William Henry Gladstone (1840-1891), at this date M.P. for Chester.

his congratulations. The Pope also has commissioned Manning to thank Mr. Gladstone (senior) for the step he has taken. The Queen is furious at Gladstone's proceedings, and I know for a fact went in a private carriage to Lord Derby's house, and remained in conference with him for an hour and a half. There is also a rumour that on her way to Balmoral she means to pay Lord Derby a visit at Knowsley. The week after the division Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli went on a visit to Windsor. Her Majesty is said to have expressed herself in very strong terms to Lord Derby about Gladstone, and to have declared her intention never *willingly* to accept him as Prime Minister. You will easily perceive that here is a very promising kettle of fish. It is certain that Dizzy has not the smallest intention of resigning before the Reform Parliament is elected. Petitions are pouring in, Anti-Popish feeling is being aroused on all hands, and, unless I mistake, there will be a jolly row before the matter is settled. It is almost universally admitted that the Irish Church needs great reform, possibly of a sweeping character, but there is a wide difference between that and actual disestablishment. Disraeli goes in boldly for opposing it, and I cordially agree with him. Liberal as I am in religious views, I hate both Dissenters and Ritualists. Dissenters, as a rule, are narrow-minded snobs. And as to Ritualists, I cannot do better than quote what Dr. Manning himself says of them in his inaugural address to the London Academia. He speaks of the decay and downfall of Protestantism, and of a strong current setting in towards the Church of Rome in the midst of the prevailing tide of in-

fidelity. Of that current he says, "Ritualism is the chief and most striking symptom; and the Ritualists," in his opinion, "bear testimony in favour of the Catholic Church and against the Anglican Reformation." He speaks of their "coming up to the very threshold of the Church," and inducing others to enter it by degrees, introducing into Protestant households, first Roman Catholic engravings, then Roman books, next the Faith, and lastly the priests. From them and through them he anticipates a rich harvest of conversions amid the confusion and chaos of unbelief and sectarianism which is to follow the impending dissolution of the establishment. Some of them, he hints, remain within the Anglican fold only that when they do come over to Rome they may not come alone.

A Bill is at present before the Commons to abolish Tests in the University of Cambridge, to admit anyone, no matter his creed or no creed, to hold professorships, to vote in the Senate, and in fact to hold any office in the University. If this is carried, we may see the day when a Parsee, Hindoo, or Mahomedan may be Master of Trinity. This is too horrible. I need scarcely say that I have heartily joined in Petitions to both Houses against it. England is going to the Devil, I think. However, we will have a fight for it. She shall not become utterly Americanised without a struggle. I am for fighting every point as long as we can.

I have been trying hard to get some manuscripts of your sister Caroline's printed in Magazine or Review. She wrote a very clever review of Hepworth Dixon's *Spiritual Wives*, suited for *The Quarterly*, and I think

I could have got it in if the Editor had not declined to review the work at all. Dr. William Smith is the Editor, and is a personal friend of Hep. Dix., who contributed to his *Dictionary of the Bible*. She also wrote an amusing critique on the many articles in *The Saturday Review* on Women of the Present Day, showing how inconsistent these articles were with one another, and how very unfair on her sex. I sent this to Dallas, Editor of *Once a Week*, but he declined it because he evidently did not like to attack Lady Cranborne (now Marchioness of Salisbury) who is the authoress of the articles in question. It is curious to be behind the scenes, and to observe how wheels work within wheels in the literary world. Still it is a shame that Lady Salisbury's calumnies should go unanswered.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Being behind the scenes of the newspaper world, Hardman's statement that Lady Salisbury was the author of the articles on *The Girl of the Period* is of interest, for the authorship has been generally attributed to Mrs. Lynn Linton, and, indeed, was acknowledged by her. Lady Gwendolen Cecil in her *Life of Robert Marquis of Salisbury* says that Lady Salisbury's brother, Sir Charles Alderson, was on the staff of *The Saturday Review* as a writer of "middle" articles: "He used often to talk these over beforehand with his sister, which probably gave rise to the rumour—an unfounded one—that she also wrote for the papers." This being so, it would seem reasonable to deduce that Lady Salisbury suggested the lines of the articles on *The Girl of the Period* and that Mrs. Lynn Linton wrote them in the style required by *The Saturday Review*. The articles succeeded in attracting immense attention and comment. The young women of to-day, who fancy they are so daring and original in their behaviour and self-assertion, will be annoyed to learn that their Victorian grandmothers were accused likewise of all their offences in these articles:

"The Girl of the Period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face as the first articles of her personal religion; whose sole idea of life is plenty of fun and luxury, and whose dress is the object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. This imitation of the demi-monde in dress leads to slang, bold talk, and fastness; to the love of pleasure . . . to uselessness at home . . . and horror of all useful work."

And in the article entitled *Modern Mothers*, the author wrote of the disinclination of the wife of 1868 to bear children. Such strictures at that date, of course, could only be applied to a limited number of girls and women. The articles made Mrs. Lynn Linton very much disliked by her

*April the 24th.*—Fancy Ball again last night at Oatlands Park Hotel: Henry the Eighth and Lady Jane: charming party: great success: not home till 4 a.m.: one hour's drive: smoked pipe for consolation: not in bed until 5 a.m., and consequently not up until 11: everybody wanting me: not a moment to call my own.

DAMN.

Budget opened last night: twopence more to Income Tax.

feminine contemporaries, and gave her the undeserved reputation of a waspish nature. So it was that at a party given by Shirley Brooks, when each guest received a little parting gift, Mrs. Lynn Linton was presented with a pen-wiper in the shape of a wasp, accompanied by some lines of rhyme suggesting that the power to sting should always be used mercifully.

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